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THE

HISTORY and ADVENTURES

OF THE RENOWNED

DON QUIXOTE.

Tranſlated from the SPANISH of

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

To which is prefixed,

Some ACCOUNT of the AUTHOR's LIFE.

By T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

Illuſtrated with Twenty-eight new Copper-Plates, deſigned by HAYMAN,
And engraved by the beſt ARTISTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

HEAVENS! with what eagerneſs muſt thou be waiting for this prologue, courteous reader, whoſoever thou art, gentle or ſimple, in hope of finding it replete with reſentment, reproaches and revenge, againſt the author of the ſecond Don Quixote: him, I mean, who 'tis reported, was ingendered at Tordeſillas, and brought forth in Tarragona. But, truly, I have no intention to give thee that ſatisfaction; for, although injuries may awaken indignation, in vulgar breaſts; mine, I hope, will always be an exception to that rule. Thou wouldſt be glad, perhaps, to find me beſtowing upon him, the epithets of aſs, blockhead, and inſolent coxcomb; but ſuch low revenge never once entered my imagination; his own conſcience will ſufficiently chaſtiſe him: let him therefore chew the cud of remorſe, and digeſt it if he can. I own, I cannot help feeling the unjuſt reproach, when he taxes me with lameneſs, and old age, as if it had been in my power to retard the lapſe of time; or that I had been maimed in ſome tavern-brawl, and not on the moſt glorious occaſion that ever the paſt or preſent age beheld, or poſterity can ever hope to ſee. If my wounds do not brighten in the eyes of every ſpectator, they are, at leaſt, eſteemed by thoſe who know where they were acquired *, and who think, that a ſoldier who falls in battle makes a much more noble appearance than he who ſaves himſelf by flight. This opinion is ſo rooted within my own breaſt, that, were ſuch an impoſſibility propoſed and effected, I would rather be lame, as I am, with the ſhare I had in that ſtupendous action, than ſound of body, without the honour of having been there. The wounds that appear in a ſoldier's countenance and boſom, are ſo many ſtars to guide the reſt of mankind to the heaven of honour, and the deſire of honeſt praiſe; and it ought to be obſerved, that an author does not write with his grey hairs, but according to the dictates of his underſtanding, which is uſually improved by years and experience. I perceive alſo, that he calls me envious; and, as if I were utterly ignorant, is at the pains to deſcribe the nature of envy; though I proteſt, of the two kinds, I only harbour that which is pure, virtuous and noble. This being the caſe, as it undoubtedly is, I have not the leaſt inclination to inveigh againſt any prieſt, eſpecially one who bears the office of familiar to the holy inquiſition; and, if what he ſays be advanced in behalf of him whoſe cauſe he ſeems to eſpouſe, he is altogether miſtaken, in my opinion, of that perſon, whoſe genius I adore: I admire his works, together with his continual occupation in the practice of virtue: but I am actually obliged to this honourable author, for ſaying, that my novels † are more ſatirical than

* The battle of Lepanto.

† Novelas Exemplares.

exem-

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exemplary, though he owns they are good of their kind; for, without being exemplary, they cannot poſſibly be good.

I ſuppoſe, gentle reader, thou art, by this time, of opinion, that I walk with great circumſpection, and ſcrupulouſly confine myſelf within the bounds of modeſty, conſcious that it is inhuman to heap affliction on the afflicted; and that this gentleman's muſt needs be very great, ſince he dares not appear in the open field, and in the face of heaven, but conceals his name, and diſſembles his country, as if he had been guilty of high treaſon: tell him, therefore, in my name, if ever thou ſhouldſt chance to find him out, that I do not at all think myſelf injured by what he has done; for, well do I know, what temptations the devil ſpreads before us; and that one of his moſt effectual ſnares, is to make a man believe, that he has capacity to write a book, by which he ſhall obtain an equal ſhare of money and reputation. In confirmation of what I ſay, I will, with thy good leave and favour, tell thee a ſhort ſtory.

There was in Sevil, a certain madman, ſeized with the moſt diverting whim that ever entered the brain of a lunatic. He uſed to walk with a hollow cane, pointed at one end; and whenever he met with a dog in the ſtreet, or in any other place, he clapped his foot on one of the creature's hind legs, pulled up the other with his hand, and applying, as well as he could, the pipe to his poſteriors, inſtantly blew him up as round as a ball: this operation being performed, he clapt him twice on the belly, and diſmiſſed the patient, ſaying, very gravely to the mob, that never failed to gather round him, "Gentlemen, I ſuppoſe now, you think it is an eaſy matter to blow up a dog." In like manner, I ſay, "I ſuppoſe your worſhip thinks it an eaſy matter to write a book." If this ſtory ſhould not be to his liking, be ſo good, friendly reader, as to tell this other, which alſo relates to a dog and a madman.

There was another ideot in Cordova, who had a trick of carrying upon his head, a piece of marble, or heavy ſtone; and, as often as he perceived any dog off his guard, he would approach him ſlily, and let it fall plum upon his head. This was no joke to the poor dog, who uſed to run barking and howling, the length of three whole ſtreets, before he ventured to look behind. But, among others he, one day, happened to diſcharge his burthen on a capmaker's favourite dog; down went the ſtone upon his head, the injured beaſt ſet up the howl; the maſter ſeeing what paſſed, was filled with indignation, ſnatched up his meaſure, and ſallying out upon the lunatic, did not leave a whole bone in his ſkin, ſaying at every blow he beſtowed, "Dog! raſcal! uſe my ſpaniel in this manner! did not you ſee, barbarous villain, that my dog was a ſpaniel!" Thus repeating the word, Spaniel, a great many times, he beat the aggreſſor into jelly.

The

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The madman being documented, ſneaked off, and kept his chamber a whole month; at the end of which, he returned to his former paſtime, with a greater ſtone than ever, and coming up to a dog that lay aſleep, conſidered him with great attention; but was afraid of diſcharging the ſtone, ſaying, "'Ware ſpaniel!" In ſhort, all the dogs he afterwards met with, whether curs or maſtifs, were in his opinion, ſpaniels; ſo that he never ventured to repeat his experiment.—Now, this may be the fate of our hiſtorian, who will not chooſe to open the flood-gates of his wit again, in compoſing books, which, if bad, are harder than ſtone.

Tell him, likewiſe, that I value not his threats a farthing; when he ſays, that his performance will deprive me of bread; but, anſwer him, with a quotation from the famous interlude of the Perendenga: "To four and twenty, live my lord, and Chriſt be with us all." Long live the great count de Lemos, whoſe well-known chriſtian generoſity ſupports me, againſt all the ſtrokes of adverſe fortune; and long life to the tranſcendent charity of the moſt illuſtrious archbiſhop of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas; if there was not one printing-preſs in the whole world, or if more books were publiſhed againſt me than there are letters in the couplets of Mingo Rebulgo; theſe two princes, unſollicited by any adulation or other kind of praiſe, on my part, but purely out of their own benevolence, have been pleaſed to honour me with their countenance and favour, in which I think myſelf infinitely more happy and rich, than if I had been conducted to the higheſt pinnacle of fortune, in the ordinary way. Honour may be enjoyed by a poor, but never by a vicious man: nobility may be clouded by indigence, but never altogether obſcured; for, virtue ſhining by its own internal light, even through the inconveniencies and crannies of poverty, will recommend itſelf to the eſteem of high and princely minds, and of conſequence obtain their favour and protection. Thou need'ſt ſay no more to him; nor will I give thee any farther trouble, except to obſerve, that thou art to conſider this Second part of Don Quixote, as a work of the ſame artificer, and compoſed of the ſame materials with the firſt, in which I preſent the knight at full length; and, in ſhort, exhibit him dead and buried; that no man, for the future, may preſume to raiſe freſh evidence againſt him; thoſe already examined, being ſufficient for the purpoſe. The more ſo, as a man of honour has already given an account of his ingenious follies, without any intention to reſume the ſubject: for, there may be too much even of a good thing; and the ſcarcity of thoſe things which are in themſelves indifferent, often brings them into ſome degree of eſtimation. I had almoſt forgot to tell thee, that thou mayſt expect the Perſiles, which I am now finiſhing, together with the Second Part of Galatea.

APPRO-

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APPROBATION.

BY order of ſignor doctor Gutierrez de Cetina, vicar-general of the city of Madrid, where his majeſty keeps his court, I have peruſed the Second Part of the Sage Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; in which I can find nothing unworthy of a zealous chriſtian, or deviating from that reſpect which is juſtly due to good example and moral virtue. On the contrary, the performance contains much erudition, and profitable amuſement; not only in the well-ſupported ſequel of his deſign, to extirpate thoſe vain and lying books of chivalry, which had already, too far, ſpread their infection; but, alſo in the purity of his Caſtilian language, unadulterated with inſipid affectation, which every man of ſenſe abhors; and in his manner of correcting the vicious, who generally feel the point of his ſatire. Yet, he ſo wiſely obſerves the laws of chriſtian rebuke, that the patient, labouring under the infirmity which he intends to cure, may, in ſuch ſweet and palatable medicine, even without his own knowledge, or the leaſt hindrance and loathing, ſwallow down an effectual deteſtation for vice; ſo, that he will find himſelf at once delighted and reformed, in conſequence of an art which is known to few. There are many authors, who not knowing how to blend and mix inſtruction with delight, have ſeen all their tedious labours miſcarry; becauſe, not being able to imitate Diogenes, as a learned philoſopher, they have preſumed licentiouſly, not to ſay obſcurely, to mimic him as a cynic, giving ear to ſlander, and inventing things that never happened; by which means, they enlarge the vicious capacity of thoſe whom their harſh reproofs ſtigmatize; and, perhaps, ſtrike out new paths of lewdneſs hitherto unknown: ſo that, inſtead of reformers, they become teachers and abettors of vice. In this manner, they grow hateful to men of ſenſe, and loſe all their credit, if they had any, with the people who refuſe to encourage their writings: while the vicious, are rather hardened than amended by their raſh and imprudent corruption; for, the knife and cauſtic are not proper for all kinds of tumors, ſome of which are more ſucceſsfully treated by ſoft and gentle remedies, by the application of which, the experienced and learned phyſician often attains his end of diſcuſſing them; a period much more eligible than that which is obtained by the barbarity of ſteel.

The writings of Miguel de Cervantes have met with a very different reception, not only from our nation, but likewiſe from ſtrangers; who, as if he was ſomething miraculous, are inflamed with the deſire of ſeeing the author of thoſe books which have met with ſuch general applauſe,

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on account of the decency and decorum, as well as the agreeable ſweetneſs of his ſtile, in Spain, France, Italy, Germany and Flanders. This I can, with great truth, affirm, that on the twentieth and fifth day of February, in this year of God one thouſand ſix hundred and fifteen, I attended my maſter, his grace Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, cardinal archbiſhop of Toledo, when he returned the viſit of the French ambaſſador, who came to treat about a double match, between the princes and princeſſes of France and Spain; and ſeveral gentlemen of that country, belonging to the embaſſy, who were equally ſenſible and well-bred, as well as lovers of the Belles Lettres, in their converſation with me, and the other chaplains of the cardinal, deſired to know what books of genius were in higheſt eſteem among us: I chanced to mention this performance, which was then under my examination; but, no ſooner did they hear the name of Miguel de Cervantes, than they began to expatiate upon the high eſteem in which France, and the neighbouring kingdoms, held his productions; namely, the Galatea, which one of them could almoſt repeat; with the novels, and the firſt part of Don Quixote. Such were the commendations they beſtowed upon them, that I offered to introduce them to the author, whom they honoured with a thouſand demonſtrations of regard. They were curious to know his age, profeſſion, quality and fortune; and when I found myſelf obliged to tell them he was a ſoldier and a gentleman, oppreſſed with poverty and old age; one of them replied in theſe very words, "What! does not Spain load ſuch a man with riches, and maintain him out of the public treaſury."—Another of thoſe gentlemen, hearing this obſervation, interpoſed, ſaying, with great vivacity, "If neceſſity compels him to write, God grant that he may never enjoy affluence; but, in being poor, enrich the world with his works."

I believe, this will be thought rather too much for a certificate; and ſome will ſay, that I have even encroached upon the bounds of flattery: but, the truth of my allegation, diſproves that ſuſpicion, and acquits me of the charge; beſides, in this age, adulation is beſtowed upon none but thoſe, who are in a capacity of greaſing the fiſt of the flatterer; who, though he praiſes in fulſome fiction, expects to be rewarded in ſubſtantial truth.

Madrid, Feb. 27.
1615.

The Licentiate MARQUES TORRES.

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The Ordinary LICENCE.

BY order and command of the lords of council, I have cauſed to be examined, the book ſpecified in this petition; which book contains nothing to the prejudice of religion or morals; but, on the contrary, is fraught with much lawful amuſement, blended with moral philoſophy: wherefore, it may be allowed to be printed.

Madrid, Nov. 5. 1615.

Doctor GUTIERREZ DE CETINA.

APPROBATION.

BY order and command of the lords of council, I have peruſed the Second part of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes: a book that contains nothing to the prejudice of our holy catholic faith, or ſound morals; on the contrary, much honeſt recreation, and agreeable amuſement, ſuch as the antients judged not only allowable, but convenient for the commonwealth: even the ſevere Lacedemonians erected a ſtatue to the goddeſs of laughter; and the Theſſalians inſtituted feſtivals to the ſame power, according to Pauſanias, quoted by Voſſius, Lib. II. De ſignis eccleſ. cap. 10. for exhilarating the melancholy, and raiſing the dejected ſpirits; as obſerved by Tully, in his firſt book, de Legibus; and by the poet, who ſays, 'Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.' Which maxim hath been the guide of this author, who has mingled fiction with truth, delight with inſtruction, and morals with pleaſantry; diſguiſing the hook of reproof, with the bait of ſprightly entertainment, and fulfilling the ſequel of his well-executed ſcheme, to depreciate and expel the books of chivalry, from the miſchievous contagion of which he hath purged theſe kingdoms, with admirable diligence and dexterity. In ſhort, it is a work worthy of that great genius which is the honour and ornament of our nation, and the envy and admiration of ſtrangers. This is my opinion, with ſubmiſſion, &c.

Madrid, March 17. 1615.

JOSEPH DE VALDIVIELSO.

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THE

LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS

Of the Sage Knight

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of the behaviour of the curate and barber, with regard to Don Quixote's infirmity.

CID Hamet Benengeli, in the ſecond part of this hiſtory, containing the third ſally of Don Quixote, relates that the curate and barber forbore to viſit him for a whole month, that they might not revive and recal to his imagination, the remembrance of things paſt; but, during all that time, they frequently went to ſee the houſekeeper and niece, on whom they laid ſtrong injunctions to cheriſh the knight with great care and tenderneſs, and treat him with ſuch comfortable food as ſhould be moſt agreeable to his ſtomach and brain, in which, they reaſonably ſuppoſed that his whole diſorder lay. The ladies aſſured them, it was their chief ſtudy, which they would proſecute with all imaginable care and ſatisfaction; for, they began to perceive that their maſter, at certain intervals, gave tokens of being in his right wits. This information afforded great pleaſure to the two friends, who now concluded they had acted wiſely, in bringing him home, on the enchanted waggon, as hath been recounted in the laſt chapter of the firſt part of this ſublime and punctual hiſtory; and determined to pay him a viſit, that they might be convinced of his amendment, which they deemed almoſt impoſſible: tho' they agreed to avoid, with great care, the ſubject

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of chivalry, that they might run no riſk of ripping up the wound ſo lately cloſed.

In ſhort, they entered his chamber, and found him ſitting upon his bed, in a waiſtcoat of green bays, and a red Toledan night-cap, ſo meagre, ſhrunk and withered, that he looked like an Ægyptian mummy: he received them very courteouſly, and when they enquired into the ſtate of his health, ſpoke of his indiſpoſition and himſelf with great judgment and elocution. Their converſation happening to turn on what is called reaſons of ſtate, and modes of adminiſtration, they amended certain abuſes, and condemned others, reforming one cuſtom, and baniſhing another; as if each of the three had been a new legiſlator, a modern Lycurgus, or regenerated Solon; and in ſuch a manner did they furbiſh up the commonwealth, that one would have imagined they had committed it to a forge, and brought out another quite different from that which they put in. Don Quixote ſpoke on every ſubject that was handled, with ſuch diſcretion, as actually convinced the two examiners, that he was quite ſound, and had recovered the right exerciſe of his judgment; while the niece and houſekeeper, who were preſent all the time, thought they could never be thankful enough to God, when they heard their maſter talk ſo ſenſibly. But, the curate altering his firſt reſolution, which was, to avoid the ſubject of chivalry, now determined to make an experiment, by which he ſhould be thoroughly ſatisfied, whether the knight's cure was real or imaginary; with this view, he, from one thing to another, came to mention ſome news from court, and among other pieces of intelligence, ſaid he was certainly informed that the Turk had taken the ſea, with a powerful armament, tho' his deſign was not known, nor could it be gueſſed where the expected ſtorm would burſt: but, that theſe preparations, which keep us almoſt conſtantly in arms, had alarmed all chriſtendom; and that his majeſty had ordered the coaſts of Naples and Sicily, with the iſland of Malta, to be provided againſt all attempts. To this intimation Don Quixote replied, "His majeſty has acted like a moſt prudent warrior, in providing for the ſafety of his dominions, that the enemy may not find them unprepared; but, if he would take my advice, I would furniſh him with an expedient, which, I believe, our ſovereign at preſent little thinks of."

The curate no ſooner heard theſe words, than he ſaid within himſelf, "Lord have mercy upon thee, poor Don Quixote! if I am not miſtaken, thou art juſt going to caſt thyſelf headlong, from the higheſt pinnacle of madneſs, into the profound abyſs of thy folly." But the barber, who immediately adopted the ſame ſuſpicion, aſked the knight what that expedient was, which he thought ſhould be put in practice, by way of prevention; obſerving that it was, perhaps, ſuch a ſcheme as deſerved to be inſerted in the liſt

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liſt of thoſe impertinent advices uſually offered to crowned heads. " Mine Mr. ſhaver, ſaid Don Quixote, will be pertinent, not impertinent." " I don't ſay otherwiſe, replied the barber, I only made that obſervation, becauſe experience hath ſhewn, that all, or the greateſt part of thoſe projects which have been offered to his majeſty, are either impoſſible, extravagant, or prejudicial to the ſtate." " My ſcheme, anſwered the knight, is neither impoſſible nor extravagant, but, on the contrary, the moſt eaſy, juſt, brief and expeditious, that ever projector conceived." " Methinks your worſhip is very ſlow in delivering it, ſignor Don Quixote," ſaid the prieſt. " I ſhould not chooſe, anſwered the knight, to have what I ſay here, carried by to-morrow morning, to the ears of the lords of the council; by which means, another may reap the credit and reward of my labour." " For my own part, cried the barber, I here give my word, before God! never to diſcloſe what your worſhip ſhall impart, either to king or knave, or any mortal man: an oath I learned in the romance of the curate, who, in the preface, gives the king notice of the robber that ſtole his hundred ducats, and ambling mule." " I am not acquainted with the ſtory, ſaid Don Quixote, but, the oath is a good oath, becauſe I am convinced, that Mr. Nicholas is an honeſt man." " Be that as it will, replied the curate, I will be bound for him, and undertake, that with regard to this affair, he ſhall ſpeak no more than if he was actually dumb, on pain of whatever penalty you ſhall think proper to inflict." " And who will be ſecurity for you, Mr. curate?" ſaid the knight. " My profeſſion, anſwered the prieſt, by which I am bound to keep ſecrets." " Body of me! cried Don Quixote, his majeſty has nothing to do, but, to iſſue a proclamation, commanding all the knights-errant in Spain to aſſemble at his court, by ſuch a day; and altho' not more than half a dozen ſhould come, among theſe one may be found, who is alone ſufficient to overthrow the whole Turkiſh power. Pray, gentlemen, give attention, and take me along with you: is it ſuch a new thing, for a ſingle knight to cut in pieces a whole army of two hundred thouſand men, as if they had but one common throat, or were made of ginger-bread? How many hiſtories are there, think you, filled with ſuch marvellous exploits? Unfortunate it is for me, (I will not ſay, for any other) that the renowned Don Belianis is not now alive, or ſome knight of the innumerable race of Amadis de Gaul; for, if any one of them was now living, to confront the Turks, in good ſooth, I ſhould not chooſe to farm their conqueſts; but, God will provide for his own people, and produce ſome champion, who, if not equal in valour to former knights-errant, at leaſt, will be inferior to none of them in point of courage*—Heaven knows my meaning—I will ſay no

* Ridiculous as this ſcheme may ſeem to be, ſuch an expedient has actually ſucceeded in practice. During the captivity of John king of France, his dominions were ravaged by above one hundred thouſand

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more." "Lack-a-day! (cried the niece, when ſhe heard this inſinuation) I'll be hanged, if my uncle is not reſolved to turn knight-errant again." "A knight-errant, replied Don Quixote, I will live and die; and the Turks may make their deſcents or aſcents, when they will, with all the power they are maſters of—I ſay again, heaven knows my meaning"—— Here the barber interpoſing, "Gentlemen, ſaid he, I beg you will give me leave to tell a ſhort ſtory of what once happened at Sevil; it comes ſo pat to the purpoſe, that I have a ſtrong inclination to relate it." Don Quixote and the curate granted his requeſt, and the reſt yielded him attention, when he began in theſe words:

"There was in the mad-houſe at Sevil, a certain lunatic, whom his relations had ſent thither, on account of the defect in his judgment: he had taken his degrees in the canon law, at Oſſuna, and many were of opinion, that if he had acquired them at Salamanca, he would not have been a bit the wiſer: this graduate, after having been confined ſome years, took it in his head, that he was quite well, and reſtored to his right wits; and in this imagination, wrote to the archbiſhop, earneſtly intreating him, with many ſenſible arguments, to give order that he ſhould be extricated from the miſery in which he lived; ſince, thro' the mercy of God, he had recovered his loſt judgment, tho' his relations kept him ſtill in confinement, that they might enjoy his eſtate, and in deſpite of truth, were reſolved that he ſhould be mad to the day of his death. The archbiſhop, perſuaded by the many ſenſible and pathetic letters he received, ordered one of his chaplains to go to the rector of the mad-houſe, and inquire into the truth of what the licentiate alledged, and even to talk with himſelf, that if he ſhould find him quite recovered, he might bring him away, and ſet him at liberty. The chaplain obeyed the command of his grace, and the rector aſſured him that the man was ſtill mad; for, although he would very often talk like a perſon of excellent underſtanding, at the long run, he commonly broke out into folly and nonſenſe, as abſurd as the firſt part of his diſcourſe was rational and diſcreet: however, he himſelf might make the experiment, by converſing with the licentiate. The chaplain accordingly went to his apartment, and talked with him a whole hour and more, during which time, the lunatic did not utter one vague or incoherent ſentence, but, on the contrary, ſpoke ſo judiciouſly, that the chaplain could not help believing him quite ſound of intellect: among other things, he told him the rector was his enemy,

peaſants, who under the name of Jacqieers, aſſembled in arms to exterminate the nobleſſe, and among other horrid outrages, murdered every gentleman that fell in their way. The dutcheſs of Normandy and Orleans, together with three hundred ladies of rank, retired for protection to Meaux, where they were ſurrounded, and would have actually periſhed by the ſwords of theſe banditti, had they not been reſcued by the count de Foix, and the captal of Buch, who hearing of their diſtreſs, haſtened to their relief, with no more than ſixty knights; and, without heſitation, attacked that furious multitude with ſuch bravery and vigour, that they were ſoon routed and diſperſed.

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and pronounced him ſtill diſtracted, tho' with lucid intervals, that he might not loſe the preſents which he received from his relations; ſo, that the greateſt cauſe of his misfortune was no other than his own affluent eſtate, which to enjoy, his adverſaries craftily pretended to doubt of the mercy which our Lord had vouchſafed him, in re-converting him from a beaſt into a man: in ſhort, he talked ſo effectually, as to render the rector ſuſpected, to prove his relations covetous and unnatural, and himſelf ſo diſcreet, that the chaplain determined to carry him forthwith to the archbiſhop, that his grace might be perſonally ſatisfied of the truth. With this laudable intention, he deſired the rector to order the licentiate to be dreſſed with the cloaths in which he entered the houſe; the rector again adviſed him to conſider what he was about, for, the licentiate was without all queſtion, ſtill diſtracted: but, theſe cautions and counſels had no effect in diſſuading the chaplain from carrying him off, and the rector ſeeing the archbiſhop's order, was fain to obey; ſo, that the licentiate received his own cloaths, which were decent and new. Seeing himſelf thus diveſted of the badge of his diſorder, and habited again, like a perſon of ſound intellects, he beſought the chaplain, that he would be ſo charitable as to allow him to go and take leave of his companions in affliction; the other granted his requeſt, and ſaid he would accompany him, in order to ſee the patients; upon which, they went up ſtairs, followed by ſeveral perſons who chanced to be then preſent, and the licentiate going to the gate of a cell, in which there was a furious madman, tho' at that time he was calm and quiet, ſaid to him, "Brother, have you any commands for me? I am going to my own houſe; for, God of his infinite goodneſs and mercy, without any deſert of mine, hath been pleaſed to reſtore unto me the uſe of my reaſon, and I am now perfectly recovered; ſo, that there is nothing impoſſible to the power of the Almighty: put therefore your hope and truſt in him, who, as he hath reſtored me to my former ſtate, will grant the ſame indulgence to you, if you confide in his protection—I will take care to ſend you ſome cordial food, and be ſure, at all events, to eat it, for, you muſt know, I conclude from experience, that all our diſorder proceeds from an empty ſtomach, and the brain's being filled with wind. Take heart, brother, take heart; for, deſpondence under misfortune conſumes the conſtitution, and haſtens the ſtroke of death." This diſcourſe being overheard by another lunatic, who was confined in a cell oppoſite to that of the furious patient, he ſtarted up ſtark naked from an old matt on which he lay, and roared aloud, "Who is that going away ſo ſober and ſo ſound?" The licentiate replied, "'Tis I, brother, who am going home, being under no neceſſity of tarrying longer in this place; thanks be to heaven for the ſignal favour I have received!" "Take care what you ſay, Mr. licentiate, and let not the devil deceive;

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ceive you, anſwered the madman: halt a little, ſtay where you are, and ſpare yourſelf the trouble of being brought back." "I know that I am perfectly recovered, ſaid the licentiate, and ſhall have no further occaſion to viſit the Stations *." "You recovered! cried the other, good! we ſhall ſee—adieu—but, I ſwear by Jupiter, whoſe majeſty I repreſent on earth, that, for the tranſgreſſion this day committed in Sevil, by diſcharging you from the houſe, as a perſon of ſound judgment, I will take ſuch vengeance as ſhall be a monument of wrath, for ever and ever, amen. Do'ſt thou not know, pitiful licentiate, that all this is in my power, being, as I have already obſerved, Jove the thunderer, who wield the flaming bolts, with which I uſe to threaten, and can deſtroy the univerſe? But, with one evil only, will I chaſtiſe this ignorant people: I will not ſuffer one drop of rain to fall upon the city, nor its confines, nor indeed, in any part of this diſtrict, for the ſpace of three whole years, reckoning from the day and minute in which this dreadful menace is made. Thou free! thou ſound! thou recovered! and I mad! I diſtracted and confined! I will ſooner hang myſelf than rain one ſpoonful." The bye-ſtanders were very attentive to the vociferous exclamations of this madman, when our licentiate turning to the chaplain, and taking him by the hand, ſaid, "Dear ſir, give yourſelf no uneaſineſs or concern about what he ſays; for, if he who is Jupiter, withholds refreſhing ſhowers from the earth, I who am Neptune, the father and god of waters, will rain as often as I pleaſe, ſhould there be occaſion for it, in conſequence of the privilege I poſſeſs." To this promiſe, the chaplain replied, "Nevertheleſs, ſignor Neptune, it will not be politic to incenſe ſignor Jupiter; therefore, your worſhip will be ſo good as to ſtay where you are, till ſome other day, when we may have more leiſure and convenience to remove you." The rector and the reſt of the company could not help laughing, the chaplain was out of countenance, the licentiate was ſtripped, and ſent back to his cell, and ſo ends my ſtory."

"And this is the ſtory, Mr. barber, ſaid Don Quixote, which came ſo pat to the purpoſe, that you could not help relating it? Ah! Mr. ſhaver, Mr. ſhaver, he muſt be blind indeed, that cannot ſee through the bottom of a ſieve; is it poſſible, your worſhip does not know that compariſons in point of genius, virtue, beauty and deſcent, are always odious and ill received? I, Mr. barber, am not Neptune god of waters, neither do ſet up for being thought a wiſe man, knowing that I am not ſo; the ſole end of my labours is to convince the world of its error, in not ſeeking to renew thoſe moſt happy times, when the order of knight-errantry exerted itſelf in full perfection; but, this depraved age of ours is unworthy of taſting that

* A certain number of churches through which they made circuits, uttering an appointed prayer at each.

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felicity which was enjoyed by thoſe ages, when knights-errant undertook the charge, and burdened their ſhoulders with the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damſels, the relief of wards and orphans, the chaſtiſement of the proud, and the promotion of the humble. The greateſt part of your modern knights ruſtle in damaſks, brocades, and other rich and ſplendid attire, inſtead of rattling in coats of mail: no knight now ſleeps in the open field, expoſed to the inclemency of the weather, armed at all points, capapee: no warrior, in this degenerate age, ſits on horſeback, and without diſengaging his feet from the ſtirrups, but, leaning upon his lance, endeavours to take, as it were, a ſnatch of ſleep, after the example of former knights-errant: no champion, now-a-days coming out of ſome dreary wood, immediately enters another rocky wilderneſs, thro' which he reaches the barren and deſerted coaſt of the rough and ſtormy ſea, where finding, in ſome creek, a crazy boat without oars, ſails, maſt or tackle, he intrepidly throws himſelf into it, and launches out upon the implacable billows that whirl him aloft to heaven, and then ſink him to the profound abyſs, while his unſhaken ſoul defies the ſtorm: then, when he dreams of no ſuch matter, he finds himſelf three thouſand leagues and more from the place where he embarked, and leaping aſhore on ſome remote and unknown country, atchieves adventures worthy to be written, not on parchment, but on braſs: but, now, ſloth triumphs over activity, idleneſs over toil, vice over virtue, arrogance over valour, and the theory over the practice of arms, which obtained and ſhone reſplendent in thoſe golden ages that produced knights-errant. Pray, tell me, who could be more honourable and valiant than the famous Amadis de Gaul? who more diſcreet than Palmerin of England? who more inſinuating and pliant than Tirante the white? who more gallant than Liſuarte of Greece? who more hacked and hacking than Don Belianis? who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? or, who more daring than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? who more ſincere than Eſplandian? who more deſperate than Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamont? who more prudent than king Sobrino? who more bold than Reynaldo? who more invincible than Roldan? and who more gallant and courteous than Rogero, from whom (according to Turpin, in his Coſmographia) the preſent dukes of Ferrara are deſcended. All theſe, and many more which I could name, Mr. curate, were knights-errant, and the very light and glory of chivalry: theſe, or ſuch as theſe, are the champions propoſed by my ſcheme, which, ſhould it take place, would effectually ſerve his majeſty's purpoſe, ſpare an infinite expence, and the Turk would even tear his own beard in deſpair: in that caſe, I would tarry where I am, ſince the chaplain would not think fit to enlarge me, and if Jupiter, as the barber ſaid, would not rain, here am I ready to fruſtrate his intent: this

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this I mention, that Mr. baſon there, may know I underſtand his meaning." "Verily, ſignor Don Quixote, ſaid Mr. Nicholas, I meant no harm, ſo help me God! my intention was good, and therefore, your worſhip ought not to be diſpleaſed." "Whether I am diſpleaſed or not, replied the knight, I myſelf know beſt."

Here the curate interpoſing, ſaid, "Tho' I have hitherto ſcarce opened my mouth, I cannot be eaſy under a ſcruple which tears and gnaws my conſcience, and which aroſe from what ſignor Don Quixote hath juſt now aſſerted." "In greater matters, Mr. curate may command me, anſwered the knight: out with your ſcruple, then; for ſcruples of conſcience are very uncomfortable companions." "With your good permiſſion, replied the prieſt, this it is: I can, by no means perſuade myſelf that the whole tribe of knights-errant, whom your worſhip have named, were really and truly earthly perſons of fleſh and blood; on the contrary, I imagine, all theſe things are fictions, fables, and lying dreams, recounted by men who are awake, or rather, by thoſe who are half a ſleep." "That, ſaid Don Quixote, is another error incident to many people, who do not believe that any ſuch knights ever exiſted; and I have, on divers and ſundry occaſions, endeavoured to diſſipate that almoſt general miſtake, by the light of truth: ſometimes, indeed, I have not ſucceeded in my attempts; however, I have frequently gained my point, by ſupporting it on the ſhoulders of demonſtration; and truly, the caſe is ſo clear, that I could almoſt affirm, I have with my own eyes, beheld Amadis de Gaul, who was a tall man, of a fair complexion, well furniſhed with a black beard, his aſpect ſomething between mild and ſevere, conciſe of ſpeech, ſlow to anger, and ſoon appeaſed. In the ſame manner, methinks, I could delineate and paint all the knights-errant that ever were recorded in hiſtory; for, according to the ideas formed by reading theſe hiſtories, and by comparing their exploits and diſpoſitions, ſound philoſophy may diſcover their lineaments, ſtatures, and complexions." "Signor Don Quixote, ſaid the barber, how large do you think the giant Morgante muſt have been?" "As to the affair of giants, anſwered the knight, there are different opinions; ſome affirming, and others denying the exiſtence of any ſuch beings: but the holy ſcriptures, which ſurely cannot fail one atom, in point of truth, put that affair beyond all diſpute, in relating the ſtory of that Philiſtine Goliah, who was ſeven cubits and an half in height; a moſt amazing ſtature! Beſides, in the iſland of Sicily, ſeveral thigh and ſhoulder-bones have been dug up, ſo large as to manifeſt, that the perſons to whom they belonged muſt have been huge giants, as tall as high towers; and this can be proved by mathematical demonſtration: but, nevertheleſs, I will not pretend to aſcertain the ſize of Morgante; tho' I believe he was not very tall, becauſe, I find in the

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the hiſtory which gives a particular account of his exploits, that he often ſlept under a roof; now, if there was any houſe capacious enough to receive him, his magnitude could not be very extraordinary." "No, ſurely," ſaid the curate, who being diverted with his extravagant aſſertions, aſked his opinion, concerning the looks and perſons of Reynaldo de Montalvan, Don Roldan, and the reſt of the twelve peers of France, who were all knights-errant. "With regard to Reynaldo, anſwered Don Quixote, I will venture to ſay, he was broad-viſaged, of a ruddy complexion, with large rolling eyes, full of punctilio, exceſſively choleric, and a friend to robbers and vagabonds. As for Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando, for, he is mentioned in hiſtory by all theſe names, it is my opinion, and, I affirm, that he was of a midling ſtature, broad-ſhouldered, ſomewhat bandy-legged, of a dark complexion and carotty beard, hairy all over, with a frowning aſpect, ſparing of ſpeech, though very affable and well-bred." "If Roldan was not more comely than you have repreſented him, replied the curate, I do not wonder that Angelica the fair diſdained and deſerted him, for the gallantry, mirth and pleaſantry of the little ſmock-faced Moor, to whoſe embraces ſhe yielded; and ſurely, ſhe was in the right, to prefer the ſmoothneſs of Medoro to the roughneſs of Roldan." "That ſame Angelica, Mr. curate, ſaid the knight, was an unſettled, rambling young woman that longed after novelties, and left the world as full of her impertinent actions as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a thouſand noblemen, a thouſand valiant and diſcreet admirers, and contented herſelf with a yellow-haired page, who had neither fortune nor reputation, but that of being grateful to his friend. The renowned Arioſto, who ſung the praiſes of her beauty, either not daring or not deſigning to rehearſe what happened to her after her baſe intrigue, becauſe he deemed it a theme not extremely honourable for his muſe, dropped her at theſe lines:

Another bard may ſing in loftier lay,
How he obtain'd the ſcepter of Cathay.

And truly, this was a ſort of prophecy; for, the poets are alſo called vates, which, in Latin, ſignifies diviners, and it was plainly verified in the event, an Andaluzian bard having ſince that time ſung in verſe her tears and lamentation, as the moſt famous and ſublime genius of Caſtile hath celebrated her beauty."

"Pray tell me, ſignor Don Quixote, ſaid the barber, among all thoſe authors who have written in her praiſe, hath not ſome one or other

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compoſed a ſatire againſt my lady Angelica?" "I firmly believe, replied the knight, that if Sacripante or Roldan had been bards, they would have made the damſel ſmart ſeverely, it being natural and peculiar to poets, who are diſdained and rejected by their falſe miſtreſſes, whether real or imaginary, to revenge themſelves by ſatires and lampoons; a reſentment altogether unworthy of generous breaſts; but, hitherto I have not met with any ſuch defamatory verſes againſt the lady Angelica, tho' ſhe made ſtrange confuſion in the world." "That is a wonder, indeed," ſaid the curate, when hearing the houſekeeper and niece, who had ſometime before quitted the company, bawling aloud in the yard, they ran out to ſee what was the occaſion of ſuch noiſe.

CHAP. II.

The notable fray that happened between Sancho and Don Quixote's niece and houſekeeper; with other diverting incidents.

THE hiſtory relates, that the noiſe which Don Quixote, the curate and barber heard, was occaſioned by the niece and houſekeeper ſcolding at Sancho, who ſtruggled to get in and ſee his maſter, while they defended the door. "What does the ſwag-bellied lurcher want in this houſe? ſaid the houſekeeper, get you home, brother; it was you and none but you, that turned my poor maſter's brain, inticing him from his own home, to ſtrole about the highways." To this apoſtrophe Sancho replied, "Houſekeeper of ſatan! 'tis my brain that's turned; 'twas I that was inticed to ſtrole about the highways, and not thy maſter; for, he carried me a rambling: ſo that you have reckoned without your hoſt. 'Twas he that wheedled me from my own houſe, with the promiſe of an iſland, which I expect to this good hour." "Devil choak thee with iſlands, thou curſed cormorant! cried the niece, and pray, what is an iſland; is it any thing to eat, thou gorbellied glutton, ha?" "No, not to eat, but to govern, anſwered Sancho, and a fat government it is. Better than the places of any four of the king's alcaldes." "Be that as it will, ſaid the houſekeeper, thou ſhan't ſet foot in this houſe, thou bag of miſchief and bundle of malice! go, and look after thy own family, fatten thy hogs, and let us hear no more of theſe iſlands or oyl-lands."

The curate and barber were highly entertained with this dialogue; but, Don Quixote, fearing that Sancho would open his budget, and diſburthen himſelf of ſome miſchievous load of folly, by blabbing things not much to his credit, called him in, bidding the women hold their tongues, and give

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give him entrance. Sancho being accordingly admitted, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Quixote, whoſe recovery they deſpaired of, ſeeing him ſo unalterably fixed in his folly, and ſo wholly poſſeſſed with the frantic ſpirit of knight-errantry. " You ſhall ſee, neighbour, ſaid the curate to the barber, that when we leaſt think of it, this poor gentleman will make another ſally." " That I make no doubt of, anſwered the barber, but I don't wonder ſo much at the madneſs of the knight as at the ſimplicity of the ſquire, who believes ſo devoutly in this iſland, that, I think, all the invention of man could not extract it from his ſkull." " God mend them! replied the curate; mean while, let us keep a ſtrict eye over their behaviour, and obſerve the operation of their joint extravagance; for, the madneſs of the maſter ſeems to have been caſt in the ſame mould with the fooliſhneſs of the man, and, in my opinion, the one without the other would not be worth a farthing." " True, ſaid the barber, and I ſhould be glad to know what they are now talking of." " I dare ſay, replied the curate, the niece and houſekeeper will give us a good account of their converſation; for, they are none of thoſe who can reſiſt the opportunity of liſtening."

In the mean time, Don Quixote having ſhut himſelf up in his apartment with Sancho, ſaid, " It gives me much concern, Sancho, to hear thee ſay, as thou doſt, that I enticed thee from thy cottage, when thou knoweſt that I, at the ſame time, quitted my own houſe: together we ſet out, lived and travelled together; ſharing the ſame fortune and the ſame fate. If thou haſt been once toſſed in a blanket, I have been bruiſed an hundred times, and this is the only pre-eminence I enjoyed." " And that's but reaſonable, replied Sancho, according to your worſhip's own remark, that misfortune belongs more to knights-errant, than to their ſquires." " There you are miſtaken, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote; for the Latin adage ſays, Quando caput dolet, &c." " Nay, quoth Sancho, I underſtand no lingo but my mother-tongue." " The meaning, ſaid his maſter, is, When the head akes, all the members are affected. I therefore, as thy lord and maſter, am thy head, and thou as my ſervant are a part of me; ſo, that whatever miſchief has happened, or may happen to me, ought to extend to thee likewiſe, in the ſame manner as I bear a ſhare in all thy ſufferings." " That may be, ſaid Sancho; but when I, as a member, was toſſed in a blanket, my head ſat peaceably on the other ſide of the wall, and beheld me vaulting in the air, without feeling the leaſt uneaſineſs; and ſince the members are obliged to ake with the head, I think it is but juſt, that the head ſhould ake with the members." " How canſt thou affirm, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, that I

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felt no pain while thou waſt toſſed in the blanket? Say, or think ſo no more; for, I was, at that time, more afflicted in mind than thou in body.

"But let us wave this ſubject for the preſent; and, time will, no doubt, offer an opportunity of conſidering it more maturely, and of ſetting every thing to rights; and tell me, friend Sancho, how am I ſpoke of in this place? what ſay the vulgar? what character do I bear among the gentry? and how am I treated by the knights? what is their opinion of my valour, exploits and courteous behaviour? and how do they reliſh the deſign I have undertaken of raiſing and reſtoring to the world the long-forgotten order of knight-errantry? In ſhort, Sancho, I deſire that thou wilt inform me of every thing thou haſt heard on this ſubject, without adding to the good, or ſubtracting from the evil; it being the duty of ſervants to repreſent the truth to their maſters, in its own native form, neither exaggerated by adulation, nor diminiſhed by any other vain reſpect; and let me tell thee, Sancho, if the naked truth was always conveyed to the ears of princes, undiſguiſed by flattery, we ſhould ſee better days, and other æras would deſerve the name of the iron age, more than the preſent, which would be juſtly looked upon as the age of gold. Remember this advice, Sancho, and inform me with honeſty and diſcretion, of all that thou knoweſt, in regard to what I have aſked." "That I will with all my heart, ſir, anſwered Sancho, on condition that your worſhip wont be offended with the truth, ſince you deſire to ſee it in its nakedneſs, juſt as it came to my knowledge." "I ſhall not be offended in the leaſt, replied Don Quixote; ſpeak therefore, freely, without going about the buſh."

"Well then, ſaid the ſquire, in the firſt place, you muſt know that the common people think your worſhip a ſtark, ſtaring madman, and me a moſt notorious fool; the better ſort ſay, that ſcorning the rank of a private gentleman, you have put Don before your name, and dubbed yourſelf knight, with a ſmall garden, a few acres of land, and a doublet clouted on both ſides. The knights forſooth are affronted that your ſmall gentry ſhould pretend to vie with them, eſpecially thoſe needy ſquires who ſole their own ſhoes, and darn their black hoſe with green ſilk." "That obſervation, ſaid Don Quixote, cannot affect me, for I always wear good cloaths, and never appear patched. My doublet may, indeed, be torn, but then it is by my armour, not by time." "Touching the valour, courteſy, adventures and deſign of your worſhip, ſaid Sancho, there are different opinions. Some ſay he is mad, but a diverting madman; others allow that he is valiant, but unlucky; a third ſet obſerve, that he is courteous, but impertinent; and in this manner

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we are handled ſo ſeverely, that neither your worſhip nor I have a whole bone left." " You ſee, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, that whenever virtue ſhines in an eminent degree, ſhe always meets with perſecution. Few or none of the celebrated heroes of antiquity could eſcape the calumnies of malice: Julius Cæſar, a moſt daring, wiſe and valiant general, was accuſed of being ambitious, and not over cleanly in his cuſtoms or apparel: Alexander, who by his atchievements acquired the name of Great, was ſaid to be a drunkard: and Hercules, renowned for his labours, reported to have been lewd and effeminate: Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, was grumbled at for being exceſſively quarrelſome, and Amadis himſelf ridiculed as an arrant whiner. Therefore, ſon Sancho, among ſo many aſperſions thrown upon ſuch great men, I may well overlook what is ſaid againſt me; ſince it is no worſe than what thou haſt repeated." " That's the very thing, body of my father!" replied Sancho. " What is there any thing more?" ſaid his maſter. " More! cried the ſquire, the tail is yet unflea'd. What you have heard is but cakes and gingerbread; but, if your worſhip would know all the backbitings we ſuffer, I will this moment bring hither one, who can inform you of every circumſtance, without loſing a crumb; for, laſt night, the ſon of Bartholomew Carraſco arrived from Salamanca, where he has been at his ſtudies, and got a batchelor's degree; and when I went to welcome him home, he told me there was a printed book of your worſhip's hiſtory, in which you go by the name of 'The ingenious ſquire Don Quixote de la Mancha;' and that I am mentioned in it, by my own name of Sancho Panza, as well as my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, with other things that paſſed between you and me only; at hearing of which, I croſſed myſelf through fear, wondring, how they ſhould come to the knowledge of the hiſtorian." " You may depend upon it, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, the author of our hiſtory muſt be ſome ſage enchanter; for nothing is hid from writers of that claſs." " How can he be a ſage enchanter, ſaid Sancho; when batchelor Sampſon Carraſco (for that's the name of him who told me) ſays the author of our hiſtory is called Cid Hamet Bean-and-jelly?" " That name is mooriſh," replied Don Quixote. " Very like, ſaid the ſquire, for I have often heard, that the Moors are very fond of beans and jellies." " Thou muſt certainly be miſtaken, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, in the ſirname of that Cid, which in Arabic, ſignifies Signor." " Very poſſible, anſwered the ſquire, but if your worſhip deſires to ſee the batchelor, I will bring him hither in a twinkling." " Thou wilt oblige me very much, my friend, ſaid Don Quixote, for what thou haſt told me has bred ſuch doubts and ſuſpence within me,

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me, that I cannot eat a morſel, until I am informed of the whole affair." "Then I'll go ſeek him," replied Sancho, who, leaving his maſter, went in queſt of the batchelor, with whom he returned in a little time, and a moſt pleaſant dialogue enſued.

CHAP. III.

The ludicrous converſation that paſſed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco.

DON Quixote remained extremely penſive, in expectation of the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, from whom he hoped to hear news of himſelf, in print, according to Sancho's information; though he could ſcarce perſuade himſelf, that there could be ſuch a hiſtory extant; the blood of his enemies whom he had ſlain, being ſcarce, as yet, dry upon the blade of his ſword; and yet they would have his high atchievements already recorded in printed books. He therefore imagined that ſome ſage, either friend or foe, had caſt them off, by the power of inchantment: if a friend, in order to aggrandize and extol them above the moſt diſtinguiſhed exploits of knight-errantry; if an enemy, to annihilate and depreſs them beneath the meaneſt actions that ever were recorded of any ſquire. "Although, ſaid he, within himſelf, the deeds of ſquires are never committed to writing; and, if my hiſtory actually exiſts, ſeeing it treats of a knight-errant, it muſt, of neceſſity, be pompous, ſublime, ſurprizing, magnificent, and true." This reflection conſoled him a little: but he became uneaſy again, when he recollected that his author was a Moor, as appeared by the name of Cid; and that no truth was to be expected from that people, who are all falſe, deceitful, and chimerical. He was afraid that his amours were treated with ſome indecency, that might impair and prejudice the honour of his lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, wiſhing for nothing more than a true repreſentation of his fidelity, and the decorum he always preſerved, in refuſing queens, empreſſes and damſels of all ranks, while he kept the impulſe of his paſſions under the rein. Toſſed therefore, and fluctuating on theſe and many other fancies, he was found by Sancho and Carraſco, whom the knight received with great courteſy.

The batchelor, though his name was Sampſon, was not very big, but a great wag, of a pale complexion and excellent underſtanding; he was about the age of four and twenty; had a round viſage, flat noſe, and capacious mouth, all ſymptoms of a miſchievous diſpoſition, addicted to jokes

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jokes and raillery; as appeared, when he approached Don Quixote, before whom he fell upon his knees, ſaying, " Permit me to kiſs your moſt puiſſant hand, ſignor Don Quixote de la Mancha, for by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, though I have received no other orders than the firſt four, your worſhip is one of the moſt famous knights-errant that ever were, or ever will be, within the circumference of the globe! Bleſt be Cid Hamet Benengeli, who wrote the hiſtory of your greatneſs! and thrice bleſt that curious perſon who took care to have it tranſlated from the Arabic into our mother tongue, for the entertainment of mankind!" Don Quixote raiſing him up, ſaid, " 'Tis true, then that there is a hiſtory of me, and that the ſage who compoſed it is a Moor." " So true, ſignor, (ſaid Sampſon) that to my certain knowledge, there are twelve thouſand volumes of it, this day, in print; let Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they were printed, contradict me, if they can. It is even reported to be now in the preſs at Antwerp; and I can eaſily perceive, that there is ſcarce a nation or language into which it will not be tranſlated." " One of the things, ſaid Don Quixote on this occaſion, which ought to afford the greateſt ſatisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is to live and ſee himſelf celebrated in different languages, and his actions recorded in print, with univerſal approbation; I ſay with approbation, becauſe to be repreſented otherwiſe, is worſe than the worſt of deaths." " In point of reputation and renown, ſaid the batchelor, your worſhip alone, bears away the palm from all other knights-errant; for, the Moor in Arabic, and the Chriſtian in his language, have been careful of painting the gallantry of your worſhip to the life; your vaſt courage in encountring dangers, your patience in adverſity, your fortitude in the midſt of wounds and miſchance, together with the honour and chaſtity of your platonic love for my lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboſo."

Here Sancho interpoſing, ſaid, " I never heard my lady called Donna Dulcinea, but ſimply the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo; ſo that there the hiſtory is wrong." " That is no material objection," anſwered Carraſco. " No, ſure, replied the knight; but tell me Mr. batchelor, which of my exploits is moſt eſteemed in this hiſtory?" " As to that particular, ſaid the batchelor, there are as many different opinions as there are different taſtes. Some ſtick to the adventure of the windmills, which to your worſhip appeared monſtrous giants; others, to that of the fulling-mills: this reader, to the deſcription of the two armies, which were afterwards metamorphoſed into flocks of ſheep; while another magnifies that of the dead body, which was carrying to the place of interment at Segovia: one ſays, that the deliverance of the gally-ſlaves excels all the reſt; and

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a ſecond affirms, that none of them equals the adventure of the Benedictine giants, and your battle with the valiant Biſcayner." Here Sancho interrupting him again, ſaid, " Tell me, Mr. batchelor, is the adventure of the Yangueſians mentioned, when our modeſt Rozinante * longed for green peaſe in December." " Nothing, replied Sampſon, has eſcaped the pen of the ſage author, who relates every thing moſt minutely, even to the capers which honeſt Sancho cut in the blanket." " I cut no capers in the blanket, anſwered Sancho; but in the air, I grant you, I performed more than I deſired." " In my opinion, ſaid Don Quixote, there is no human hiſtory that does not contain reverſes of fortune, eſpecially thoſe that treat of chivalry, which cannot always be attended with ſucceſs." " Nevertheleſs, reſumed the batchelor, ſome who have read your hiſtory, ſay, they ſhould not have been ſorry, had the authors forgot a few of thoſe infinite drubbings which, in different encounters, were beſtowed on the great Don Quixote." " But in this, conſiſts the truth of hiſtory," ſaid the ſquire.

Don Quixote obſerved, that they might as well have omitted them; for thoſe incidents, which neither change nor affect the truth of the ſtory, ought to be left out, if they tend to depreciate the chief character. " Take my word for it, ſaid he, Æneas was not ſo pious as Virgil repreſents him, nor Ulyſſes ſo prudent as he is repreſented by Homer." " True, ſaid Sampſon, but it is one thing to compoſe as a poet, and another to record as an hiſtorian: the poet may relate or rehearſe things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been; whereas, an hiſtorian muſt tranſmit them, not as they ought to have been, but exactly as they were; without adding to, or ſubtracting the leaſt tittle from the truth." " Since this mooriſh gentleman has told all the truth, ſaid Sancho, I don't doubt that among the drubbings of my maſter, he has mentioned mine alſo; for, they never took the meaſure of his ſhoulders, without croſſing my whole body; but at this I ought not to wonder, ſince, as he obſerves, when the head aches, the members ought to have their ſhare of the pain." " You are a ſly rogue, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, and I find you don't want memory, when you think proper to uſe it." " If I had all the mind in the world, ſaid Sancho, to forget the blows I have received, the marks, which are ſtill freſh upon my carcaſe, would by no means allow me."

" Hold your peace, Sancho, ſaid the knight, and don't interrupt Mr. batchelor, whom I intreat to proceed, and let me know, what more is

* *Pedir cotufas en el golfo*, ſignifies to look for tartuffles in the ſea, a proverb applicable to thoſe who are too ſanguine in their expectations, and unreaſonable in their deſires.

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ſaid of me in this ſame hiſtory." "Ay, and of me too, cried Sancho, who, they ſay, am one of the principal perſonages of it." "You mean perſons and not perſonages, friend Sancho," ſaid Sampſon. "What! have we got another reprimander of words? ſaid the ſquire; ſince it is come to this, we ſhall never have done." "Plague light on me! Sancho, replied the batchelor, if you are not the ſecond perſon of the hiſtory; and there are many who would rather hear you ſpeak than the firſt character in the book; tho' ſome there be alſo, who ſay you are exceſſively credulous, in believing there could be any foundation for the government of that iſland, which was promiſed to you by ſignor Don Quixote, here preſent." "* There is no time loſt, ſaid Don Quixote, while thou art advancing in years, Sancho, age will bring experience; and then thou wilt be more qualified and fit to govern than thou art at preſent." "'Fore God! Sir, ſaid Sancho, the iſland which I cannot govern with theſe years, I ſhall never govern, were I as old as Methuſalem: the miſchief is, that this ſame iſland is delayed I don't know how; not that I want noddle to govern it." "Recommend it, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, to the direction of heaven, which does all for the beſt, and may perhaps exceed your expectation; for, not a leaf can move upon a tree, without the permiſſion of God." "True, ſaid Sampſon, if it be the will of God, Sancho ſhall not want a thouſand iſlands, much leſs one to govern." "I have ſeen governors in my time, quoth Sancho, who, to my thinking, did not come up to the ſole of my ſhoe, and yet they were called your lordſhip, and ſerved in plate." "Thoſe were not governors of iſlands, replied Sampſon, but of other governments more eaſily managed; for, ſuch as govern iſlands, ought, at leaſt, to have ſome grammatical knowledge." "I know very well how to † cram, ſaid Sancho, but as to the matted cawl, I will neither meddle nor make, becauſe I don't underſtand it: but, leaving this government in the hands of God, who will diſpoſe of me the beſt for his own ſervice, I am, Mr. Batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, infinitely pleaſed and rejoiced that the author of our hiſtory has ſpoke of me in ſuch a manner as not to give offence; for, by the faith of a good ſquire! if he had ſaid any thing of me, that did not become an old chriſtian as I am, the deaf ſhould have heard of it." "That were a miracle indeed!" anſwered Sampſon. "Miracle or no miracle, ſaid Sancho, let every man take care how he ſpeaks or writes of honeſt people, and not ſet down at a venture, the firſt thing that comes into his jolterhead."

* *Aun ay ſol en las bardas*---.There is ſtill ſun-ſhine on the wall.---i e. It is not yet too late.

† Finding it impoſſible to tranſlate the original pun or blunder, I have ſubſtituted another in its room, on the word Grammatical, which I think has at leaſt an equally good effect.

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" One of the faults that are found with the hiſtory, added the batchelor, is, that the author has inſerted in it, a novel intituled The Impertinent Curioſity? Not that the thing itſelf is bad, or poorly executed; but, becauſe it is unſeaſonable, and has nothing to do with the ſtory of his worſhip ſignor Don Quixote." " I'll lay a wager, cried Sancho, that this ſon of a cur has made a ſtrange hodge-podge of the whole." " Now, I find, ſaid the knight, that the author of my hiſtory is no ſage, but ſome ignorant prater, who, without either judgment or premeditation, has undertaken to write it at random, like Orbaneja the painter of Ubeda, who being aſked what he painted, anſwered, " Juſt as it happens;" and when he would ſometimes ſcrawl out a miſhapen cock, was fain to write under it in Gothic letters, This is a Cock; and my hiſtory being of the ſame kind, will need a commentary to make it intelligible." " Not at all," anſwered Sampſon, it is already ſo plain, that there is not the leaſt ambiguity in it: the very children handle it, boys read it, men underſtand, and old people applaud it: in ſhort, it is ſo thumbed, ſo read, and ſo well known by every body, that no ſooner a meagre horſe appears, than they ſay, " There goes Rozinante;" but thoſe who peruſe it moſt, are your pages: you cannot go into a nobleman's antichamber, where you won't find a Don Quixote, which is no ſooner laid down by one, than another takes it up, ſome ſtruggling, and ſome intreating for a ſight of it: in fine, this hiſtory is the moſt delightful and leaſt prejudicial entertainment that ever was ſeen: for, in the whole book, there is not the leaſt ſhadow of a diſhonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good catholic." " To write otherwiſe, ſaid Don Quixote, were not to publiſh truth, but to propagate lies; and thoſe hiſtorians who deal in ſuch, ought to be burnt like coiners of falſe money: but, I cannot imagine what induced the author to avail himſelf of novels and ſtories that did not belong to the ſubject, when he had ſuch a fund of my adventures to relate: he doubtleſs ſtuck to the proverb *, ſo the gizzard is crammed, it matters not how; for, truly, had he confined himſelf to the manifeſtation of my reveries, my ſighs, my tears, my benevolence, and undertakings; he might have compiled a volume larger, or as large as all the works of Toſtatus bound together: really, Mr. batchelor, according to my comprehenſion, it requires great judgment and a ripe underſtanding to compoſe hiſtories, or indeed any books whatever; for, to write with elegance and wit is the province of great geniuſes only: the wiſeſt perſon in the comedy is he that plays the fool; for, he muſt be no ſimpleton, who can exhibit a diverting re-

* The original is *De paja, y di heno, el jergon lleno*; i. e. The bed is filled, tho' it be with hay and ſtraw.

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preſentation of folly. Hiſtory is a ſacred ſubject, becauſe the ſoul of it is truth, and where truth is, there the divinity will reſide; yet there are ſome who compoſe and caſt off books, as if they were toſſing up a diſh of pancakes."

" There is no book ſo bad, ſaid the batchelor, but you may find ſomething good in it." " Doubtleſs, replied the knight, but it frequently happens, that thoſe who have deſervedly purchaſed and acquired great reputation by their writings, loſe it all, or at leaſt, forfeit a part of it in printing them." " The reaſon, ſaid Sampſon, is, that printed works are peruſed with leiſure, conſequently their faults eaſily obſerved; and the greater the reputation of the author is, the more ſeverely are they ſcrutinized: men celebrated for their genius, great poets, and illuſtrious hiſtorians, are, for the moſt part, if not always envied by thoſe whoſe pleaſure and particular entertainment conſiſts in criticiſing the works of others, without having obliged the world with any thing of their own." " That is not to be wondered at, ſaid Don Quixote, for there are many theologicians who make but a poor figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent in diſcerning the faults and ſuperfluities of thoſe who preach well." " That is all true, ſignor Don Quixote, ſaid Carraſco, and I could wiſh that thoſe cenſurers were either a little more compaſſionate, or ſomething leſs ſcrupulous, than to inſiſt upon ſuch blemiſhes of the work they decry, as may be compared to little ſpots in the ſun, and as aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus, conſider how long the author watched, in order to diſplay the light of his performance, with as little ſhade as poſſible: perhaps too, thoſe things which diſguſt them, are no other than moles, that ſometimes add to the beauty of the face on which they grow: and therefore I affirm, that he who publiſhes a book, runs an immenſe riſk; becauſe, it is abſolutely impoſſible to compoſe ſuch an one as will pleaſe and entertain every reader." " I believe, few will reliſh that which treats of me," ſaid the knight. " Quite the contrary, anſwered Sampſon, for as ſtultorum infinitus eſt numerus, the number of thoſe who are delighted with your hiſtory, is infinite; tho' ſome accuſe the author's memory as falſe or faulty, becauſe he has forgot to tell who the thief was that ſtole Sancho's Dapple, of whom there was not a word mentioned: we can only infer from the hiſtory, that he was ſtolen; and by-and-by, we find the ſquire mounted on the ſame beaſt, without knowing how he was retrieved; they ſay likewiſe, that he has omitted telling what Sancho did with thoſe hundred crowns which he found in the portmanteau, in Sierra Morena; and which are never mentioned, tho' many people deſire to know what uſe he made of them; and this is one of the chief defects in the work."

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" Mr. Sampſon, anſwered the ſquire, I am not in an humour at preſent, to give accounts and reckonings of that affair; for, I feel a certain faintiſhneſs in my ſtomach, and if I don't recruit it with a couple of draughts of old ſtingo, I ſhall be in moſt grievous taking *: I have the cordial at home, and my dame waits for me; but, when I have filled my belly, I will return and ſatisfy your worſhip, and all the world, in whatever they ſhall deſire to aſk, both with regard to the loſs of my beaſt, and the ſpending of the hundred crowns." So, without expecting a reply, or ſpeaking another word, he hied him home, while Don Quixote deſired and intreated the batchelor to ſtay and do penance with him. The batchelor accepted the invitation, and ſtayed; a pair of pidgeons was added to the knight's ordinary; he talked of nothing but chivalry, at table, and Carraſco encouraged the diſcourſe: the repaſt ended, they took their afternoon's nap, Sancho returned, and the former converſation was renewed.

CHAP. IV.

In which Sancho Panza ſatisfies the doubts, and anſwers the queſtions of the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco; with other incidents worthy to be recited and known.

SANCHO returning to his maſter's houſe, reſumed the former converſation, to gratify Mr. Sampſon, who ſaid he wanted to know, when, in what manner, and by whom his aſs had been ſtolen: " You muſt know, then, ſaid he, that very night we fled from the holy brotherhood, and got into the brown mountain, after the miſventureſome adventure of the galley-ſlaves, and the corpſe that was carrying to Segovia, we took up our quarters in a thicket, where my maſter and I, being both fatigued, and ſorely bruiſed in the frays we had juſt finiſhed, went to reſt, he leaning upon his lance, and I lolling upon Dapple, as if we had been ſtretched upon four feather-beds: I, in particular, ſlept ſo ſound, that the thief, whoſoever he was, had an opportunity of coming and propping me up with four ſtakes, fixed under the corner of my pannel, on which I was left aſtride; ſo that he ſlipt Dapple from under me, without my perceiving it in the leaſt." " And this no difficult matter, nor new device, ſaid Don Quixote; for, the ſame thing happened to Sacripante, at the ſiege of Albraca, where, by this contrivance, his horſe was ſtolen from between his legs, by the famous

* In Spaniſh, *Me pondra en la Eſpina de Santa Lucia*; i. e. Will put me on St. Lucia's thorn: applicable to any uneaſy ſituation.

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robber Brunelo." "When morning came, proceeded Sancho, I no ſooner began to ſtretch myſelf, than the ſtakes gave way, and down I came to the ground, with a vengeance: I looked for my beaſt, and finding he was gone, the tears guſhed from my eyes, and I ſet up a lamentation, which, if the author of our hiſtory has not ſet down, you may depend upon it, he hath neglected a very excellent circumſtance: a good many days after this miſchance, as I chanced to be travelling with my lady the princeſs Micomicona, deſcrying a perſon riding towards me, in the habit of a gypſie, I immediately knew my own aſs, and diſcovered the rider to be Gines de Paſſamonte, that impoſtor and notorious malefactor, whom my maſter and I delivered from the galley-chain."

"The error lies not in that part of the hiſtory, replied the batchelor, but, conſiſts in the author's ſaying that Sancho rode on the ſame aſs, before it appears, that he had retrieved him." "As to that affair, ſaid the ſquire, I can give you no ſatisfactory anſwer, perhaps, it was an overſight in the hiſtorian, or owing to the careleſſneſs of the printer." "Doubtleſs it was ſo, replied Sampſon, but, what became of theſe hundred crowns? were they laid up, or laid out?" "I laid them out, anſwered Sancho, in neceſſaries for my own perſon, my wife and children; and thoſe crowns were the cauſe of my goſſip's bearing patiently, my ramblings and rovings in the ſervice of my lord and maſter Don Quixote; for, if after ſuch a long abſence, I had come home without my aſs, and never a croſs in my pocket, I might have expected a welcome the wrong way. Now, if you have any thing elſe to aſk, here I am, ready to anſwer the king in perſon; and it matters not to any perſon, whether I did or did not bring them home, or whether I ſpent them or lent them; for, if the blows I have received in our peregrinations, were to be repaid with money, rated at no more than four maravedis apiece, another hundred crowns would not quit one half of the ſcore: therefore, let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and not pretend to miſtake an * hawk for a hand-ſaw; for, we are all as God made us, and many of us much worſe."

"I will take care, ſaid Carraſco, to apprize the author of the hiſtory, that if it ſhould come to another edition, he may not forget to inſert what honeſt Sancho obſerves, as it will not a little contribute to raiſe the value of the work." "Mr. batchelor, ſaid the knight, did you in reading it, perceive any thing elſe that ought to be amended?" "There might be ſome things altered for the better, replied Carraſco; but, none of ſuch conſequence as thoſe already mentioned." "And pray, reſumed Don Quixote, does the author promiſe a ſecond part?" "Yes, ſaid Sampſon,

* In the original, "Black for white."

but,

but, he ſays, he has not yet found it, nor does he know in whoſe poſſeſſion it is; ſo, that we are ſtill in doubt, whether or not it will ſee the light: on that account, therefore, and likewiſe, becauſe ſome people ſay that ſecond parts are never good, while others obſerve, that too much already hath been written concerning Don Quixote, it is believed that there will be no ſecond part; tho' there is a third ſort more jovial than wiſe, who cry, "Quixote for ever! let the knight engage, and Sancho Panza harrangue; come what will, we ſhall be ſatisfied." "And how does the author ſeem inclined?" ſaid the knight. "How? anſwered Carraſco, to ſet the preſs agoing, as ſoon as he can find the hiſtory, for which he is now ſearching with all imaginable diligence; thereto ſwayed by intereſt, more than by any motive of praiſe." "Since the author keeps intereſt and money in his eye, ſaid Sancho, it will be a wonder if he ſucceeds; for, he'll do nothing but hurry, hurry, like a taylor on Eaſter-eve; and your works that are trumped up in a haſte, are never finiſhed with that perfection they require: I would have Mr. Moor take care, and conſider what he is about; for, my maſter and I will furniſh him with materials, in point of adventures and different events, ſufficient to compoſe not only one, but an hundred ſecond parts. What! I ſuppoſe the honeſt man thinks we are now ſleeping among ſtraw; but, let him lift up our feet, and then he will ſee which of them wants to be ſhod: all that I ſhall ſay, is, if my maſter had taken my advice, we might have been already in the fields, redreſſing grievances, and righting wrongs, according to the uſe and cuſtom of true knights-errant."

Scarce had Sancho pronounced theſe laſt words, when their ears were ſaluted by the neighing of Rozinante, which Don Quixote conſidered as a moſt happy omen, and determined in three or four days, to ſet out on his third expedition: accordingly, he declared his intention to the batchelor, whoſe advice he aſked with regard to the route he ſhould take. Sampſon ſaid, that in his opinion, he ought to direct his courſe towards the kingdom of Arragon, and go to Saragoſſa, where, in a few days, was to be held a moſt ſolemn tournament on the feſtival of St. George; there he would have an opportunity of winning the palm from the Arragonian knights, which would raiſe his reputation above that of all the champions upon earth: he applauded his deſign, as a moſt valiant and honourable determination, and begged he would be more cautious in encountring dangers, becauſe his life was not his own, but the property of all thoſe who had occaſion for protection and ſuccour in diſtreſs.

"That

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" That is the very thing I repoſe, Mr. Sampſon, ſaid the ſquire, for, my maſter thinks no more of attacking an hundred men in arms, than a hungry boy would think of ſwallowing half a dozen * pippins: body of the univerſe! Mr. batchelor, if there are times for attacking, there are alſo ſeaſons for retreating: the cry muſt not always be, St. Jago †! charge, Spain;" eſpecially as I have heard, and if I remember aright, my maſter himſelf has often obſerved, that valour lies in the middle, between the extremes of cowardice and raſhneſs: this being the caſe, I would not have him fly without good reaſon, nor give the aſſault when he is likely to be overpowered by numbers; but, above all things, I give my maſter notice, that if he carries me along with him, it ſhall be on condition, that he fight all the battles himſelf, and I be obliged to do nothing, but tend his perſon, that is, take care of his belly, and keep him ſweet and clean; in which caſe, I will ‡ jig it away, with pleaſure; but, to think that I will put hand to ſword, even againſt baſe-born plebeians, with cap and hatchet, is a wild imagination: for my own part, Mr. Sampſon, I do not pretend to the reputation of being valiant, but, of being the beſt and loyaleſt ſquire that ever ſerved a knight-errant; and if my maſter Don Quixote, in conſideration of my great and faithful ſervices, ſhall be pleaſed to beſtow upon me one of thoſe many iſlands which his worſhip ſays, will fall in his way, I ſhall very thankfully receive the favour; and even, if he ſhould not keep his word, here ſtand I, ſimple as I am, and one man muſt not depend upon another, but, truſt in God alone: beſides, the bread I eat, without a government, mayhap will reliſh better than the dainties of a governor; and how do I know, but the devil may, in theſe governments, raiſe ſome ſtumbling-block, over which I ſhall fall and beat out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho will I die; but, nevertheleſs, if by the favour of providence, I could fairly and ſoftly, without much riſk or anxiety, obtain an iſland, or ſome ſuch matter, I am not ſuch a ninny as to throw it away; for, as the ſaying is, When the heifer is offered, be ready with the rope; and when good fortune comes to thy door, be ſure to bid it welcome."

" Brother Sancho, ſaid the batchelor, you have ſpoke like a profeſſor; but, for all that, put your truſt in God, and ſignor Don Quixote, who inſtead of an iſland will give you a whole kingdom." " The one as likely as the other, anſwered Sancho; tho' I dare venture to aſſure ſignor Car-

* Literally *Badeas*, a kind of water melon.

† This is the cry uttered by the Spaniards when they charge in battle.

‡ *Baylar el agua delante*, is a phraſe applicable to thoſe who do their duty with alacrity, taken from the practice of watering the courts in Spain, an office which the maids perform with a motion that reſembles dancing.

raſco,

raſco, that the kingdom, which my maſter ſhall beſtow upon me, will not be put into a rotten ſack; for, I have felt my own pulſe, and find myſelf in health ſufficient to rule kingdoms and govern iſlands, as I have, upon many other occaſions, hinted to my maſter." "Conſider, Sancho, ſaid the batchelor, that honours often change the diſpoſition; and, perhaps, when you come to be governor, you will not know the mother that bore you." "That may be the caſe, anſwered the ſquire, with thoſe who were born among mallows; but, not with me, who have got four inches of old chriſtian ſuet on my ribs: then, if you come to conſider my diſpoſition, you will find I am incapable of behaving ungratefully to any perſon whatever." "God grant it to be ſo, ſaid the knight; but, this will appear when you arrive at the government, which methinks, I have already in mine eye."

He then intreated the batchelor, if he was a poet, to favour him with a copy of verſes on his intended parting from his miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, and deſired that every line might begin with a letter of her name, ſo that the initials being joined together, might make Dulcinea del Toboſo. Carraſco, tho' he owned he was not one of the famous poets of Spain, who were ſaid to be but three * and an half, promiſed to compoſe ſuch an acroſtic as he deſired, which, by the by, he foreſaw, would be no eaſy taſk, becauſe the name conſiſted of ſeventeen letters, and if he ſhould make four ſtanzas of four lines each, one muſt be left out; or ſhould they be compoſed of five, called decimas or roundelays, three letters would be wanting to complete the number: however, he would endeavour to ſink one letter as much as he could; ſo that in four ſtanzas, the name Dulcinea del Toboſo ſhould be included. "That muſt be done, at all events, ſaid Don Quixote; for, if the name be not plain and manifeſt, no woman will believe that ſhe was the ſubject of the poem." This affair being thus ſettled, as alſo the time of their departure, which was fixed at the diſtance of eight days, Don Quixote charged the batchelor to keep it ſecret, eſpecially from the curate, Mr. Nicholas, his niece and houſekeeper, that they might not obſtruct his honourable and valiant determination. Carraſco having promiſed to obſerve this caution, took his leave of the knight, whom he begged to favour him, on every occaſion, with an account of his good or evil fortune, and Sancho went home, to provide every thing neceſſary for their expedition.

* Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the Araucana, Juan Rufo de Cordova, author of the Auſtriada, Chriſtopher Verves de Valentia, author of the Montſerrate, and as for the half, Cervantes in all probability meant himſelf.

CHAP.

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CHAP. V.

Of the ſage and pleaſant dialogue between Sancho Panza and his wife Tereſa Panza, with other incidents worthy to be moſt happily recorded.

THE tranſlator ſays, he looks upon this chapter as apocryphal, becauſe it repreſents Sancho Panza ſpeaking in a ſtile quite different from that which might be expected from his ſhallow underſtanding, and making ſuch ingenious obſervations, as he thinks it impoſſible he ſhould know; but, he would not leave it out, that he might punctually perform the duty of a faithful tranſlator, and therefore proceeds in theſe words:

Sancho returned to his own houſe, in ſuch high ſpirits, that his wife perceived his gaiety at the diſtance of a bowſhot, and could not help ſaying, "What is the matter, friend Sancho, that you ſeem ſo joyful?" To this queſtion the ſquire anſwered, "An it pleaſed God, wife, I ſhould be very glad, if I were not ſo joyful as I ſeem to be." "Truly, huſband, replied * Tereſa, I don't underſtand you, and cannot conceive what you mean, by ſaying, you ſhould be very glad, an it pleaſed God, you were not ſo joyful; for, ſimple tho' I be, I am always glad with what makes me joyful." "Mark me, Tereſa, ſaid the ſquire, I am rejoiced, becauſe it is determined that I ſhall return to the ſervice of my maſter Don Quixote, who is going to make a third ſally in queſt of adventures, and I muſt accompany him in his expedition; for, ſo my deſtiny will have it, together with the comfortable and lovely hope of finding another hundred crowns like thoſe I have expended; on the other hand, ſorry am I to part with thee and my children; and if God would permit me to eat my bread, dry-ſhod at home, without dragging me over clifts and croſs-paths: (and this might be done at a ſmall expence, if he would only ſay the word) it is plain, that my joy would be more firm and perfect; whereas, that which I feel at preſent, is mingled with the melancholy thoughts of leaving thee, my duck: wherefore, I juſtly ſaid I ſhould be glad, an it pleaſed God, I were leſs joyful." "Verily, Sancho, ſaid his wife, ever ſince you made yourſelf a member of knight-errantry, you talk in ſuch a round-about manner, that there is no underſtanding what you ſay." "Let it ſuffice, anſwered the ſquire, that I am underſtood by God, who is the underſtander of all things; and there let it reſt: mean while, take notice,

* Sancho's wife has already been mentioned under the names of Juana and Mary, and now ſhe is called Tereſa.

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goſſip, it will be convenient for you to tend Dapple for theſe two three days, with ſpecial care; let his allowance be doubled, that he may be enabled to carry arms, and look out for the pannel and the reſt of the tackle; for, we are not going to a wedding, but, to traverſe the globe, and give, and take dry blows with your giants, dragons and hobgoblins, and hear nothing but hiſſing, roaring, bellowing and bleating; and all this would be but flowers of lavender, were it not our doom to encounter with Yangueſians and enchanted Moors." "I very well believe, that ſquires-errant do not eat the bread of idleneſs, replied Tereſa; and therefore, huſband, I ſhall continually pray to our Lord, to deliver you from ſuch miſfortunes." "I tell thee, wife, ſaid Sancho, if I did not expect to ſee myſelf in a little time governor of an iſland, I ſhould drop down dead upon the ſpot." "By no means, dear huſband, cried Tereſa, let the hen live, tho' ſhe have the pip; and I hope you will live, tho' the devil run away with all the governments upon earth: without a government, did you come from your mother's womb; without a government have you lived to this good hour; and without a government ſhall you go or be carried to your grave, in God's own time: there are many in the world, who have no governments, and yet, for all that, they live and are numbered among the people. Hunger is the beſt ſauce, and as that is never wanting among the poor, they always reliſh what they eat; but, take care, Sancho, if you come to a government, that you do not forget me and your children: conſider, Sanchico has already fifteen good years over his head, and that it is time for him to go to ſchool, if, in caſe his uncle the abbot has a mind to breed him to the church: conſider too, that your daughter Mary Sancha will not break her heart if we marry her; for, I am much miſtaken if ſhe does not long for a huſband, as much as you do for a government, and the ſhort and the long of it is, you had better have your daughter ill married than well debauched."

"Take my word for it, anſwered Sancho, if by the bleſſing of God, I come to any ſort of government, I intend, my dear, to match Mary Sancha ſo high, as that no body ſhall come near her, without calling her, your ladyſhip." "Never think of that, Sancho! cried Tereſa, match her with her equal; which will be more prudent than to raiſe her from clogs to pattens, from good fourteen-penny hoyden grey, to farthingales and petticoats of ſilk, and from Molly and thou, to Donna and my lady ſuch-a-one: the girl's head would be quite turned, and ſhe would be continually falling into ſome blunder, that would diſcover the coarſe thread of her home-ſpun breeding." "Shut that fooliſh mouth of thine, ſaid Sancho; in two or three years practice, quality and politeneſs will become quite

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quite familiar to her; or, if they ſhould not, what does it ſignify? let her firſt be a lady, and then happen what will." "Meddle, Sancho, with thoſe of your own ſtation, replied Tereſa, and ſeek not to lift your head too high; but, remember the proverb that ſays, When your neighbour's ſon comes to the door, wipe his noſe and take him in. It would be a fine thing, truly, to match our Mary with a great count or cavalier, who would, when he ſhould take it in his head, look upon her as a monſter, and call her country wench, and clod-breaker's and hemp-ſpinner's brat: that ſhall never happen in my life-time, huſband; it was not for that, I brought up my child: do you find a portion, and as to her marriage, leave that to my care; there is Lope Tocho, old John Tocho's ſon, a jolly young fellow, ſtout and wholeſome, whom we all know, and I can perceive that he has no diſlike to the girl: beſides, he being our equal, ſhe will be very well matched with him; for, we ſhall always have them under our eye, and the two families will live together, parents and children, ſons and daughters in-law, and the peace and bleſſing of God will dwell amongſt us: wherefore you ſhall not match me her in your courts and grand palaces, where ſhe will neither underſtand nor be underſtood." "Heark ye, you beaſt and yoke-fellow for Barabbas! replied Sancho, why wouldſt thou, now, without rhime or reaſon, prevent me from matching my daughter, ſo as that my grandchildren ſhall be perſons of quality? remember, Tereſa, I have often heard my elders and betters obſerve. He that's coy when fortune's kind, may, after ſeek, but never find. And ſhould not I be to blame, if, now that ſhe knocks at my door, I ſhould bolt it againſt her? Let us therefore, take the advantage of the favourable gale that blows."

It was this uncommon ſtile, with what Sancho ſays below, that induced the tranſlator to pronounce the whole chapter apocryphal.

"Can't you perceive, animal, with half an eye, proceeded Sancho, that I ſhall act wiſely, in devoting this body of mine to ſome beneficial government that will lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha according to my own good pleaſure: then thou wilt hear thyſelf called Donna Tereſa Panza, and find thyſelf ſeated, at church, upon carpets, cuſhions and tapeſtry, in deſpite and defiance of all the ſmall gentry in the pariſh; and not be always, in the ſame moping circumſtances, without increaſe or diminution, like a picture in the hangings: but, no more of this; Sanchica ſhall be a counteſs, tho' thou ſhould'ſt cry thy heart out." "Look before you leap, huſband, anſwered Tereſa; after all, I wiſh to God, this quality of my daughter may not be the cauſe of her perdition: take your own way, and make her dutcheſs or princeſs, or

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what you pleaſe; but, I'll aſſure you, it ſhall never be with my conſent or good will: I was always a lover of equality, my dear, and can't bear to ſee people hold their heads high, without reaſon. Tereſa was I chriſtened, a bare and ſimple name, without the addition, garniture and embroidery of Don or Donna; my father's name is Caſcajo, and mine, as being your ſpouſe, Tereſa Panza, tho' by rights, I ſhould be called Tereſa Caſcajo: but, As the king minds, the law binds: and with that name, am I contented, tho' it be not burthened with a Don, which weighs ſo heavy, that I ſhould not be able to bear it; neither will I put it in the power of thoſe who ſee me dreſſed like a counteſs or governor's lady, to ſay, 'Mind Mrs. porkfeeder, how proud ſhe looks! it was but yeſterday, ſhe toiled hard at the diſtaf, and went to maſs, with the tail of her gown about her head, inſtead of a veil; but, now, forſooth, ſhe has got her fine farthingales and jewels, and holds up her head, as if we did not know her.' If God preſerve me in my ſeven or five ſenſes, or as many as they be, I ſhall never bring myſelf into ſuch a quandary: as for your part, ſpouſe, you may go to your governments and iſlands, and be as proud as a peacock; but, as for my daughter and me, by the life of my father! we will not ſtir one ſtep from the village; for, The wife that deſerves a good name, ſtays at home, as if ſhe were lame; and the maid muſt ſtill be adoing, that hopes to ſee the men come a wooing. You and Don Quixote may therefore, go to your adventures, and leave us to our miſventures; for, God will better our condition, if we deſerve his mercy; tho', truly, I cannot imagine who made him a Don; I am ſure, neither his father nor grandfather had any ſuch title." "I tell thee, wife, replied the ſquire, thou haſt certainly got ſome devil in that carcaſe of thine: the Lord watch over thee, woman! what a deal of ſtuff haſt thou been tacking together, without either head or tail? What the devil has your Caſcajos, jewels, proverbs and pride, to do with what I have been ſaying? Heark ye, you ignorant beaſt; for ſuch I may call thee, as thou haſt neither capacity to underſtand my diſcourſe, nor prudence to make ſure of good fortune, (when it lies in thy way) were I to ſay, that my daughter ſhall throw herſelf from the top of a ſteeple, or go ſtrolling about the world, like the Infanta Donna Uraca; thou would'ſt have reaſon to contradict my pleaſure: but, if in two turnings of a ball, and one twinkling of an eye, our good fortune ſhould lay a title acroſs our ſhoulders, and raiſing thee from the ſtubble, ſet thee in a chair of ſtate, under a canopy, or lay thee upon a ſofa, conſiſting of more velvet * almohadas, than there are Moors in all the family of the Almohadas in Morocco; wherefore would'ſt not thou

* Almohada ſignifies a cuſhion.

conſent,

conſent, and with me, enjoy the good-luck that falls?" "I'll tell thee wherefore, huſband, replied Tereſa, becauſe, as the ſaying is, What covers, diſcovers thee: the eyes of people always run ſlightly over the poor, but, make an halt to examine the rich; and if a perſon ſo examined was once poor, then comes the grumbling, and the ſlandering; and he is perſecuted by back-bitters, who ſwarm in our ſtreets like bees." "Give ear, Tereſa, and liſten to what I am going to ſay, anſwered Sancho; for, mayhap, thou haſt never heard ſuch a thing in all the days of thy life: and I do not now pretend to ſpeak from my own reflection, but, to repeat the remarks of the good father who preached laſt Lent, in our village: he ſaid, if I right remember, that all objects preſent to the view, exiſt, and are impreſſed upon the imagination, with much greater energy and force, than thoſe which we only remember to have ſeen. (The arguments here uſed by Sancho, contributed alſo, to make the tranſlator believe this chapter apocryphal; becauſe they ſeem to exceed the capacity of the ſquire, who proceeded thus) From whence it happens, that when we ſee any perſon magnificently dreſſed, and ſurrounded with the pomp of ſervants, we find ourſelves invited, and as it were compelled to pay him reſpect; altho' the memory ſhould, at that inſtant, repreſent to us, ſome mean circumſtances of his former life; becauſe, that defect, whether in point of family or fortune, is already paſt and removed, and we only regard what is preſent to our view; and if the perſon whom fortune hath thus raiſed from the lowneſs of oblivion, to the heighth of proſperity, be well-bred, liberal and courteous, without pretending to vie with the ancient nobility; you may take it for granted, Tereſa, that no body will remember what he was, but, reverence what he now is; except the children of envy, from whom no thriving perſon is ſecure." "I really do not underſtand you, ſaid Tereſa, you may do what you will; but, ſeek not to diſtract my brain with your rhetorick and harranguing; for, if you be revolved to do what you ſay—." "You muſt call it reſolved, woman, and not revolved," cried Sancho. "Never plague yourſelf to diſpute with me, huſband, anſwered Tereſa; I ſpeak as God pleaſes, and meddle not with other people's concerns: if you are obſtinately bent upon this ſame government, I deſire you will carry your ſon Sancho along with you, and from this hour, teach him the art of that profeſſion; for, it is but reaſonable that the ſons ſhould inherit and learn the trade of their fathers." "As ſoon as I have obtained my government, ſaid Sancho, I will ſend thee money by the poſt; as, by that time, I ſhall have plenty; for, there are always people in abundance, that will lend to a governor who has no money of his own; and be ſure you cloath him in ſuch a manner, as to diſ-

guiſe

guiſe his preſent condition, and make him appear like what he is to be." "Send you the money, anſwered Tereſa, and I will dreſs him up, like any branch of palm *." "Well then, ſaid Sancho, we are agreed about making our daughter a counteſs——." "That day I behold her a counteſs, cried the wife, I ſhall reckon her dead and buried; but, I tell you again, you may uſe your pleaſure; for, we women are born to be obedient to our huſbands, tho' they are no better than blocks."

So ſaying, ſhe began to weep as bitterly as if ſhe had actully ſeen her daughter laid in her grave: Sancho conſoled her, by ſaying, that altho' ſhe muſt be a counteſs, he would defer her promotion as long as he could. Thus ended the converſation, and the ſquire went back to Don Quixote, to concert meaſures for their ſpeedy departure.

CHAP. VI.

Of what paſſed between Don Quixote, his niece and houſekeeper, being one of the moſt important chapters of the whole hiſtory.

WHILE this impertinent converſation paſſed between Sancho Panza, and his wife Tereſa Caſcajo, Don Quixote's niece and houſekeeper were not idle; for, collecting from a thouſand ſymptoms, that their maſter wanted to give them the ſlip a third time, and return to the exerciſe of his unlucky knight-errantry, they endeavoured, by all poſſible means, to divert him from his extravagant deſign: but, all they could ſay, was like preaching to the deſart, or hammering cold iron. However, among many other arguments, the houſekeeper ſaid to him, "As I hope to be ſaved, dear maſter, if your worſhip will not ſettle at home in your own houſe, but are reſolved to ſtray about the mountains and valleys, like a troubled ghoſt, in queſt of what you term adventures, but what I call miſchances, I will complain in perſon, and raiſe up my voice to God and the king, that they may apply ſome remedy to your diſorder." To this declaration the knight replied, "Mrs. houſekeeper, how God will accept of thy complaints I know not, neither can I gueſs in what manner his majeſty will anſwer thy petition: this only I know, that if I were king, I would excuſe myſelf from anſwering that infinite number of impertinent memorials which are daily preſented; for, one of the greateſt of the many fatigues that attend royalty, is, that of being obliged to liſten and reply to all petitions; therefore, I would not have his majeſty troubled with any affair of mine." "Pray, ſir, ſaid the houſekeeper, are there no knights at

* Alluding to the bough that is adorned and carried in proceſſion on Palm-ſunday.

court?

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court?" "Yes, there are many, anſwered Don Quixote; and it is reaſonable, that there ſhould be always a good number in attendance, to adorn the court, and ſupport the pomp and magnificence of majeſty." "Would it not be better, then, for your worſhip, replied the matron, to be one of that number, and ſerve your king and maſter, quietly and ſafely at court?" "You muſt know, good woman, ſaid Don Quixote, all knights cannot be courteous, neither can or ought all courtiers to be knights-errant; there ought to be plenty of both, and tho' we are all knights, there is a great difference between the one ſort and the other: your courtiers, without croſſing the threſholds of their own apartments, travel over the world, in maps, gratis, and never know what it is to ſuffer either heat, cold, hunger or thirſt, in their journey; whereas, we real knights-errant meaſure the whole globe with our own footſteps, expoſed night and day, on horſeback and afoot, to the ſummer's ſun and winter's cold, and all the inclemencies of the weather: we not only, ſeek to ſee the picture, but the perſon of our foe, and on all emergencies and occaſions, attack him, without paying any regard to the trifling rules of challenges, whether, for example, his ſword and lance be ſhorter or longer than our own; whether he wears about him any relick or ſecret coat of mail; or whether the ſun and wind be equally divided; with other ceremonies of that nature, which are uſually obſerved in duelling, and which, tho' I know them punctually, thou art little acquainted with: thou muſt alſo know, that a good knight-errant, tho' he ſees ten giants, whoſe heads not only touch, but overtop the clouds, with legs like lofty ſteeples, and arms reſembling the maſts of vaſt and warlike ſhips; while each eye, as large as a mill-wheel, beams and burns like a glaſs furnace, is by no means confounded or abaſhed; but, on the contrary, with genteel demeanour and intrepid heart, approaches, aſſaults, and if poſſible, vanquiſhes and overthrows them in a twinkling, tho' they are armed with the ſhell of a certain fiſh, ſaid to be harder than adamant; and inſtead of a ſword, uſe a keen ſcymitar of damaſked ſteel, or a huge club armed with a point of the ſame metal, as I have ſeen on a dozen different occaſions. All this I have mentioned, good woman, that thou mayeſt ſee what difference there is between knights of different orders; and every prince ought, in reaſon, to pay greater reſpect to this ſecond, or rather, this firſt ſpecies of knights-errant, among whom, as we read in hiſtory, there have been ſome who were the bulwarks, not only of one, but of many kingdoms."

"Ah, dear Sir, cried the niece, interrupting him, conſider that all thoſe ſtories of knights-errant are nothing but lies and invention; and every one of the books that contain them deſerve, if not to be burnt, at leaſt,

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to wear a * San benito, or ſome other badge, by which it may be known, for an infamous perverter of virtue and good ſenſe." "By the God that protects me! cried the knight, were't thou not undoubtedly my niece, as being my own ſiſter's child, I would chaſtiſe thee in ſuch a manner, for the blaſphemy thou haſt uttered, that the whole world would reſound with the example! How! ſhall a pert baggage, who has ſcarce capacity enough to manage a dozen lace-bobbins, dare to wag her tongue in cenſuring the hiſtories of knights-errant? What would ſignor Amadis ſay to ſuch preſumption? But, ſurely he would forgive thy arrogance; for, he was the moſt humble and courteous knight of his time, and beſides, the particular champion and protector of damſels; but, thou mighteſt have been heard by another who would not treat thee ſo gently; for, all are not affable and well bred: on the contrary, ſome there are extremely brutal and impolite; all thoſe who call themſelves knights, are not intitled to that diſtinction, ſome being of pure gold, and others of baſer metal, notwithſtanding the denomination they aſſume. But, theſe laſt cannot ſtand the touchſtone of truth: there are mean plebeians, who ſweat and ſtruggle to maintain the appearance of gentlemen; and on the other hand, there are gentlemen of rank who ſeem induſtrious to appear mean and degenerate: the one ſort raiſe themſelves either by ambition or virtue, while the other abaſe themſelves by viciouſneſs or ſloth; ſo that we muſt avail ourſelves of our underſtanding and diſcernment, in diſtinguiſhing thoſe perſons, who, tho' they bear the ſame appellation, are yet ſo different in point of character." "Good God! ſaid the niece, that your worſhip ſhould be ſo learned, that even, if need were, you might mount the pulpit, or go a preaching in the ſtreets, and yet remain in ſuch woeful blindneſs, and palpable folly, as to perſuade the world that you are a valiant, and vigorous righter of wrongs, when you are old, feeble, and almoſt crippled with age; but, above all things, to give yourſelf out for a knight, when you are no ſuch thing, for, tho' rich gentlemen may be knighted, poor gentlemen, like you, ſeldom are."

"There is a good deal of truth in what thou haſt obſerved, couſin, replied Don Quixote; and I could tell thee ſuch things, concerning families, as would raiſe thine admiration; but, theſe I ſuppreſs, that I may not ſeem to mix what's human with what's divine: take notice, however, my friends, and be attentive in what I am going to ſay: all the families in the world, may be reduced to four kinds, which are theſe; one that from low beginnings, hath extended and dilated to a pitch of power and greatneſs; another, that from great beginnings hath continued to pre-

* A dreſs put upon convicted heretics.

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ſerve and maintain its original importance; a third, that from vaſt beginnings hath ended in a point, like a pyramid, diminiſhing and decaying from its foundation, into an inconſiderable point like that of a pyramid, which, in reſpect of its baſe, is next kin to nothing; a fourth, and that the moſt numerous, had neither a good foundation, nor reaſonable ſuperſtructure, and therefore ſinks into oblivion, unobſerved; ſuch are the families of plebeians and ordinary people. The firſt, that from low beginnings, hath mounted to power and greatneſs, which it preſerves to this day, is exemplified in the houſe of Ottoman, that from an humble ſhepherd, who gave riſe to it, attained that pinnacle of grandeur on which it now ſtands: the ſecond ſort of pedigree, that without augmentation hath preſerved its original importance, is exhibited in the perſons of many princes, who are ſuch by inheritance, and ſupport their rank without addition or diminution, containing themſelves peaceably within the limits of their own dominions: of thoſe who, from illuſtrious beginnings, have dwindled into a point, there are a thouſand examples, in the Pharaohs and Ptolemeys of Ægypt, the Cæſars of Rome, with all the tribe, if they may be ſo called, of your Median, Aſſyrian, Perſian, Greek and barbarian princes, monarchs, and great men. All theſe families and ſtates, together with their founders, have ended in a very inconſiderable point; ſince, at this day, it is impoſſible to trace out one of their deſcendants, or, if we could, he would be found in ſome baſe and low degree. I have nothing to ſay of the plebeians, who only ſerve to increaſe the number of the living, without deſerving any other fame or panegyric. From what I have ſaid, I would have you infer, my precious Wiſeacres, that there is a great confuſion of pedigrees, and that thoſe only appear grand and illuſtrious, whoſe repreſentatives abound with virtue, liberality and wealth: I ſay, virtue, liberality and wealth, becauſe, the vicious great man is no more than a great ſinner; and the rich man, without liberality, a meer covetous beggar; for, happineſs does not conſiſt in poſſeſſing, but in ſpending riches, and that, not in ſquandering them away, but, in knowing how to uſe them with taſte: now, a poor knight has no other way of ſignalizing his birth, but, the practice of virtue, being affable, well bred, courteous, kind, and obliging, a ſtranger to pride, arrogance, and ſlander, and, above all things, charitable; for, by giving two farthings chearfully to the poor, he may ſhew himſelf as generous as he that diſpenſes alms by ſound of bell: and whoſoever ſees him adorned with theſe virtues, altho' he ſhould be an utter ſtranger to his race, will conclude that he is deſcended of a good family. Indeed, it would be a ſort of miracle to find it otherwiſe; ſo that praiſe is always the reward of virtue, and never fails to

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attend the righteous. There are two paths, my children, that lead to wealth and honour; one is that of learning, the other that of arms: now, I am better qualified for the laſt than for the firſt, and, (as I judge from my inclination to arms) was born under the influence of the planet Mars; ſo that I am, as it were, obliged to chooſe that road, which I will purſue, in ſpite of the whole univerſe: you will therefore fatigue yourſelves to no purpoſe, in attempting to perſuade me from that which heaven inſpires, fortune ordains, reaſon demands, and above all things, my own inclination dictates: knowing, as I do, the innumerable toils annexed to knight-errantry, I am alſo well acquainted with the infinite benefits acquired in the exerciſe of that profeſſion: I know the path of virtue is very ſtrait, while the road of vice is broad and ſpacious; I know their end and iſſue is different: the wide extended way of vice conducts the traveller to death; while the narrow, toilful path of virtue, leads to happineſs and life—not that which periſheth, but, that which hath no end; and I know, as our great Caſtilian poet obſerves,

By theſe rough paths of toil and pain,
Th' immortal ſeats of bliſs we gain,
Deny'd to thoſe who heedleſs ſtray
In tempting pleaſure's flow'ry way."

"Ah! woe is me! cried the couſin, my uncle is a poet too! he knows every thing, and can do every thing: I'll lay a wager, if he ſhould turn bricklayer, he could build a houſe like any cage." "I do aſſure thee, niece, replied Don Quixote, if thoſe knightly ſentiments did not wholly engroſs my attention, there is not a thing on earth that I could not make; nor a curioſity that ſhould not go thro' my hands, eſpecially bird-cages and tooth-picks."

Here the converſation was interrupted by a knocking at the gate, which, as they found upon enquiry, was made by Sancho, whoſe preſence was no ſooner intimated, than the houſekeeper ran away to hide herſelf, that ſhe might avoid the ſight of him whom ſhe abhorred: the niece, therefore, opened the door, and his maſter came out to receive him with open arms; then ſhutting themſelves up together, another dialogue paſſed, no ways inferior to the former.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VII.

Of what paſſed between Don Quixote and his ſquire; with other ſurpriſing incidents.

THE houſekeeper ſeeing that her maſter and Sancho were locked up together, immediately gueſſed the ſubject of the converſation; and imagining, that the reſult of this conſultation would be a third ſally, ſhe put on her veil, and full of trouble and anxiety, went in queſt of the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, thinking, that as he was a well-ſpoken man, and her maſter's new friend, he might perſuade him to lay aſide ſuch an extravagant deſign: acccordingly, ſhe found him taking a turn in his own yard, and fell upon her knees, before him, in a cold ſweat, occaſioned by her vexation. Carraſco ſeeing her appear with ſuch marks of ſorrow and conſternation, ſaid, "What is the matter, Mrs. houſekeeper? what hath befallen you? ſomething ſeems to have harrowed up your very ſoul!" "Nothing at all, dear Mr. Sampſon, cried the houſekeeper, only my maſter is breaking out—he is certainly breaking out!" "How breaking out? ſaid Sampſon, is any part of his body unſound?" "Where ſhould he break out, replied the other, but thro' the gate of his madneſs? my meaning, dear batchelor of my ſoul! is, that he is going to make another ſally, (and that will be the third) ſearching up and down the world for what he calls ventures, tho' I cannot imagine why they ſhould have that name, the firſt time, he returned ſo battered and bruiſed, that they were fain to lay him acroſs an aſs, like a ſack of oats, becauſe he could not ſit upright: the ſecond time, he was brought home in a waggon, ſtretched and cooped up in a cage, in which he imagined himſelf inchanted, in ſuch a woeful plight, that he could ſcarce be known by the mother that bore him, ſo lank and meagre, with his eyes ſunk into the very loweſt pit of his brain; ſo that before I could bring him to any tolerable degree of ſtrength, I expended more than ſix hundred new laid eggs, as God and all the world know, as well as my hens, that will not ſuffer me to tell a lie." "That I verily believe, ſaid the batchelor; your hens are ſo good, plump and well bred, that they would rather burſt than ſay one thing and mean another: well then, Mrs. houſekeeper, nothing elſe hath happened, neither have you met with any other misfortune, but, the apprehenſion of what your maſter Don Quixote will do?" "Nothing elſe," ſaid ſhe. "Give yourſelf no trouble then, reſumed the batchelor, but go home a God's name, and get

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ready ſomething hot for my breakfaſt; and in your way, repeat St. Apollonia's prayer, if you can; I will follow, in a little time, and then you ſhall ſee wonders." "Dear heart! cried the houſekeeper, St. Apollonia's prayer, ſay you? that I ſhould repeat if my maſter had the tooth-ach, but, lack-a-day! his diſtemper lies in his ſkull." "I know what I ſay, anſwered Sampſon: take my advice, Mrs. houſekeeper, and do not pretend to diſpute with me; for, I would have thee to know that I am a batchelor of Salamanca; there's no higher batcheleering than that." She accordingly moved homeward, while Sampſon went to communicate to the curate that which will be in due time diſcloſed.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were cloſetted together, there paſſed between them, a converſation which the hiſtory recounts with great punctuality and truth. "Signor, ſaid the ſquire, I have at length traduced my wife to conſent that I ſhall attend your worſhip whereſoever you ſhall pleaſe to carry me." "Say reduced, and not traduced, Sancho," replied the knight. "I have once or twice, if my memory ſerves me, ſaid Sancho, intreated your worſhip, not to correct my words, if you underſtand my meaning; and when you can't make it out, I deſire you would ſay, Sancho, or devil, I don't underſtand thee: then, if I fail in explaining myſelf, you may correct me as much as you pleaſe; for, I am ſo foſſil." "I do not underſtand thee now, cried Don Quixote, nor can I comprehend what thou wouldſt be at, in ſaying I am ſo foſſil." "So foſſil, ſaid the ſquire; that is, whereby, as how I am juſt ſo." "Nay, now, thou art more and more unintelligible," replied the knight. "If your worſhip does not underſtand me now, anſwered Sancho, I know not how to expreſs it; for, I am already at my wit's-end, and Lord have mercy upon me." "O! now I conceive thy meaning, ſaid the knight; thou would'ſt ſay thou art ſo docil, gentle and tractable, as to comprehend every thing I ſay, and retain whatſoever I ſhall teach thee." "I'll lay a wager, ſaid the ſquire, that from the beginning, you knew my meaning by my mumping, but wanted to confound me, by leading me into a thouſand more blunders." "It may be ſo, ſaid the knight, but in reality what ſays Tereſa?" "Tereſa, anſwered Sancho, ſays I muſt be ſharp with your worſhip. Faſt bind, faſt find: he that ſhuffles does not always cut; and that a bird in hand is with two in the buſh: now, I know that a wife's counſel is bad, but he that will not take it is mad." "So ſay I, replied Don Quixote; proceed, friend Sancho, you ſpeak like an oracle to-day." "Why then, the caſe is this, reſumed Sancho, your worſhip very well knows we are all mortal, here to-day, and gone to-morrow; for, the lamb goes as faſt as the dam; and no man in this world can promiſe himſelf more hours

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hours of life than God is pleaſed to grant him; becauſe death is deaf, and when he knocks at the door of life is always in a hurry, and will not be detained either by fair means or force, by ſcepters or mitres, as the report goes, and as we have often heard it declared from the pulpit." "All this is very true, ſaid the knight; but, I cannot gueſs what you drive at." "What I drive at, anſwered Sancho, is that your worſhip would appoint me a certain monthly ſalary for the time I ſhall ſerve you, to be paid out of your eſtate; for, I don't chuſe to depend upon recompences that come late or low, or never. God will protect me with my own. In ſhort, I would know, what I have to truſt to, whether little or much; for, the hen clucks though but on one egg; many littles make a mickle; and he that is getting aught, is loſing nought. True it is, if it ſhould happen, which I neither believe nor expect, that your worſhip can give me the iſland you have promiſed me ſo long, I am not ſo greedy or ungrateful, but, that I will ſuffer my rent to be appraiſed, and my ſalary deducted in due portion." "To be ſure, friend Sancho, ſaid the * knight, all portions ought to be proportioned." "I underſtand you, replied the ſquire, I ſhould have ſaid proportion, inſtead of portion; but, that is of no ſignification, ſince my meaning is comprehended by your worſhip." "Ay, and ſo thoroughly comprehended, ſaid Don Quixote, that I have penetrated into the inmoſt receſſes of thy thoughts, and perceive the mark at which thoſe innumerable ſhafts of thy proverbs are aimed. Look you, Sancho, I would appoint thee a ſalary, if I could find in any hiſtory of knights-errant, one precedent, by which I might diſcover, or have the leaſt glimpſe of what they uſed to give monthly or yearly; but, I have carefully peruſed all, or the greateſt part of thoſe hiſtories, and cannot remember to have read, that any knight-errant ever paid a certain ſalary to his ſquire. I only know, that all of them truſted to favour, and when it was leaſt in their thoughts, provided their maſters chanced to be fortunate, they found themſelves rewarded with an iſland, or ſomething equivalent, and at leaſt, were honoured with rank and title. If, with theſe hopes and expectations, you are willing to return to my ſervice, do it a God's name; but, if you think I will unhinge and deviate from the ancient cuſtoms of chivalry, you are grievouſly miſtaken: wherefore, friend Sancho, you may go home again, and declare my intention to your wife Tereſa, and if ſhe is pleaſed, and you are willing to depend upon my favour, bene quidem, if not, let us ſhake hands and part; while there are peaſe in the dovehouſe, I ſhall never want pigeons; and remember, my child, that it is better to be rich in

* I have ſubſtituted this play upon the word proportion, in lieu of Sancho's blundering on *Rata*.

hope,

hope, than poor in poſſeſſion; and that a good claim is preferable to bad pay. I talk in this manner, Sancho, to ſhew that I can pour forth a volley of proverbs as well as you; and finally, I muſt and will give you to underſtand, that if you do not chooſe to ſerve me on theſe terms, and ſhare my fortune, whatſoever it may be, I pray God may proſper and make a ſaint of you; for my part, I ſhall not want ſquires more obedient and careful, though leſs troubleſome and talkative than your worſhip."

When Sancho heard this firm reſolution of his maſter, the ſky began to lour, and down flagged the wings of his heart in a moment; for, he had believed, that the knight would not ſet out without him, for all the wealth in the world. While he thus remained penſive and dejected, in came Sampſon Carraſco, followed by the niece, who was very deſirous to hear, with what arguments he would diſſuade her uncle from going again in queſt of adventures. Sampſon, who was a notable wag, no ſooner entered, than embracing the knight, as at firſt, he pronounced with an audible voice, "O flower of knight-errantry, reſplendent ſun of arms, thou glory and mirror of the Spaniſh nation! may it pleaſe the Almighty, of his infinite power, that if any perſon or perſons ſhall raiſe any impediment to obſtruct thy third ſally, they may never extricate themſelves from the labyrinth of their deſires, or accompliſh what they ſo unjuſtly wiſh!" Then turning to the duenna, "Mrs. houſekeeper, ſaid he, you need not now repeat St. Apollonia's prayer; for, I know it is the preciſe determination of the ſtars, that ſignor Don Quixote ſhall again execute his new and lofty plan; and I ſhould greatly burden my conſcience, if I forbore to intimate, and deſire, that this knight will no longer withhold and detain the force of his valiant arm, and the virtue of his heroic ſoul; becauſe, by his delay, he retards the righting of wrongs, the protection of orphans, the honour of maidens, the favour of widows, the ſupport of wives, with many other things of that nature, which regard, concern, depend upon, and appertain to the order of knight-errantry. Courage! ſignor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; may your worſhip and grandeur ſet out, before to-morrow morning; and if any thing be wanting to forward your expedition, here am I, ready to make it good with my perſon and fortune; and if need be, to ſerve your magnificence in quality of ſquire; an office in the execution of which I ſhould think myſelf extremely happy."

Don Quixote hearing this proffer, turned to Sancho, ſaying, "Did not I tell thee, Sancho, that I ſhould not want for ſquires? Take notice who it is that offers to attend me; who, but the unheard-of batchelor Sampſon

Sampſon Carraſco, the perpetual darling and delight of the court-yards belonging to the Salamancan ſchools, ſound of body, ſtrong of limb, a ſilent ſufferer of heat and cold, hunger and thirſt, and endued with all thoſe qualifications which are requiſite in the ſquire of a knight-errant; but, heaven will not permit me, for my own ſatisfaction, to break and demoliſh this pillar of learning, this urn of ſciences, and to hew down ſuch an eminent branch of the liberal arts. No, let this new Sampſon ſtay at home, and honour the place of his nativity, together with the grey hairs of his ancient parents; while I make ſhift with any ſort of ſquire, ſince Sancho will not vouchſafe to go along with me."

"Y— yes, I do vouchſafe! cried Sancho, blubbering, it ſhall never be ſaid of me, dear maſter, that when the victuals were eaten up, the company ſneaked off; I am not come of ſuch an ungrateful ſtock; for, all the world, and eſpecially my own townſmen know, what ſort of people the Panzas were, of whom I am deſcended; beſides, I have perceived, and am ſenſible, by many good works, and more good words, that your worſhip is actually inclined to do for me; and, if I have haggled more than enough about my wages, it was to pleaſe my wife, who, if ſhe once takes in hand to perſuade me to any thing, no cooper's adze drives the hoops of a barrel as ſhe drives at her purpoſe, until ſhe hath gained it; but, after all, a man muſt be a man, and a woman a woman: now, I being a man every inch of me, when, or whereſoever I pleaſe to ſhew myſelf, (that I cannot deny) I am reſolved to be maſter in my own houſe, in ſpite of the devil, the world and the fleſh; and therefore, your worſhip has no more to do but prepare your will, with the codicil, ſo as that it cannot be rebuked; and then let us take our departure, that we may not endanger the ſoul of Mr. Sampſon, whoſe conſcience, he ſays, prompts him to perſuade your worſhip, to make a third ſally through the world; and here I promiſe again, to ſerve your worſhip, faithfully and lawfully, as well as, and better, than all the ſquires that ever attended knights-errant, either in paſt or preſent time."

The batchelor was aſtoniſhed at hearing the manner and concluſion of Sancho's ſpeech; for, although he had read the firſt part of his maſter's hiſtory, he never believed him ſo diverting as he is there repreſented; but, now, hearing him talk of the will and codicil that could not be rebuked, inſtead of revoked, he was convinced of the truth of what he had read, and confirmed in the opinion of his being one of the moſt ſolemn ſimpletons of the preſent age; ſaying, within himſelf, two ſuch madmen as the maſter and his ſquire, are not to be paralelled upon earth. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho were reconciled, and embraced each

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each other; and, in conſequence of the opinion and aſſent of the great Carraſco, whom they looked upon as an oracle, it was determined that they ſhould depart in three days, during which they would have time to provide themſelves with neceſſaries for the journey, and find ſome helmet for the knight, who inſiſted upon carrying one along with him, into the field. Sampſon, accordingly, undertook to accommodate him, ſaying, he could command an helmet that was in the poſſeſſion of a friend of his; though the brightneſs of the metal was not a little obſcured by the ruſt and mould which it had contracted.

Innumerable were the curſes which were vented againſt the batchelor, by the houſekeeper and niece, who tore their hair, and ſcratched their faces, and like the hired mourners, formerly in uſe, lamented the departure, as if it had been the death of their maſter. But, Sampſon's view in perſuading him to another ſally, was to execute a deſign which he had concerted with the curate and barber; as will appear in the ſequel. In ſhort, during thoſe three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furniſhed themſelves with every thing they thought they ſhould have occaſion for: the ſquire pacified his wife, the knight appeaſed his niece and houſe-keeper; and on the evening of the fourth day, without being perceived by any living ſoul but the batchelor, who inſiſted upon accompanying them half a league out of town, they ſet out, and took the road to Toboſo; Don Quixote mounted on his truſty Rozinante, and Sancho throned upon his old friend Dapple, with a pair of bags well-lined with belly-timber, and a purſe of money, which his maſter depoſited in his hands, in caſe of accidents in their expedition.

Sampſon embracing the knight, intreated him to write an account of his good or evil fortune, that he might congratulate or ſympathize with him, as the laws of friendſhip require. Don Quixote aſſured him, he would comply with his requeſt; the batchelor returned to the village, and the other two purſued their way towards the great city of Toboſo.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VIII.

An account of what happened to Don Quixote, in his journey to viſit his miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo.

"BLESSED be the almighty Ala!" ſaith Cid Hamet Benengeli, in the beginning of this chapter; and this benediction he repeats three times, in conſequence of finding Don Quixote and Sancho in the field again; obſerving, that the readers of this agreeable hiſtory may aſſure themſelves that, from this period, the exploits of the knight and his ſquire begin. He therefore perſuades them to forget the former adventures of our ſage hero, and fix their attention upon thoſe which are to come; and which now begin in the road to Toboſo, as the others took their origin in the field of Montiel; and truly his demand is but reaſonable, conſidering the fair promiſe he makes. Thus therefore he proceeds:

Scarce had Samſon left Don Quixote and Sancho by themſelves, when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to bray moſt melodiouſly; a circumſtance which was looked upon by both our adventurers, as a fortunate ſignal, and moſt happy omen; though, to deal candidly with the reader, the brayings of the aſs exceeded in number the neighings of the horſe; from whence Sancho concluded, his fortune would ſurmount and overtop that of his maſter. But, whether or not he founded his belief on his knowledge in judicial aſtrology, I cannot determine, the hiſtory being ſilent on that ſubject; yet, certain it is, he had been heard to ſay, when he ſtumbled or fell, that he wiſhed he had not ſtirred over his own threſhold; for, nothing was to be got by a ſtumble or fall but a torn ſhoe, or a broken bone; and truly, ſimple as he was, he had ſome reaſon for making that obſervation.

"Friend Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, the night is dark, and ſo far advanced, that we ſhall not be able to reach Toboſo by to-morrow morning; yet, thither I am determined to go, before I engage in any other adventure, that I may receive the benediction and good leave of the peerleſs Dulcinea, by the help of which I ſhall certainly atchieve, and happily perform the moſt perilous exploits; for, nothing in this life exalts the valour of knights-errant ſo much as the favour of their miſtreſſes." "I am of the ſame way of thinking, replied the ſquire; but, I believe your worſhip will find ſome difficulty in ſeeing her in a proper place for courtſhip, or indeed, for receiving her bleſſing, unleſs ſhe throws

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it over the pales of the yard through which I ſaw her for the firſt time, when I carried the letter that gave an account of the folly and mad pranks I left your worſhip committing in the heart of the brown mountain." "Didſt thou then actually imagine, ſaid Don Quixote, that thoſe were the pales of a yard, over or through which thou ſaweſt that paragon of gentleneſs and beauty? Certainly they could be no other than galleries, arcades or piazzas, ſuch as belong to rich and royal palaces." "It may be ſo, anſwered Sancho, but, either my memory fails me very much, or, to me they ſeemed no better than the pales of a farmer's yard." "Be that as it will, reſumed Don Quixote, thither we will go, and at any rate get ſight of her; for, be it through pales, windows, crannies, or the rails of a garden, ſo the leaſt ray of that ſun of beauty reach mine eyes, it will enlighten my underſtanding, and fortify my heart, in ſuch a manner, that I ſhall remain the unequalled phenix of valour and diſcretion." "Truly, ſir, ſaid the ſquire, when I ſaw that ſame ſun of my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, it was not ſo bright as to ſend forth any rays at all; but, the caſe was, the wheat that her ladyſhip was winnowing, as I told you before, raiſed ſuch a cloud of duſt about her, as quite darkened her countenance." "Wilt thou ſtill perſiſt, Sancho, replied the knight, in ſaying, thinking, believing, and affirming, that my miſtreſs Dulcinea was employed in ſuch a mean office, ſo wide of all that is, or ought to be practiſed by perſons of rank, who are created and reſerved for other exerciſes and amuſements, that denote their quality at the diſtance of a bow-ſhot. Thou ſeemeſt to forget, O Sancho! thoſe verſes of our poet, in which he paints the labours that, in their cryſtal bowers, engroſſed the four nymphs, who, raiſing their heads above the waves of their beloved Tagus, ſat down to work in the verdant meadow, thoſe rich and ſilken webs, which, as the ingenious poet deſcribes, were with gold and pearls adorned and interweaved. In this manner my miſtreſs muſt have been employed when thou ſaweſt her; but, ſome wicked inchanter, envious of my happineſs and fame, converts and perverts every thing that yields me pleaſure, into ſhapes and figures different from its real appearance; and in that hiſtory of my atchievements which, they ſay, is printed, if the author be ſome ſage, who is an enemy to my ſucceſs, I am afraid, he hath confounded one thing with another, and clogged every fact with a thouſand falſhoods; ſtraying from his ſubject, to recount actions quite foreign to the ſkilful detail of a true hiſtory. O envy! thou root of infinite miſchief, and canker-worm of virtue! The commiſſion of all other vices, Sancho, is attended with ſome ſort of delight; but, envy produces nothing in the heart that harbours it, but rage,

rage, rancour and diſguſt." "So ſay I, maſter, anſwered Sancho; and I ſuppoſe, in this legend or hiſtory of us, which batchelor Carraſco ſays he has ſeen, my reputation goes like a jolting hackney-coach, and is toſſed about, as the ſaying is, like a tennis-ball. Though in good faith, I never ſpoke an ill word of any inchanter whatſomever; nor am I rich enough to ſtir up envy in any living ſoul: true it is, I am a little waggiſh, and have a ſmall ſpice of knavery at bottom; but, all this is crowned and covered with the broad cloak of my ſimplicity, which is always natural, and never affected. And if there was nothing elſe but my believing, as I always do, firmly and ſincerely in God, as well as in all that is owned and believed by the holy Roman catholic church; and my being a mortal enemy, as I certainly am, to the Jews; the hiſtorians ought to have mercy upon me, and uſe me tenderly in their writings: but, let them ſay what they will, I, naked was born, and naked remain; and if I loſe nothing, as little I gain: though provided I ſee myſelf mentioned in a book, and circulate through the world from hand to hand, I don't value what they can ſay of me, a fig's end."

"That obſervation, ſaid Don Quixote, puts me in mind of what happened to a famous poet of this age, who having compoſed a ſevere ſatire againſt the court-ladies, omitted to inſert one in particular, by name, ſo that it was doubtful whether or not ſhe was implied in any part of the performance. The lady, thus neglected, complained to the poet, aſking what he had ſeen in her character, unworthy of being deſcribed among the reſt, and deſiring him to enlarge the ſatire, that ſhe might be included in the ſupplement, or look to himſelf. The author complied with her requeſt, laſhing her in terms not fit to be named; and ſhe was perfectly well ſatisfied with the fame of being infamous. Of a piece with this ambition was that reported of the ſhepherd, who ſet fire to the celebrated temple of Diana, reckoned one of the wonders of the world, with no other view than to render his name immortal; and although there was a ſevere edict, prohibiting all perſons whatever from making mention of his name, either by word or writing, that he might not accompliſh his aim, it is very well known at this day, that his name was Eroſtratus. This likewiſe bears an affinity to that occurrence which paſſed at Rome, between that great emperor Charles the Vth, and a certain knight. The emperor went to viſit the famous temple of the rotunda, which was of old called the Pantheon, but is now more happily named the church of All-ſaints, the moſt entire edifice that remains of heathen Rome, and which moſt of all evinces the grandeur and magnificence of its founders. It is built in the ſhape of half an orange, of

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a vaſt extent, and very well lighted, though it has but one window, or rather a round lanthorn at its top, from whence the emperor conſidered the inſide of the ſtructure, being attended by a Roman knight, who deſcribed the excellence and ingenious contrivance of that vaſt and memorable work, and after they had deſcended, ſaid to him, " Sacred ſir, a thouſand times was I ſeized with an inclination to claſp your majeſty in my arms, and throw myſelf down from the lanthorn, in order to eternize my name." " I thank you, replied the emperor, for having reſiſted ſuch a wicked ſuggeſtion, and henceforward, will never give you an opportunity of repeating ſuch a proof of your loyalty; avoid my preſence, and never preſume to ſpeak to me again." But, notwithſtanding this ſevere command, he conferred upon him ſome extraordinary favour. My meaning, Sancho, is, that the deſire of fame is a moſt active principle in the human breaſt. What, do'ſt thou imagine was the motive that prevailed on Horatio to throw himſelf from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the river Tyber? what induced Mutius to burn his hand and arm? what impelled Curtius to dart himſelf into the flaming gulph, which opened in the midſt of Rome? what prompted Cæſar to paſs the Rubicon, in ſpite of all the unfavourable omens that appeared? and, to give you a more modern inſtance, what conſideration bored the ſhips, and left on ſhore, encompaſſed with enemies, thoſe valiant Spaniards, in the new world, under the conduct of the moſt courteous Cortez. All theſe, and many other great and various exploits, are, were and ſhall be performed, in conſequence of that deſire of fame, which flatters mortals with a ſhare of that immortality which they deem the merited reward of their renowned atchievements: although, we catholic chriſtian knights-errant, ought to pay greater attention to that glory which is to come, and eternally ſurvives within the eternal and celeſtial manſions, than to the vanity of that fame which is obtained in this preſent, periſhable ſtate, and which, conſidered in its longeſt duration, muſt end at length, with the world itſelf, which hath its appointed period. Wherefore, Sancho, our works muſt not exceed the limits preſcribed by the chriſtian religion, which we profeſs. We muſt, in ſlaying giants, extirpate pride; get the better of envy by benevolence and virtue; reſiſt anger with patience and forbearance; conquer gluttony and ſloth by temperance and watchfulneſs; luxury and lewdneſs by our fidelity to thoſe whom we conſtitute miſtreſſes of our inclination; and idleneſs by travelling through all parts of the world, in queſt of opportunities to evince ourſelves not only chriſtians, but, moreover, renowned

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ed knights. Thus, Sancho, thou ſeeſt the means of acquiring that ſuperlative praiſe which produces fame and reputation."

"All that your worſhip hath hitherto ſaid, replied the ſquire, I underſtand perfectly well; but, for all that, I wiſh you would diſſolve me one doubt, which hath this moment ſtruck me in the noddle." "Thy meaning is reſolve, Sancho, ſaid the knight; in good time, out with it, and I will give thee ſatisfaction, as far as my own knowledge extends." "Tell me, then, ſignor, proceeded Sancho, where now are all thoſe Julys and Auguſts, and adventureſome knights who died ſo long ago?" "The heathens, anſwered Don Quixote, are doubtleſs, in hell, and the chriſtians, if they were good catholics, either in purgatory or in heaven." "Right, ſaid the ſquire; let us next enquire, if the tombs that contain the bodies of that ſort of gentry are lighted with ſilver lamps; or the walls of their chapels adorned with crutches, winding-ſheets, periwigs, legs and eyes made of wax: if not, pray in what manner are they adorned?" "To this queſtion Don Quixote anſwered, that the ſepulchres of the heathen heroes were, for the moſt part, ſumptuous temples: the aſhes of Julius Cæſar were placed upon the top of a ſtone-pyramid, of vaſt dimenſions, ſtill to be ſeen at Rome, under the name of St. Peter's needle: the emperor Adrian's tomb was a building as large as a good village, formerly called Moles Adriani, but, at preſent, the caſtle of St. Angelo; and queen Artemiſia buried her huſband Mauſolus in a monument that was accounted one of the ſeven wonders of the world. But none of theſe ſepulchres, nor any other belonging to the heathens, were adorned with ſhrouds, offerings, or marks to denote the ſanctity of the perſons there buried." "So I perceive, ſaid Sancho, and now tell me, whether it be more meritorious to ſlay a giant, or raiſe up the dead to life again?" "The anſwer is plain, replied the knight, it is more meritorious to reanimate the dead." "Then, I have caught you fairly, cried the ſquire; he who revives the dead, reſtores ſight to the blind, ſtraightens the crooked, heals the ſick; before whoſe tomb the lamps continually burn; whoſe chapels are filled with devout people who adore his relics upon their knees: I ſay, he ſhall have more fame in this world, and that which is to come, than all the heathen emperors and knights-errant that ever lived have left, or will leave behind them." "I am very ſenſible of the truth of what you alledge," anſwered the knight. "Now, this fame, this grace, this prerogative, or what you call it, reſumed the ſquire, is veſted in the bodies and relics of the ſaints; and with the approbation and licence of our holy mother-church, they have their lamps, tapers, ſhrouds, crutches, pictures, periwigs, eyes and legs, whereby the devotion of the people is increaſed, and

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and their own chriſtian fame promulgated: the bodies and relics of ſaints are carried upon the ſhoulders of kings, who kiſs the very fragments of their bones, with which they enrich and adorn their moſt precious altars and oratories." "What would'ſt thou have me infer from all this?" ſaid Don Quixote. "My meaning, replied Sancho, is, that we ſhould turn ſaints immediately, and ſo with the greater diſpatch acquire that fame which we are in ſearch of; and pray, take notice, ſignor, it was but yeſterday, or t'other day, as one may ſay in compariſon, that they canoniſed and beatified two bare-footed friars; and people now think it a great happineſs to be allowed to touch and kiſs the iron chains with which they girded and tormented their poor bodies, and which are in greater eſteem than the ſword of Orlando, which, as the report goes, is kept in the armoury of our lord the king, whom God in heaven bleſs: wherefore, dear maſter, it is better to be a humble friar of any order whatever, than the moſt valiant knight that ever breathed; for, with God, two dozen of diſciplines will more avail than as many thouſand back-ſtrokes, whether they be beſtowed on giants, dragons or hobgoblins." "All this is very true, anſwered Don Quixote, but, we cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God conducts the good to heaven. Chivalry itſelf is a religious order, and ſome that were knights are now ſaints in glory." "True, reſumed the ſquire, but, I have often heard it obſerved, that there are more friars than knights in heaven." "The reaſon, ſaid the knight, is, becauſe there is a greater number of monks than of the other order." "And yet there are many knights-errant," replied the ſquire. "There is indeed a good number, anſwered Don Quixote, but very few that deſerve the name."

In this, and other ſuch diſcourſe, they paſſed that night and the following day, without encountring any thing worthy of being mentioned; a circumſtance that chagrined our knight not a little. Next day, however, in the twilight, they deſcried the great city of Toboſo, at ſight of which, Don Quixote's ſpirits were exhilerated, and Sancho's depreſſed, becauſe he did not know where to find the houſe of Dulcinea, whom he had never ſeen, neither had his maſter ever beheld this peerleſs princeſs; ſo that the one ſuffered perturbation from the deſire of ſeeing her, and the other becauſe he had not ſeen her; and indeed, Sancho could not contrive how to manage the affair, when his maſter ſhould ſend him to Toboſo. In fine, Don Quixote reſolved to enter the city, in the dark; and with this view, they tarried in a thicket of oaks, not far from the gate, till the night was advanced; then entered the town, where they met with things which amount to things indeed.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

Which contains what you will ſee in the peruſal of it.

IT was midnight, or thereabouts, when Don Quixote and Sancho leaving their covert, entered the city of Toboſo, which was then in profound ſilence, all its inhabitants being aſleep, and lying with outſtretched legs, as the ſaying is. The night was clear, tho' Sancho wiſhed it otherwiſe, that in the darkneſs he might find an excuſe for his impoſition; and nothing was heard in the whole town but the barking of dogs, which thundered in Don Quixote's ears, and very much diſturbed the heart of Sancho: yet, from time to time, they were ſaluted by the braying of aſſes, the grunting of hogs, and the mewing of cats; which different notes being augmented by the ſtillneſs of the night, were conſidered as ill omens by the enamoured knight, who, nevertherleſs, ſaid to his ſquire, "Son Sancho, lead on to the palace of Dulcinea, whom, perhaps, we ſhall find awake." "Body of the ſun! cried Sancho, what palace ſhould I lead to? when I ſaw her highneſs ſhe was in a very ſmall cottage." "Then ſhe muſt have been retired, anſwered the knight, to ſome ſmall apartment of her caſtle, to divert herſelf with her damſels, according to the uſe and cuſtom of princeſſes and ladies of rank." "Signor, ſaid the ſquire, ſince your worſhip, in ſpite of all that I can ſay, will have my lady Dulcinea's houſe to be a caſtle, is this an hour to find the gate open? and will it be decent for us to throw the whole family into confuſion and uproar, by making a racket, and demanding entrance, at this time of night? Do you think we are going to a bawdy-houſe, like your fornicators, who rap and knock, and enter at any hour of the four and twenty?" "Firſt of all, let us fairly find the caſtle, replied the knight, and then I will tell thee what is to be done; and take notice, Sancho, for either mine eye-ſight fails me, or that great ſhadowy building before us is the palace of Dulcinea." "Advance then, anſwered Sancho, perhaps it may be ſo; and yet, tho' I ſhould ſee it with mine eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it as much as I believe it is now twelve a clock at noon."

Don Quixote, however, proceeded, and having gone about two hundred paces, came up with the building that produced the ſhadow, and perceiving it an high ſteeple, found it was no caſtle, but in reality the principal church in town. "We are arrived at the cathedral, Sancho," ſaid

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ſaid he. "So I perceive, replied the ſquire, and God grant we be not arrived at our graves! for, it is no good ſign to be ſtroling about churchyards, at theſe hours: beſides, I have already told your worſhip, (if my memory ſerves me right) that my lady's houſe ſtands in a blind alley." "The curſe of God light on thee, for a blockhead as thou art! cried Don Quixote, where didſt thou ever hear of caſtles and royal palaces built in blind alleys?" "Signor, anſwered Sancho, every country has its own cuſtoms; and perhaps, it is the cuſtom here, in Toboſo, to raiſe palaces and grand edifices in blind alleys; I therefore humbly beſeech your worſhip to ſearch all the ſtreets and alleys I ſhall meet with; and who knows but in ſome corner I may light on this ſame caſtle, which I wiſh the dogs had devoured, before it had brought us to ſuch perplexity and confuſion." "Talk reſpectfully, Sancho, of thoſe things that appertain to my miſtreſs, ſaid the knight; let us ſpend our holyday in peace, and not throw the helve after the hatchet." "Well, I will be pacified, anſwered the ſquire, tho', how can I endure your worſhip ſhould expect that I who have ſeen my lady's houſe but once, ſhould know it always, and even find it out, in the middle of the night, when you yourſelf are at a loſs, tho' you muſt have ſeen it a thouſand times." "You diſtract me, Sancho, cried Don Quixote: heark ye, heretick, have not I told you a thouſand times, that in all the days of my life, I never ſaw the peerleſs Dulcinea, nor ever croſſed the threſhold of her palace, being only enamoured by hearſay, and the great reputation of her beauty and diſcretion." "I hear your worſhip ſay ſo now, replied Sancho, and tell you in my turn, that if you have not ſeen her, no more have I." "That is impoſſible, reſumed the knight, at leaſt, you told me, you had ſeen her winnowing wheat, when you brought back an anſwer to the letter with which I ſent you to her habitation." "Truly, ſignor, you muſt not depend upon that, anſwered Sancho, for, you muſt know, my ſeeing her, and bringing back the anſwer, was alſo, upon hearſay; and I am as incapable of giving any account of the lady Dulcinea as I am of pulling the moon by the noſe." "Sancho! Sancho! ſaid Don Quixote, there is a time for jeſting, and a time when jokes are very unſeaſonable; tho' I ſay, I have never ſeen, or ſpoke with the miſtreſs of my ſoul, there is no reaſon for thy making the ſame declaration, which thou knoweſt is ſo contrary to the truth."

While they thus converſed together, they perceived a perſon paſſing that way, with a couple of mules, and by the noiſe of a plough-ſhare which they dragged along, juſtly concluded that he was a peaſant who had riſen before day, to go to labour: they were not miſtaken; it was actually a labourer,

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labourer, who went along ſinging the ballad of Ronſcevalles *; which the knight no ſooner heard than he exclaimed, "Let me die, Sancho! if any thing lucky will befall us to-night; don't you hear what that peaſant is ſinging?" "Yes, ſaid Sancho, but, what has the defeat at Ronſcevalles to do with our affair? if he had ſung the ballad of Calaynos, it would have been the ſame thing with regard to our good or evil fortune."

Don Quixote ſaid to the peaſant, who was by this time come up, "Can you tell me, honeſt friend, and the bleſſing of God attend you, in what part of this city ſtands the palace of the peerleſs princeſs Donna Dulcinea del Toboſo?" "Signor, anſwered the young man, I am a country lad, and have been but a few days in town, in the ſervice of a rich farmer, whoſe lands I till; but, in that houſe that fronts you live the curate and ſexton of the pariſh, and either or both can give your worſhip an account of that ſame princeſs; for, they keep a regiſter of all the inhabitants of Toboſo; tho', I believe, there is no ſuch thing as a princeſs in the whole place: there are indeed many ladies of faſhion, and every one may be a princeſs in her own houſe." "She whom I aſk for, muſt be one of theſe," ſaid the knight. "It may be ſo, anſwered the peaſant, but, I ſhall be overtaken by the morning." So ſaying, he drove on his mules, without waiting for any more queſtions.

Sancho, ſeeing his maſter in ſuſpence, and over and above diſſatisfied, "Signor, ſaid he, day begins to break, and it will not be altogether convenient, to let the ſun find us here in the ſtreet; we had better quit the city, and look out for ſome wood in the neighbourhood, where your worſhip may enjoy the cool ſhade; and I will return by day, and ſearch every hole and cranny in Toboſo for this houſe, caſtle, or palace of my lady, and it will be very unfortunate indeed, if I cannot find it; and if I have the good luck to meet with her ladyſhip, I will tell her where and how I have left your worſhip, in expectation of her contriving ſome means whereby you may viſit her, without any prejudice to her honour and reputation." "Sancho, cried Don Quixote, thou haſt uttered a thouſand ſentences within the compaſs of a few words; the counſel thou haſt given me I reliſh, and moſt willingly receive: come, my ſon, let us go in queſt of ſome thicket, where I may embower myſelf, while thou ſhalt return to ſeek, ſee and talk with my miſtreſs, from whoſe courteſy and diſcretion I hope to receive more than miraculous favours."

Sancho burned with impatience to ſee his maſter fairly out of town, that he might not detect the falſehood of the anſwer which he pretended to bring from Dulcinea, while he remained in the brown mountain; he

* Like our Chevy-chaſe.

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therefore preſſed him to depart, and, about two miles from the city, they found a thicket or wood, where Don Quixote took up his reſidence, while Sancho went back to commune with Dulcinea; and, in the courſe of his embaſſy, met with adventures that demand new credit and freſh attention.

CHAP. X.

Gives an account of the ſtratagem which Sancho practiſed, in order to enchant the lady Dulcinea; with other circumſtances equally ludicrous and true.

THE author of this ſtupendous hiſtory, when he comes to relate what is contained in this chapter, ſays, he would have willingly paſſed it over in ſilence, becauſe he was afraid that it would not be believed; for, here, the madneſs of Don Quixote ſoars to the higheſt pitch of extravagance that can be imagined, and even, by two bow-ſhots, at leaſt, exceeds all credit and conception: yet, notwithſtanding this jealouſy and apprehenſion, he has recounted it in the ſame manner as it happened, without adding to the hiſtory, or detracting one tittle from the truth, undervaluing the riſk he runs of being deemed apocryphal; and ſurely, he was in the right, for, truth may bend, but will never break, and always ſurmounts falſehood, as oil floats above water. Wherefore, he proceeds in the narrative, ſaying:

Don Quixote having taken his ſtation in the foreſt, grove, or wood, near the great city of Toboſo, ordered Sancho to go back to town, and not return to his preſence, before he ſhould have ſpoken to his miſtreſs, and begged, in his name, that ſhe would be pleaſed to grant an interview to her captive knight, and deign to beſtow upon him her bleſſing, thro' which he might expect the moſt happy iſſue to all his attempts and enterprizes.

The ſquire, having undertaken to execute this command, and to bring back as favourable an anſwer as he had brought the firſt time; "Go, my ſon, ſaid the knight, and be not confounded when you find yourſelf beamed upon by that reſplendent ſun of beauty, which is the object of your inquiry: happy thou, above all the ſquires that ever lived! Be ſure to retain in thy memory, every circumſtance of thy reception: obſerve if ſhe changes colour, while thou art delivering my meſſage; if ſhe is diſcompoſed, and under confuſion at the mention of my name; whether ſhe ſinks upon her cuſhion, or happens, at the time, to be ſeated under the rich canopy of her authority: if ſhe be ſtanding, take notice whether or not, ſhe ſometimes ſupports herſelf on one foot, ſometimes on the other; and

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and if ſhe repeats her anſwer more than once, changing it from kind to harſh, from ſour to amorous; and if ſhe lifts up her hand to adjuſt her hair, altho' it be not diſordered; finally, ſon, mark all her geſtures and emotions; and if thou bringeſt me an exact detail of them, I ſhall be able to divine her moſt abſtruſe ſentiments, touching the concerns of my paſſion; for, know, Sancho, if thou art ſtill to learn, among lovers, the leaſt geſticulation in their external behaviour, while the converſation turns upon their amours, is, as it were, a meſſenger that brings a moſt certain account of what paſſes within the ſoul. Go, friend, and enjoy thy fate, ſo much more favourable than thy maſter's; and return with much more ſucceſs than that which I dread and expect in this cruel ſolitude, where I now remain." "I go, replied Sancho, and will return in a twinkling; therefore, good your worſhip, do encourage that little heart of yours, which, at preſent, muſt be no bigger than a hazle-nut; and conſider, as the ſaying is, a ſtout heart flings misfortune; where you meet with no hooks, you need expect no bacon; and again, the hare often ſtarts, where the hunter leaſt expects her. This I obſerve, becauſe, tho' we did not find the palace and caſtle of my lady, in the night; now that it is day, I hope to ſtumble upon it, when I leaſt expect to ſee it, and if ſo be, I once catch it, let me alone with her." "Sancho, ſaid the knight, God grant me better fortune in my deſires than you have in the application of the proverbs you utter."

This was no ſooner ſaid, than Sancho ſwitching Dapple, quitted the knight, who remained on horſeback, reſting his legs upon his ſtirrups, and leaning upon his lance, his imagination being engroſſed by the moſt melancholy ſuggeſtions. Here let us leave him, and proceed with Sancho Panza, who parting from his maſter, in equal perplexity and confuſion, no ſooner found himſelf clear of the wood, than looking back, and perceiving that Don Quixote was not in ſight, he alighted from his aſs, and ſitting down at the root of a tree, began to catechiſe himſelf, in theſe words: "Brother Sancho, be ſo good as to let us know, where your worſhip is going? are you in ſearch of ſome ſtray beaſt? No truly! What then is your errand? why, really, I am going in ſearch of a thing of nought, a princeſs, God wot, and in her, the ſun and the whole heaven of beauty. And pray, where may you expect to meet with this that you mention, Sancho? where, but in the great city of Toboſo. And, by whoſe order are you going upon this enquiry? by order of the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs, who gives thirſt to the hungry, and food to thoſe that are dry. All this is mighty well; but, do you know the houſe, Sancho? my maſter ſays, it muſt be ſome royal

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palace, or ſtately caſtle. But, have you never once ſeen this ſame palace or ſtately caſtle? neither I nor he ever ſet eyes on it. And do you think it will be well beſtowed, if the inhabitants of Toboſo, getting notice that you are come with an intention to wheedle away their princeſſes, and diſturb their dames, ſhould break every bone of your ſkin, and grind your ribs to a paſte, with pure cudgelling? Verily, they would not be much to blame, unleſs they conſidered, that I do nothing but execute my maſter's command, and being only a meſſenger, am not in fault: never truſt to that, Sancho; for the Manchegans are as choleric as honourable, and will not ſuffer themſelves to be tickled by any perſon whatever. Ecod! if you are once ſmoaked, you will come ſcurvily off. Bodikins! ſince that be the caſe, why ſhould I plague myſelf ſeeking a cat with three legs, for another man's pleaſure? beſides, you may as well ſeek for a magpye in Rabena, or a batchelor in Salamanca, as for Dulcinea in Toboſo: the devil, and none but the devil, has ſent me on this fool's errand!"

The reſult of this ſoliloquy was another that broke out in theſe words: "There is a remedy for every thing but death, under whoſe yoke we muſt all paſs, will we nill we, when this life is at an end: this maſter of mine, as I have perceived by a thouſand inſtances, is mad enough to be ſhackled among ſtraw; and truly, I am not much behind him in folly: nay, indeed I am more mad than he, ſeeing I ſerve and follow him; if there be any truth in the proverb that ſays, Tell me your company, and I will tell you your manners: and the other, Not he with whom you was bred, but he by whom you are led. Now he being, as he certainly is, a madman, ay, and ſo mad, as for the moſt part to miſtake one thing for another, affirming white to be black, and black to be white; as plainly appeared, when he took the windmills for giants, the mules of the friars for dromedaries, the flocks of ſheep for oppoſite armies; and a great many other things in the ſame ſtile: I ſay, it will be no difficult matter to make him believe, the firſt country-wench I ſhall meet with, to be his miſtreſs Dulcinea: and if he bogles at ſwallowing the cheat, I will ſwear luſtily to the truth of what I affirm; and if he ſwears alſo, I will ſwear again; and if he is poſitive, I will be more poſitive; ſo, that come what will, my obſtinacy ſhall always exceed his. Perhaps, by this ſtubborn behaviour, I ſhall get rid of all ſuch troubleſome meſſages for the future; when he finds what diſagreeable anſwers I bring: or, perhaps, which I rather believe, he will think that one of thoſe enchanters, who, he ſays, bear him a grudge, hath tranſmographied her ſhape, in order to vex and diſquiet him."

Sancho

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Sancho having found out this expedient, was quite calm and ſatisfied in his mind, and thinking he had brought the buſineſs to a good bearing, remained where he was till the evening, that Don Quixote might think he had ſufficient time to execute his orders, and return. Every thing ſucceeded ſo well to his wiſh, that when he got up to mount Dapple, he deſcried three country-wenches riding from Toboſo, towards the place where he ſtood, upon three young he or ſhe-aſſes, for, the author does not declare their ſex; tho', in all likelihood, they were of the female gender; as your village-maidens commonly ride upon ſhe-aſſes; but, this being a circumſtance of ſmall importance, we ſhall not give ourſelves any trouble to aſcertain it.

In ſhort, Sancho no ſooner perceived the wenches, than he rode back at a round trot, to his maſter, whom he found ſighing bitterly,, and pouring forth a thouſand amorous complaints: the knight ſeeing him arrive, "Well, friend Sancho, ſaid he, is this day to be marked with a white or black ſtone?" "Your worſhip, anſwered the ſquire, had better mark it with red ochre, like the titles on a profeſſor's chair, that it may be ſeen the better, by thoſe who look at it." "At that rate, replied Don Quixote, thou bringeſt me good news." "So good, anſwered Sancho, that your worſhip has nothing to do, but, to mount Rozinante, and gallop into the plain, where you will ſee my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, and two of her damſels, coming this way, to pay you a viſit." "Gracious God! cried the knight, what is that you ſay, friend Sancho? Take care how you deceive me, endeavouring, by feigned joy, to enliven my real ſadneſs." "What ſhould I get, by deceiving your worſhip? ſaid the ſquire; beſides, you can eaſily be ſatisfied of the truth of what I ſay; make haſte, ſignor, come and ſee our miſtreſs the princeſs, arrayed and adorned; in ſhort, as ſhe ought to be: her damſels and ſhe are all one flame of gold; all covered with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and brocard, more than ten hands deep; their hair flowing looſe about their ſhoulders, like ſo many ſun-beams waving with the wind; and moreover, they are mounted on three pyed bellfreys, that it would do one's heart good to ſee them." "Palfreys you mean, Sancho," ſaid the knight. "There is no great difference, anſwered the ſquire, between palfreys and bellfreys; but, be that as it will, they are the fineſt creatures one would deſire to ſee, eſpecially my lady Dulcinea, who is enough to ſtupify the five ſenſes." "Come then, my ſon, replied Don Quixote, and as a gratuity for bringing this piece of news, equally welcome and unexpected, I beſtow upon thee the ſpoils of the firſt adventure I ſhall atchieve; and if thou art not ſatisfied with that recompenſe, I will give unto thee the foals that ſhall this year be brought forth by my three mares, which

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which thou knoweſt we left with young upon our town-common." "I ſtick to the foals, cried the ſquire, for, as to the ſpoils of our firſt adventure, I queſtion whether or not they will be worth accepting."

By this time, they were clear of the wood, and in ſight of the three country-maidens; when the knight lifting up his eyes, and ſurveying the whole road to Toboſo, without ſeeing any thing but them, began to be troubled in mind, and aſked Sancho, if the ladies had got out of town when he left them. "Out of town? ſaid Sancho. What! are your worſhip's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you don't ſee them coming towards us, glittering and ſhining like the ſun at noon?" "I ſee no body, replied the knight, but three country-wenches riding upon aſſes." "God deliver me from the devil! cried the ſquire, is it poſſible that three bellfreys, or how-d' ye-call-ums, white as the driven ſnow, ſhould appear no better than aſſes, in your worſhip's eyes? By the lord! I'll give you leave to pluck off every hair of my beard, if that be the caſe." "Then I tell thee, Sancho, ſaid his maſter, they are as certainly he or ſhe-aſſes as I am Don Quixote, and thou Sancho Panza, at leaſt, ſo they ſeem to me." "Hold your tongue, ſignor, replied Sancho, and never talk in that manner, but, ſnuff your eyes, and go and make your reverence to the miſtreſs of your heart, who is juſt at hand."

So ſaying, he advanced towards the damſels, and alighting from Dapple, ſeized one of their beaſts by the halter; then fell upon his knees, before the rider, to whom he addreſſed himſelf in this manner: "Queen, princeſs and dutcheſs of beauty, will your highneſs and greatneſs be pleaſed to receive into grace and favour your captive knight, who ſits there, ſtupified to ſtone, utterly confounded and deprived of pulſe, at ſeeing himſelf in preſence of your magnificence: I am Sancho Panza his ſquire, and he is the perplexed and down-trodden knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, alias the knight of the rueful countenance."

By this time, Don Quixote having placed himſelf on his knees, by Sancho, gazed with ſtaring eyes, and troubled viſion, upon the object which the ſquire called queen and princeſs; and perceiving nothing but a country-wench's viſage, and that none of the moſt agreeable, for, it was round and flat-noſed, he remained in the utmoſt confuſion and ſurpriſe, without daring to open his lips. The other two damſels were equally aſtoniſhed at ſeeing a couple of ſuch different figures kneeling before their companion, whom they had detained; but ſhe, breaking ſilence, pronounced, in a moſt ungracious and reſentful manner: "Get out of the way, and let us paſs, for, we are in a hurry." To this apoſtrophe, Sancho replied, "O princeſs and univerſal lady of Toboſo! do not your magnificent bowels

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N. Hagemans inv. et delin.

G. Scotin Sculp.

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bowels yearn, to ſee upon his marrowbones before your ſublimated preſence, the very pillar and prop of knight-errantry?" One of the other two hearing this pathetic remonſtrance, bauled aloud, "Would I had the currying that aſs's hide of thine: mind, forſooth, how your ſmall gentry come and paſs their gibes upon us country-folks; as if we could not give them as good as they bring; go about your buſineſs, friend, and leave us to mind our'n, and ſo God b'w'ye."

Here the knight interpoſing, ſaid, "Riſe, Sancho, I can plainly perceive that fortune, not yet tired of perſecuting me, hath barred every avenue by which any comfort could arrive at the miſerable ſoul that this carcaſe contains: and thou! the eſſence of every thing that is deſirable in nature, thou ſum of human perfection, and ſole remedy of this afflicted heart, by which thou art adored! altho' that malicious enchanter, my inveterate enemy, hath ſpread clouds and cataracts before mine eyes, to them and them only changing and transforming thy unequalled beauty into the appearance of a poor country-wench; if he hath not alſo altered my figure into that of ſome frightful ſpectre horrid to thy view, deign to look upon me with complacency and love; becauſe thou mayeſt perceive, by this ſubmiſſive poſture I have aſſumed, even before thy perſon thus diſguiſed, the humility with which my ſoul adores thy charms." "You may go kiſs my grannam, cried the damſel, I'm a fine madam, truly, to hear ſuch gibberiſh; we ſhould be more obliged to you, if you would get out of our way, and let us go about our own affairs."

Sancho accordingly quitted his hold, leaving her free to go whither ſhe would, and highly pleaſed with the iſſue of his ſtratagem. The ſuppoſititious Dulcinea no ſooner found herſelf at liberty, than pricking her palfrey with a goad which was in the end of a ſtick ſhe had in her hand, the creature galloped acroſs the field with great ſpeed, and feeling the application more ſevere than uſual, began to plunge and kick in ſuch a manner, that my lady fell to the ground. Don Quixote perceiving this accident, ran with great eagerneſs to raiſe her up, and Sancho made haſte to adjuſt and gird on the pannel, which had got under the aſs's belly. This affair being ſet to rights, the knight went to lift his enchanted miſtreſs in his arms, and place her on her ſeat again; but ſhe, ſtarting up from the ground, ſaved him that trouble, for, retreating a few paces backward, ſhe made a ſmall race, and clapping both hands upon the crupper, leaped upon the pannel as nimble as a falcon, ſeating herſelf aſtride, like a man.

"By St. Roque! cried Sancho, my lady miſtreſs is as light as a hawk, and can teach the moſt dextrous horſeman to ride; at one jump, ſhe has ſprung into the ſaddle, and without ſpurs, makes her palfrey fly like any Zebra; and

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and truly, her damſels are not a whit behind; for, they go ſcouring along, as ſwift as the wind." This was actually true, for, Dulcinea was no ſooner remounted, than the other two trotted after her, and at laſt diſappeared, after having gone more than half a league, at full ſpeed, without once looking behind them.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, until they vaniſhed; then, turning to his ſquire, " Sancho, ſaid he, thou ſeeſt how I am perſecuted by enchanters, and mayeſt perceive how far the malice and grudge they bear me, extend; ſeeing they have deprived me of the pleaſure I ſhould have enjoyed at ſight of my miſtreſs in her own beauteous form. Surely, I was born to be an example of miſery; the very mark and butt for all the arrows of misfortune; nay, thou art alſo to obſerve, Sancho, that thoſe traitors were not contented with a ſimple metamorphoſis of my Dulcinea, but, have transformed and changed her into the baſe and homely figure of that country-wench; robbing her, at the ſame time, of that which is ſo peculiar to ladies of faſhion, I mean that ſweet ſcent which is the reſult of their living among flowers and perfume; for, know, my friend, when I went to lift Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as thou ſayeſt it was, tho' to me, it ſeemed neither more nor leſs than a ſhe-aſs, I was almoſt ſuffocated and poiſoned with a whiff of undigeſted garlic!"

" O! ye miſcreants! cried Sancho, O! ye malicious and miſchievous inchanters! would to God, I could ſee you all ſtrung by the gills, like ſo many haddocks! much you know, much you can, and much more will you ſtill be doing. Was it not enough, ye knaves, to change the pearls of my lady's eyes into a couple of cork-tree galls, and her hair of ſhining gold into the briſtles of a red cow's tail; and, in ſhort, to tranſmography every feature of her countenance, without your meddling with the ſweetneſs of her breath, by which we might have diſcovered what was concealed beneath that bark of homelineſs: tho' to tell the truth, I ſaw not her homelineſs, but beauty, which was exceedingly increaſed by a mole upon her upper lip, ſomething like a whiſker, conſiſting of ſeven or eight red hairs, like threads of gold, as long as my hand." " According to the correſpondence which the moles of the face have with thoſe of the body, ſaid Don Quixote, Dulcinea muſt have juſt ſuch another on the brawny part of her thigh, of the ſame ſide; but, hairs of ſuch a length, are, methinks, rather too long for moles." " I do aſſure your worſhip, anſwered Sancho, they ſeemed as if they had come into the world with her." " I very well believe what you ſay, my friend, replied the knight; for, nature hath beſtowed nothing on Dulcinea but what is perfectly finiſhed; wherefore, if thou had'ſt ſeen an hundred

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ſuch moles; in her, they would be ſo many moons and reſplendent ſtars: but, tell me, Sancho, that which you adjuſted, and which to me ſeemed a pannel, was it a plain pad, or a ſide-ſaddle?" "It was a great ſide-ſaddle, anſwered the ſquire, ſo rich, that half the kingdom would not buy it." "And why could not I ſee all this? ſaid the knight. I ſay, again, Sancho, and will repeat it a thouſand times, that I am the moſt unfortunate of men."

The rogue Sancho, finding his maſter ſo dextrouſly gulled, and hearing him talk in this mad ſtrain, could ſcarce refrain from laughing in his face: in fine, a good deal more of this ſort of converſation having paſſed between them, they remounted their beaſts, and took the road to Saragoſa, where they expected to arrive time enough to be preſent at the ſolemn feſtival yearly celebrated in that famous city; but, before they accompliſhed their journey they met with adventures, which, for their variety, novelty and greatneſs, deſerve to be read and recorded, as in the ſequel.

CHAP. XI.

Of the ſtrange adventure which befel the valiant Don Quixote, with the cart or waggon containing the parliament of death.

DON Quixote jogged along, exceedingly penſive, his thoughts being ingroſſed by the ſcurvy trick which the enchanters had played him, in transforming his miſtreſs Dulcinea into the diſagreeable figure of a country-wench; and he could not conceive what remedy he ſhould find for reſtoring her to her former ſhape: ſo much was he abſorpt in this reflection, that he inſenſibly dropt the reins upon the neck of Rozinante, who being ſenſible of the liberty he enjoyed, at every two ſteps turned aſide to take a pluck at the inviting paſture with which thoſe fields abounded. At length, Sancho Panza rouzed him from this fit of muſing, ſaying, "Signor, melancholy was not made for beaſts, but for men; and yet, if men encourage melancholy too much, they became no better than beaſts: good your worſhip be contented, mind what you're about, take hold of Rozinante's reins, rouſe up, awake, and ſhew that good humour which all knights-errant ought to have. What the devil is the meaning of all this faint-heartedneſs? Sure you don't know whether we are here or in France! let Satan rather run away with all the Dulcineas upon earth; for, the health of one ſingle knight is of more value than all the inchanted perſons or transformations that ever were known." "Peace,

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Sancho, cried Don Quixote, with a voice that was none of the faintest, Peace, I say, and utter not such blasphemies against that inchanted lady, of whose disgrace and misfortune I am the sole cause; for, from the envy of my wicked foes, her mischance hath sprung." "So say I, answered Sancho, for, he that hath seen her before, let him look at her now, and her fortune deplore." "Well mayest thou make that observation, Sancho, said the knight, seeing thou sawest her in the full perfection of her beauty; as the inchantment did not extend so far as to disturb thy vision, or conceal her charms from thy view: no! against me alone, and my longing eyes, was the force of its poison directed! Yet, nevertheless, Sancho, I cannot help observing that you made but an indifferent picture of her beauty; for, if I rightly remember, you likened her eyes to pearls: now, eyes resembling pearls are more peculiar to dead whitings than to living beauties; and, in my conjecture, Dulcinea's must be rather like green emeralds, arched over with two celestial rainbows: those pearls, therefore, must be compared to her teeth, which, without doubt, you have mistaken for her eyes." "Nothing more likely, answered the squire, for, I was as much confounded by her beauty as your worship by her ugliness: but, let us recommend this whole business to God, who fore-ordains every thing that is to happen in this vale of tears; in this evil world of ours, where scarce any thing is to be had, without a mixture of falshood, knavery, and sin. One thing, dear sir, of all others, gives me the greatest pain, and that is, to think what method is to be fallen upon, when your worship, after having vanquished some giant or knight, shall command him to go and present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea; where will this poor giant, or this poor miserable object of a vanquished knight, find out the person to whom he is sent? Methinks I see them strolling up and down, and gaping about thro' the streets of Toboso, in quest of my lady Dulcinea; and if they should stumble upon her in their way, they would no more know her than they would know my father." "Sancho, resumed Don Quixote, perhaps the enchantment will not extend so far as to disguise Dulcinea to the eyes of those vanquished giants and knights who shall present themselves before her; and in one or two of the first whom I shall conquer and send thither, we will make the experiment, commanding them to return and give me an account of what shall happen to them, with regard to that affair." "Truly, Signor, said Sancho, I heartily approve of your worship's scheme, because, by this artifice, we will soon learn what we want to know; and if so be, that she is only concealed from your worship, you are the most unfortunate person of the two; for, as my lady Dulcinea enjoys good health and satisfaction,

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faction, we will comfort ourſelves, and make the beſt of a bad bargain, going about in queſt of adventures, and leaving the reſt to time, who is the beſt phyſician for theſe and other greater calamities."

Don Quixote would have replied, but was prevented by the appearance of a ſort of waggon that croſſed the road, full of the ſtrangeſt figures that can be imagined, and conducted by a frightful demon that drove the mules. The cart being altogether open, without tilt or cover, the firſt figure that ſtruck the eyes of Don Quixote, was death itſelf in human ſhape; next to which appeared an angel, with broad painted wings: on one ſide, ſtood an emperor with a crown (ſeemingly) of gold, upon his head; and hard by death, was the god Cupid, with his bow, quiver and arrows, but without the bandage on his eyes: there was likewiſe a knight armed capapee, except that he wore neither helmet nor head-piece, but a hat adorned with a plume of variegated feathers. Beſides theſe, there were other perſonages of different countenance and dreſs; ſo that the whole groupe appearing of a ſudden, diſcompoſed our hero a little, and filled the heart of Sancho with fear; but, Don Quixote ſoon recollected himſelf, and rejoiced, becauſe he looked upon it as ſome new and perilous adventure. On this ſuppoſition, and with an effort of courage capable of encountring the greateſt danger, he placed himſelf before the wain, and with a loud and threatening voice, pronounced, "Driver, coachman, devil, or whatſoever thou art, tell me, ſtrait, whither thou art going, and who thoſe people are whom thou driveſt in that carriage, which looks more like Charon's bark than any modern vehicle." The devil ſtopping his waggon, very courteouſly replied, "Signor, we are players belonging to the company of Angulo el Malo, and have, this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Chriſti, been repreſenting, in a village on the other ſide of yon hill, the piece called the Parliament of death, which we are going to act over again, this very evening, in that other village now in ſight; we therefore travel in our habits, to ſave ourſelves the trouble of undreſſing and dreſſing anew: this young man plays the part of death, that other repreſents an angel; the woman, who is the author's wife, acts the queen; he with the plume of feathers is our hero; the emperor you may diſtinguiſh by his gilded crown; and I am the devil, which is one of the beſt characters in the performance; for, I myſelf, am the chief actor of this company. If your worſhip is deſirous of knowing any thing elſe concerning our affairs, queſtion me freely, and I will anſwer with the utmoſt punctuality, for, being a devil, I underſtand every thing."

"By the faith of a knight-errant! ſaid Don Quixote, when I firſt deſcried the waggon, I thought myſelf on the eve of ſome great adventure;

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and now I affirm, that a man ought to examine things with more ſenſes than one, before he can be aſſured of the truth: proceed, my honeſt friends, a God's name, in order to exhibit your entertainment, and if I can ſerve you in any reſpect, you may command my endeavours, which ſhall be heartily and freely exerted for your advantage; for, from my childhood, I have been a great lover of maſques and theatrical repreſentations."

While this converſation paſſed between them, they chanced to be overtaken by one of the company, dreſſed in motley, hung round with a number of morrice-bells, with a pole in his hand, to the end of which were tied three blown ox-bladders. This merry-andrew advancing to Don Quixote, began to fence with his pole, beating the ground with his bladders, and ſkipping about, ſo that his bells rung continually; till at length, Rozinante being diſturbed at the uncommon apparition, took the bridle between his teeth; and the knight being unable to reſtrain him, began to gallop acroſs the plain with more nimbleneſs than could have been expected from the bones of his anatomy. Sancho ſeeing his maſter in danger of falling, leaped from Dapple, and ran with all diſpatch to give him all poſſible aſſiſtance, but, before he came up, the knight was overthrown cloſe by Rozinante, who had come to the ground with his lord; and this was the uſual end and conſequence of all his frolickſome adventures. Scarce had Sancho quitted his beaſt, to run to the aſſiſtance of his maſter, when the bladder-ſhaking devil jumped upon Dapple, and began to belabour him with his pole; ſo, that being frightened at the noiſe, rather than with the ſmart of the application, he took to his heels, and flew towards the village where they intended to perform. Sancho ſeeing, at the ſame time, the career of Dapple, and his maſter's fall, ſcarce knew which of theſe misfortunes he ought firſt to remedy: but at length, as became a loyal ſervant and truſty ſquire, his love for his maſter prevailed over his tenderneſs for the beaſt; tho' every time he ſaw the bladders raiſed aloft, and diſcharged upon Dapple's buttocks, he felt the pangs and tortures of death, and would rather have received every thwack upon the apple of his own eye, than have ſeen it fall upon the leaſt hair of his aſs's tail.

In this ſtate of perplexity and tribulation, he arrived at the place where Don Quixote lay, in very indifferent plight, and helping him to mount Rozinante, "Signor, ſaid he, the devil has run away with Dapple." "Which devil?" cried the knight. "He with the bladders," anſwered the ſquire. "I will retrieve him, replied Don Quixote, even if he ſhould conceal him, in the darkeſt and deepeſt dungeon in hell: follow me, Sancho, the waggon

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gon moves ſlowly, and the mules ſhall atone for the loſs of Dapple." "There is no occaſion for putting ourſelves to that trouble, ſaid the ſquire, good your worſhip be pacified! for, I ſee the devil has quitted my aſs, and returned to the reſt of his crew." This obſervation was actually true, Dapple and his new rider had come to the ground, in imitation of the knight and Rozinante; upon which the devil trudged on foot to the village, and the aſs returned to his right owner. "For all that, ſaid Don Quixote, it will not be amiſs to puniſh the troop, for that devil's incivility, tho' it ſhould be in the perſon of the emperor himſelf." "I hope your worſhip's imagination will harbour no ſuch thoughts, anſwered Sancho; take my advice, and never meddle with players, who are a ſet of people in ſuch high favour with the public, that I have known an actor taken up for two murders, and yet ſcape ſcot free: your worſhip muſt know, that being the miniſters of mirth and pleaſure, they are favoured, protected, aſſiſted, and eſteemed by every body; eſpecially if they belong to the king's company, or to ſome grandee; in which caſe, all, or moſt of them, look like princes in their manners and dreſs." "Nevertheleſs, replied the knight, that farcical devil ſhall not eſcape unpuniſhed, or applaud himſelf for what he has done, tho' all mankind ſhould appear in his favour."

So ſaying, he rode towards the waggon, which was, by this time, pretty near the village; and called aloud, "Stay, my merry men, halt a little, and I will teach you how to treat the aſſes and cattle belonging to the ſquires of knights-errant." Don Quixote hollowed ſo loud as to be heard and underſtood by the people in the waggon, who judging, by his words, the intention of the ſpeaker, death inſtantly jumped out of the cart, and was followed by the emperor, the devil-driver, and the angel, with the queen and Cupid in their train: in ſhort, the whole company armed themſelves with ſtones, and drawing up, in order of battle, ſtood without flinching, to receive the aſſailant, at point of pebble."

The knight perceiving them arranged in ſuch a formidable ſquadron, their arms lifted up in a poſture that threatened a powerful diſcharge of ſtones, checked Rozinante, and began to conſider in what manner he ſhould attack them, with leaſt hazard to his perſon. During this pauſe, Sancho came up, and ſeeing him bent upon aſſaulting ſuch a well-compacted brigade, "It will be the height of madneſs, ſaid he, to attempt any ſuch adventure: conſider, dear Sir, that there is no kicking againſt the pricks; and that there is no armour upon earth ſufficient to defend your body from ſuch a ſhower, unleſs your worſhip could creep into a bell of braſs: you ought alſo to remember, that it ſavours more of raſhneſs than of true valour,

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valour, for one man to attack a whole army, in which death and emperors fight in perſon, being aided and aſſiſted both by good and evil angels; and if that conſideration will not prevail upon you to be quiet, you ought to be diverted from your purpoſe, by knowing certainly, that among all thoſe enemies, in the appearances of kings, princes, and emperors, there is not ſo much as one ſingle knight-errant." "Now, indeed, cried Don Quixote, thou haſt hit upon the ſole reaſon that can and ought to diſſuade me from my determined deſign: I neither can nor ought to draw my ſword (as I have told thee, on many other occaſions) againſt any perſon who hath not received the honour of knighthood: to thee, Sancho, it belongs, if ſo thou art inclined, to take vengeance for the injury done to Dapple, while I, from hence, will aſſiſt and encourage thee with ſalutary advice." "Signor, anſwered the ſquire, there is no occaſion to take vengeance of any perſon whatever; for, it is not the part of a good chriſtian to revenge the wrongs he hath ſuffered: beſides, I will prevail upon my aſs to leave the affair to my inclination, which is to live peaceably all the days that heaven ſhall grant me in this life." "Since that is thy determination, replied the knight, honeſt Sancho, diſcreet Sancho, chriſtian and ſincere Sancho, let us leave theſe phantomes, and go in queſt of adventures more dignified and ſubſtantial; for, this country ſeems to promiſe a great many, and thoſe very extraordinary too."

He accordingly turned his horſe, Sancho went to catch Dapple, while death, with his whole flying ſquadron, returned to their waggon, and proceeded on their journey. Thus, was the diſmal adventure of the waggon of death happily terminated by the wholeſome advice which Sancho Panza gave to his maſter, who, next day, met with another equally ſurprizing, in the perſon of an enamoured knight-errant.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XII.

Of the ſtrange adventure that happened to the valiant Don Quixote, in his encounter with the knight of the mirrours.

THE night that followed the rencounter with death, Don Quixote and his ſquire paſſed among ſome tall and ſhady trees; the knight, by Sancho's perſuaſion, having eaten of what was found in the ſtore that Dapple carried. During this meal, Sancho ſaid to his maſter, "What a fool ſhould I have been, ſignor, if I had choſen, by way of gratification, the ſpoils of your worſhip's firſt adventure, inſtead of the three foals? Verily, verily, a bird in hand is worth two in the buſh." "But, for all that, anſwered Don Quixote, had'ſt thou ſuffered me to attack them, as I intended, thou would'ſt have enjoyed, among the ſpoils, the emperor's golden crown, with Cupid's painted wings, which I would have ſtript off, againſt the grain, and put into thy poſſeſſion." "The ſceptres and crowns of your ſtage-emperors are never made of pure gold, but, of tin or tinſel," replied the ſquire. "True, ſaid the knight, the ornaments of comedy ought not to be rich and real, but feigned and artificial, like the drama itſelf, which I would have thee reſpect, Sancho, and receive into favour, together with thoſe who repreſent and compoſe it; for, they are all inſtruments of great benefit to the commonwealth, holding, as it were, a looking-glaſs always before us, in which we ſee naturally delineated all the actions of life; and no other compariſon whatever repreſents to us more lively, what we are, and what we ought to be, than comedy and her attendants: for example, haſt thou never ſeen a play acted, in which kings, emperors, popes, knights, ladies, and many other characters introduced? One acts the ruffian, another the ſharper, a third the merchant, a fourth the ſoldier, a fifth the deſigning fool, and a ſixth the ſimple lover; but, the play being ended, and the dreſſes laid aſide, all the actors remain upon an equal footing." "Yes, I have ſeen all this," anſwered Sancho. "Then the very ſame thing, ſaid the knight, happens in the comedy and commerce of this world, where one meets with ſome people playing the parts of emperors, others in the characters of popes, and finally, all the different perſonages that can be introduced in a comedy; but, when the play is done, that is, when life is at an end, death ſtrips them of the robes that diſtinguiſhed their ſtations, and they become all equal in the grave." "A brave compariſon! cried Sancho, tho' not

not ſo new but I have heard it made on divers and ſundry occaſions, as well as that of the game of cheſs, during which every piece maintains a particular ſtation and character; but, when the game is over, they are all mixed, jumbled and ſhaken together in a bag, like mortals in the grave." "Sancho, reſumed the knight, every day you become leſs ſimple and more diſcreet." "Yes, ſaid the ſquire, ſome ſmall portion of your worſhip's diſcretion muſt needs ſtick to me; as lands which are, in their own nature, ſapleſs and barren, being well dunged and cultivated, come to yield excellent fruit: my meaning is, that your worſhip's converſation hath fallen like dung upon the barren deſart of my underſtanding, which being cultivated by the time of my ſervice and communication, will, I hope, produce bleſſed fruit, ſuch as ſhall not diſgrace, nor ſtray from the path of that good breeding which your worſhip hath beſtowed on my narrow capacity."

Don Quixote could not help ſmiling at the affected terms in which Sancho delivered himelf, tho' what he ſaid of his own improvement was actually true; for, at certain times, he talked to admiration; and yet, when he attempted to argue, or ſpeak in a polite ſtile, his efforts always, or for the moſt part, ended in precipitating himſelf from the pinnacle of ſimplicity to the depth of ignorance; his chief talent lying in his memory, which never failed to furniſh him with proverbs that he lugged into his diſcourſe, whether they were pat to the purpoſe or not, as may be ſeen and obſerved thro' the whole courſe of this hiſtory.

In this, and other ſuch converſation, the greateſt part of the night elapſed, when Sancho began to be inclined to let fall the portcullices of his eyes, as he termed it, when he wanted to go to ſleep; he therefore unpannelled Dapple, to let him graze among the rich paſture with which the place abounded; but, Rozinante's ſaddle he would not remove, in conſequence of his maſter's expreſs order, which was never to unſaddle his ſteed while they were in the field, or did not ſleep under cover; it being an ancient, eſtabliſhed cuſtom, obſerved by all knights-errant, in theſe caſes, to take the bridle out of the horſe's mouth, and hang it upon the pummel of the ſaddle, but, to leave the ſaddle itſelf untouched. This expedient was accordingly practiſed by Sancho, who turned Rozinante looſe with Dapple; and between theſe two animals ſuch a ſtrict, reciprocal friendſhip ſubſiſted, that, according to tradition from father to ſon, the author of this true hiſtory wrote particular chapters on this very ſubject; but, in order to preſerve the decency and decorum which belongs to ſuch an heroic compoſition, they are here omitted, tho' ſometimes the tranſlator ſeems to neglect this precaution, and writes, that theſe two friends uſed

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to approach and ſcrub each other, moſt lovingly, and after they had reſted and refreſhed themſelves, Rozinante would ſtretch his head more than half a yard over Dapple's neck, while the two were wont to ſtand in this poſture, with their eyes fixed upon the ground, three whole days together, at leaſt, till they were parted, or compelled by hunger, to go in queſt of ſuſtenance: nay, it is confidently reported, that the author hath compared their mutual attachment to the friendſhip of Niſus and Euryalus, or that which ſubſiſted between Pylades and Oreſtes. If this be the caſe, we may, with admiration, conceive how firm the fellowſhip of thoſe two pacific animals muſt have been; to the utter confuſion of mankind, who ſo little regard the laws of friendſhip and ſociety, according to the common ſaying, There is no truſt in profeſſion; the ſtaff will turn into a ſpear; and as the ſong goes *, The modes of the court, ſo common are grown, that a true friend can hardly be met: let no man imagine the author went out of his road, in comparing the friendſhip of brutes with that of the human ſpecies; for, men have received valuable hints, and learned many things of importance from beaſts, ſuch as the clyſter from ſtorks, gratitude and the uſe of vomits from dogs, vigilance from the crane, foreſight and frugality from the ant, honeſty from the elephant, and loyalty from the horſe.

In fine, Sancho went to ſleep, at the root of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote began to ſlumber under an oak, but being, in a very little time, awaked by a noiſe behind him, he ſtarted up, and employing both eyes and ears to diſtinguiſh whence it proceeded, he perceived two men on horſeback, one of whom, letting himſelf drop, as it were, from the ſaddle, ſaid to the other, "Alight my friend, and unbit the horſes; for this place ſeems to abound with paſture for them, and with ſilence and ſolitude, which are the neceſſary food of my amorous thoughts." He had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, than he threw himſelf upon the ground, and his armour rattled as he fell, furniſhing Don Quixote with a manifeſt proof of his being a knight-errant: he therefore approached Sancho, who was aſleep, and ſhaking him by the arm, with no ſmall difficulty, brought him to himſelf; ſaying, in a low voice, "Brother Sancho, here is an adventure." "God grant it may be a good one, anſwered the ſquire, and pray, ſignor, whereabouts may her ladyſhip be?" "Where? ſaid Don Quixote, turn thine eyes this way, and behold lying upon the graſs, a knight-errant, who, by what I have already obſerved, cannot be over and above eaſy in his mind; for, I ſaw him throw himſelf upon the ground, with evident marks of vexation, and heard his armour clatter in his fall."

* As the original quotation is a fragment that will not complete the ſenſe, I have taken the liberty to make the alluſion altogether Engliſh.

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" But, how has your worſhip found that this is an adventure?" replied the ſquire. " I will not poſitively ſay that it is altogether an adventure, anſwered the knight, but rather the beginning of one; for, thus they uſually commence: but, hark! he ſeems to tune a lute or rebeck, and by his hawking and hemming, I ſuppoſe he is going to ſing." " In good faith, it is even ſo, ſaid Sancho, and he muſt be ſome knight-errant in love." " All knights-errant are ſo, reſumed Don Quixote, but, let us liſten, and by the thread of his ſong, diſcover the clue of his thoughts; for, from the abundance of the heart the tongue ſpeaketh."

Sancho would have made ſome reply, but was prevented by the voice of the knight of the wood, which was neither very ſweet nor diſagreeable; and liſtening with ſurprize, they heard him ſing the following ſong:

I.

Subjected to thy ſov'reign will,
Ah, cruel maid! my fate decree:
The ſentence, tho' inhuman ſtill,
Shall never be declined by me.

II.

Say, that my death thy joy would move,
My breath with freedom I'll reſign—
Or wouldſt thou liſten to my love,
The God himſelf ſhall whiſper mine.

III.

This heart, thy vaſſal whilſt I live,
Like ductile wax, and diamond hard,
Thy ſtamp will yieldingly receive,
And keep th' impreſſion unimpair'd.

The knight of the wood finiſhed this complaint with an ah! that ſeemed to be heaved from the very bottom of his ſoul, and ſoon after exclaimed, in a ſorrowful tone, " O thou moſt beautiful and ungrateful woman upon earth! is it poſſible, that the moſt ſerene Caſildea de Vandalia, has doomed this her captive knight to conſume and exhauſt himſelf in continual peregrinations, in harſh and rugged toils? Is it not enough, that I have eſtabliſhed the fame of thy beauty above all compariſon, by the extorted confeſſion of all the knights of Navarre, Leon, Tarteſia, Caſtile, and finally of La Mancha?"

" Not ſo, neither, cried Don Quixote interpoſing; for I, who am of La Mancha, never made any ſuch acknowledgment; neither could I, or ought

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ought I to make a confeſſion ſo prejudicial to the beauty of my own miſtreſs: therefore, Sancho, this knight muſt certainly be diſordered in his judgment; but, let us liſten, perhaps he will explain himſelf." "Very like, anſwered the ſquire, he ſeems to be in the humour of complaining for a whole month."

But, this was not the caſe; for the knight of the wood, hearing people talk ſo near him, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but ſtarting up, called with a courteous and ſonorous voice, "Who is there? are you of the number of the happy or afflicted?" "Of the afflicted," replied Don Quixote. "Come hither, then, reſumed the ſtranger, and depend upon it, you will find the very eſſence of ſorrow and affliction."

Don Quixote hearing him ſpeak in ſuch civil and pathetic terms, went towards him, with Sancho at his back, when the complaining knight took him by the hand, ſaying, "Sit down, Sir knight, for, that you are one of thoſe who profeſs knight-errantry, I am convinced by finding you in this place, accompanied by ſolitude and the dews of night, which are the peculiar companions of thoſe who belong to our order."

To this addreſs, Don Quixote replied, "I am a knight of that order you mention; and tho' melancholy, miſchance and misfortune have taken up their habitation in my ſoul, they have not been able to baniſh from it that compaſſion which I feel for the unhappy. From the ſoliloquy you juſt now uttered, I gather that your misfortunes are of the amorous kind; I mean, that they proceed from the paſſion you entertain for that beautiful ingrate whom you named in your complaint." While this converſation paſſed, they ſat together upon the graſs, with all the marks of amity and good fellowſhip, as if at break of day they had not been doomed to break each other's head. "Perchance, Sir knight, ſaid the ſtranger, you are in love?" "By miſchance I am ſo, anſwered Don Quixote, tho' the vexation that proceeds from well-placed affection, ought rather to be deemed a benefit than misfortune." "True, ſaid the knight of the wood, if our judgment and reaſon are not diſturbed by diſdain." "I never was diſdained by my miſtreſs," replied Don Quixote. "No indeed, (cried Sancho, who ſtood hard by) my lady is as meek as a lamb, and as ſoft as butter."

The ſtranger knight aſked if that was his ſquire, and the other anſwering in the affirmative, "I never ſaw a ſquire, ſaid he, that like him, durſt intrude upon his maſter's converſation; at leaſt, I can ſay ſo much for mine, who, tho' as tall as his father, was never known to open his lips, when I was engaged in diſcourſe." "In good faith! cried Sancho, I have ſpoke, and will ſpeak again before as good a man as——but, let that reſt—the more you ſtir it, the more it will—."

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Here the other ſquire took hold on Sancho by the arm, ſaying, "Let you and I go ſome where, and talk our bellies full, in our own way, and leave our maſters at liberty to recount their amours; for, ſure I am, the night will be ſpent before they are done." "With all my heart, replied Sancho, and I will tell your worſhip who I am, that you may ſee whether or not I am qualified to be ranked among your talking ſquires." They accordingly retired together, and between them paſſed a converſation every bit as merry as that of their maſters was grave.

CHAP. XIII.

In which is continued the adventure of the knight of the wood; with the ſage, uncommon and agreeable dialogue that paſſed between the two ſquires.

THE knights and their ſquires being thus parted, the firſt entertained each other with the ſtory of their loves, while the laſt indulged themſelves with a reciprocal account of their own lives; but, the hiſtory firſt of all records the converſation of the domeſtics, and then proceeds to relate what paſſed between the maſters. The ſquires, therefore, having choſen a ſituation, at a convenient diſtance from the knights, he of the wood accoſted Sancho in theſe words: "Signor, this is a troubleſome life that we ſquires to knights-errant lead: in good ſooth, we earn our bread with the ſweat of our brows, which is one of the curſes that God denounced againſt our firſt parents." "It may alſo be ſaid, replied Sancho, that we earn it with the froſt of our bodies; for, no creatures on earth ſuffer more heat and cold than the miſerable ſquires of knight-errantry; and even that, would be more tolerable, if we had any thing good to eat; for, hearty fare lightens care, as the ſaying is; but we often paſs a whole day, nay ſometimes two, without ever breaking our faſt, except upon the winds of heaven." "All this, ſaid the other, may be endured, with the hope of reward; for, if the knight-errant is not extremely unfortunate, his ſquire muſt, in a very little time, ſee himſelf recompenſed with the handſome government of ſome iſland, or with the poſſeſſion of a profitable earldom." "For my own part, anſwered Sancho, I have already told my maſter, that I ſhall be ſatisfied with the government of an iſland, which he has been ſo noble and generous as to promiſe me, divers and ſundry times." "And I, ſaid the ſtranger, am contented with a canonſhip, which my maſter has already beſpoke for me, on account of my faithful ſervices." "It ſeems

ſeems then, your maſter muſt be an eccleſiaſtical knight, replied Sancho, ſeeing he can provide for his ſquires in the church: but as for mine, he is a meer layman; tho' I remember, that certain very wiſe perſons (and yet, I believe, not very honeſt at bottom) adviſed him to procure for himſelf an archbiſhopric; and I was then in a grievous quandary, for fear he ſhould take it in his head to be of the church; in which caſe, I ſhould not have been qualified to hold a benefice; for, your worſhip muſt know, tho' I look like a man, I am no better than a beaſt at church matters." "Verily, ſaid he of the wood, your worſhip miſtakes the matter quite: your governments of iſlands are not all ſo deſirable; ſome are vexatious; ſome are beggarly; and others attended with much melancholy and fatigue: in ſhort, the moſt creditable and orderly brings along with it a load of care and inconvenience, that lies heavy on the ſhoulders of the unhappy perſon whoſe lot it is to bear it: it would be abundantly better for us who undergo this accurſed ſlavery, to return to our own homes, and there amuſe ourſelves with more agreeable paſtime; ſuch, for example, as hunting or fiſhing; for, what ſquire is there on earth, ſo poor as to want a horſe, a couple of hounds, and a fiſhing-rod, wherewith to entertain himſelf at his own habitation?"

"For my own part, anſwered Sancho, I want neither of theſe conveniencies: true it is, I have not a horſe, but then, I am in poſſeſſion of an aſs, which is worth my maſter's ſteed twice over: God let me never ſee a joyful eaſter, if I would truck with him for four buſhels of barley to boot; you may laugh, if you will, at the price I ſet upon Dapple, (for that is the colour of my beaſt) then, I ſhould never be in want of hounds; for, there are plenty, and to ſpare, in our town, and you know nothing is ſo reliſhing as to hunt at another's expence." "Really and truly, ſignor ſquire, reſumed the ſtranger, I am fully reſolved and determined to quit thoſe knights-errant, with all their crazy pranks, and betake myſelf to my own town, where I will bring up my children; for, thank God, I have three, like as many oriental pearls." "And I have a couple, ſaid Sancho, that may be preſented to the pope in perſon; eſpecially, my daughter, whom I breed up to be a counteſs, by the bleſſing of God, tho' it be contrary to her mother's inclination." "And of what age may this young lady be, whom you are breeding for a counteſs?" ſaid the ſquire of the wood. "Fifteen years, or thereabouts, anſwered Sancho; but, ſhe is as tall as a ſpear, freſh as an April morn, and ſtrong as a porter." "Theſe are qualifications, not only for a counteſs, but even for the nymph of the green-wood tree, ſaid the other: ah the whoreſon baggage! what a buxom jade ſhe muſt be." "Sancho, nettled at this epithet, replied,

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" She is no whore; neither was her mother before her; nor ſhall either of them be ſo, an pleaſe God, whilſt I live: ſo, I think you might talk more civilly; for, conſidering your worſhip has been bred among knights-errant, who are, as it were, courteſy itſelf, methinks your words might be better choſen." " How little are you acquainted with the nature of commendation, ſignor ſquire? anſwered he of the wood: don't you know, that when any cavalier, at a bull-feaſt, wounds the bull dexterouſly, or when any perſon behaves remarkably well, the people exclaim, How cleverly the ſon of a whore has done it? and that which looks like reproach, is on ſuch occaſions, a notable commendation. Take my word, ſignor, you ought to renounce all children, if their behaviour does not intitle the parents to ſuch praiſe." " I do renounce them, anſwered Sancho; at that rate, and for that reaſon, your worſhip may call my wife and daughter as many whores as you pleaſe; for, both in word and deed, they richly deſerve the name; and that I may ſee them again, I beſeech God to deliver me from this mortal ſin, which will be the caſe, if he delivers me from this dangerous employment of ſquire, which I have incurred a ſecond time, being ſeduced and inticed by a purſe of one hundred ducats, which I found one day in the midſt of the brown mountain; and the devil continually ſets before mine eyes, here and there and every where, a bag full of doubloons, which, at every ſtep, methinks I have faſt in my clutches, hugging it in my arms, and carrying it home to my own houſe, where I purchaſe mortgages and eſtates, and live like any prince, and while I pleaſe myſelf with theſe notions, I bear, without murmuring, all the toils and fatigues I undergo, in the ſervice of the wiſeacre my maſter, who, I know, is more of a madman than a knight."

" So that, according to the proverb, replied the ſtranger, covetouſneſs burſts the bag. But, if you talk of wiſeacres, there is not a greater in the univerſe than my maſter, who is one of thoſe concerning whom people ſay, He is burthened, like an aſs, with another man's load: for, truly, he is turned mad, that another knight may turn wiſe, and is going about in queſt of that which, when he hath found it, may hit him in the teeth." " And pray, is he in love?" ſaid Sancho. " Yes, replied the other, he is enamoured of one Caſildea de Vandalia, the moſt fickle dame that ever was ſeen; but, her cruelty is not the foot that he halts upon at preſent: he has got other crotchets of greater importance grumbling in his gizzard, which ere long will more plainly appear." " There is no road ſo ſmooth, reſumed Sancho, but you'll meet with rubs and hollows in it: other people uſe beans, but I boil whole kettles full; madneſs is always more accompanied and followed after, than diſcretion: but, if it be true,

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it is commonly alledged, that company in affliction leſſens the weight of it, I ſhall comfort myſelf by reflecting that your worſhip ſerves a maſter who is as diſtracted as mine." "Diſtracted, I grant you, ſaid he of the wood, but valiant, and ſtill more miſchievous than valiant or diſtracted." "That is not the caſe with my maſter, replied Sancho, he has nothing at all miſchievous about him; on the contrary, is as dull as a beetle, and knows not what it is to harm man, woman or child, or to harbour the leaſt malice, but ſeeks to do good unto all mankind: a child may perſuade him that it is night at noon; and indeed for that very ſimplicity, I love him as my own bowels, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, notwithſtanding all the mad pranks he is guilty of." "But, for all that, ſignor and brother of mine, ſaid the ſtranger, if the blind lead the blind, they are both in danger of falling into the ditch: we had much better retire fair and ſoftly, and return to our own habitations; for, they who go in ſearch of adventures do not always find them to their liking."

About this time Sancho began to hawk a kind of dry ſpitting, which being perceived and obſerved by the charitable ſquire of the wood, "Methinks, ſaid he, we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths; but, I have got ſomething that will agreeably moiſten them, hanging at my ſaddle-bow." He accordingly got up, and going aſide to his horſe, ſoon returned with a large leathern bottle of wine, and a pye half a yard long; and this is really no exaggeration; for, it contained a whole fed rabbit, ſo large, that when Sancho felt it, he took it for a whole goat, or a large kid at leaſt, crying, as ſoon as he perceived it, "How? does your worſhip uſually carry ſuch proviſion as this, about with you?" "What d'ye think? anſwered the other: d'ye take me for a hackney ſquire *? I carry a better cupboard on my horſe's crupper than e'er a general on his march."

Sancho fell to, without ſtaying for intreaty, and ſwallowed, in the dark, huge mouthfuls, with as much eaſe as if it had been flummery, ſaying between whiles, "Yes indeed, your worſhip is a true and loyal ſquire, well dammed and griſted, as the ſaying is, grand and magnificent withal, as plainly appears from this banquet, which, if it did not come hither by the art of enchantment, at leaſt ſeems ſo to have done: this is not the caſe with ſuch an unlucky poor devil as me, who carry nothing in my bags but a piece of cheeſe, hard enough to knock out a giant's brains, accompanied by three or four dozen of carrobes, and as many hazzle-nuts; thanks to the niggardli-

* Literally, *a ſquire of wool and water*, an alluſion to a cuſtom among the Spaniards, who ſometimes have domeſtics to attend them to maſs, and ſprinkle them with holy water: theſe are generally ſhabby fellows, who have very poor appointments.

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neſs and opinion of my maſter, and the rule he obſerves, by which knights-errant muſt maintain and ſupport themſelves with nothing but dried fruits, and the herbs of the field." "In good faith, brother! reſumed he of the wood, my ſtomach was not made for your ſweet thiſtle, wild pear and mountain roots: let our maſters pleaſe themſelves with their own opinions and rules of chivalry, and live according to their meagre commands: for my own part, I always carry ſome cold paſty, happen what will, and this bottle hanging at my ſaddle-bow, which I love ſo devoutly, that I kiſs and embrace it almoſt every minute." So ſaying, he handed it to Sancho, who lifting it up to his mouth, ſtood gazing at the ſtars a whole quarter of an hour, and when his draught was out, he hung his head on one ſide, pronouncing with a long ſigh, "Ah whoreſon! how catholic it is!" "You ſee now, ſaid he of the wood, hearing Sancho's whoreſon, how you have praiſed the wine, by giving it ſuch a title." "I am ſenſible, replied Sancho, and confeſs that it is no diſparagement to any body to be called the ſon of a whore, when it is underſtood in the way of commendation: but, tell me, ſignor, by the life of what you beſt love, is not this wine from Cividad Real?"

"You have an excellent taſte, anſwered he of the wood, it comes from no other part, I'll aſſure you, and has, moreover, ſome good years over its head." "Let me alone for that, ſaid Sancho, you'll never catch me tripping in the knowledge of wine, let it be never ſo difficult to diſtinguiſh: is it not an extraordinary thing, ſignor ſquire, that I ſhould have ſuch a ſure and natural inſtinct in the knowledge of wine, that give me but a ſmell of any ſort whatever, and I will tell you exactly its country, growth and age, together with the changes it will undergo, and all other circumſtances appertaining to the myſtery: but, this is not to be wondered at; for, by my father's ſide, I had two kinſmen who were the moſt excellent taſters that La Mancha hath known for theſe many years; as a proof of which, I will tell you what once happened to them: a ſample of wine was preſented to them, out of a hogſhead, and their opinions aſked, concerning the condition and quality, that is the goodneſs or badneſs of the liquor to which it belonged: one of them taſted it with the tip of his tongue; the other did no more but clap it to his noſe: the firſt ſaid the wine taſted of iron; the other affirmed it had a twang of goats leather: the owner proteſted that the pipe was clean, and the contents without any ſort of mixture that could give the liquor either the taſte of iron, or the ſmell of goats leather: nevertheleſs, the two famous taſters ſtuck to the judgment they had given; time paſſed on, the wine was ſold, and when the pipe came to be cleaned, they found in it a ſmall key, tied to a leathern

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thern thong. By this your worſhip may perceive whether or not one who is deſcended from ſuch a race may venture to give his opinion in caſes of this nature." "Therefore, I ſay, replied the ſtranger, that we ought to quit this trade of going in queſt of adventures, and be contented with our loaf, without longing for dainties: let us return to our own cottages where God will find us, if it be his bleſſed will." "I will ſerve my maſter till he arrives at Saragoſſa, ſaid Sancho, and then we ſhall come to a right underſtanding."

In fine, the two honeſt ſquires talked and drank ſo copiouſly, that ſleep was fain to tie up their tongues, and allay their drought, which it was impoſſible to remove: each, therefore, graſping the bottle, which by this time was almoſt empty, fell aſleep, with the morſel half chewed in his mouth; and in this ſituation we will leave them for the preſent, and relate what happened between the knight of the wood, and him of the rueful countenance.

CHAP. XIV.

Wherein the adventure of the knight of the wood is continued.

IN the courſe of the converſation that paſſed between the two knights, the hiſtory relates, that he of the wood ſaid to Don Quixote, "Finally, ſir knight, you muſt know, my deſtiny, or rather, my choice, led me to place my affection on the peerleſs Caſildea de Vandalia. I call her peerleſs, becauſe ſhe has no equal, either in point of ſtature, quality, fortune or beauty. Now this lady, in return for all my virtuous inclination, and amorous deſires, like the ſtepmother of Hercules, employs me in many various toils and dangers, promiſing, at the concluſion of each, that with the next my cares ſhall be finiſhed; but, thus ſhe goes on, ſtringing one labour to another, without number, and I know not which will be the laſt that is to produce the accompliſhment of my wiſhes. At one time ſhe commanded me to go and challenge that famous gianteſs of Sevil, called *Giralda, who is ſo valiant and ſtrong (her body being made of braſs) and who, without ſhifting her ſtation, is the moſt changeable and fickle female in the whole world: I came, ſaw and conquered; fixing her motionleſs to one point, for, during a whole week, the wind blew from the north. Another time, ſhe ordered me to weigh the ancient figures called the valiant bulls of

* A braſs ſtatue on a ſteeple at Sevil, ſerving for a weather-cock.

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* Guiſando; an enterprize more ſuitable to porters than to knights: nay, ſhe even commanded me to throw myſelf headlong into the gulph of Cabra, an adventure equally new and dangerous, and bring to her a particular account of what is concerted in that dark and deep abyſs. I fixed the inconſtant Giralda, weighed the bulls of Guiſando, precipitated myſelf into the gulph, and brought to light the ſecrets of its abyſs; and yet my hopes are dead—ah how dead! while her cruelty and diſdain are ſtill alive—ah how much alive! In ſhort, to conclude, ſhe ordered me to traverſe all the provinces of Spain, and compel every knight-errant in the kingdom to confeſs that ſhe is preferable, in point of beauty, to all the women upon earth; and that I am the moſt valiant and amorous knight in the world. In conſequence of this command, I have travelled over the greateſt part of Spain, and vanquiſhed many knights who have preſumed to contradict my aſſertion: but, I value and applaud myſelf chiefly, for having conquered, in ſingle combat, that ſo renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confeſs, that my Caſildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea. Now, in that ſingle conqueſt, I deem myſelf ſuperior to all the knights in the univerſe; for, that ſame Don Quixote hath vanquiſhed all his cotemporaries; and I, in conquering him, have transferred and conveyed to my own perſon, all his honour, glory, and reputation; the victor being always honoured in proportion to the fame of his vanquiſhed foe; wherefore, the innumerable atchievements of the ſaid Don Quixote are placed to my credit, as if they were the effects of my own perſonal proweſs."

Don Quixote was aſtoniſhed at hearing the knight of the wood talk in this manner, and was a thouſand times tempted to give him the lie: nay, you lie was at the very tip of his tongue; but, repreſſing his indignation as well as he could, that he might make the ſtranger's own tongue convict him of falſhood, he replied very calmly, "That your worſhip, ſir knight, may have vanquiſhed the greateſt part of the knights-errant in Spain, and even in the whole world, I do not pretend to queſtion, but, that you have conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha, I doubt very much; perhaps, it might be another who reſembles him, though there are few ſuch." "How! not conquer him? cried he of the wood; now, by yon canopy of heaven, under which we ſit, I engaged, overcame, and ſubjected that very individual Don Quixote: he is a tall, meagre, long-legged, lanthorn-jawed, ſtalking figure; his hair inclining to grey, his noſe hooked and aquiline, with long, ſtraight, black muſta-

* Theſe are ſtone ſtatues of bulls, erected by the Romans at Guiſando, a town in Caſtile; all the inſcriptions are effaced, except the name of A. Quintus Cæcilius, Conſul II.

chios:

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chios: in his excurſions he aſſumes the name of the knight of the rueful countenance; and is attended by a peaſant, called Sancho Panza, who ſerves him in quality of ſquire; he preſſes the loins, and governs the reins of a famous ſteed hight Rozinante; and in fine, he avows, as miſtreſs of his heart, one Dulcinea del Toboſo, formerly known by the name of Aldonza Lorenzo; in like manner, my own miſtreſs, whoſe name is Caſilda, being a native of Andalouſia, is now diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of Caſildea de Vandalia. If all theſe proofs are not ſufficient to evince my veracity, here is my ſword, which ſhall make a convert of incredulity itſelf."

" Have a little patience, ſir knight, ſaid Don Quixote, and give ear unto what I am going to ſay. You muſt know, that ſame Don Quixote you mention, is the deareſt friend I have upon earth; ſo that I may ſay, I love him as well as my own individual perſon; now, your deſcription of him is ſo punctual and exact, that I ſhould never doubt but he is actually the perſon you have vanquiſhed, did I not ſee with my eyes, and, as it were, feel with my hands, the impoſſibility of the fact; and yet, as divers enchanters are his enemies, particularly one who perſecutes him inceſſantly, ſome one among them may have aſſumed his figure, and allowed himſelf to be overcome, in order to defraud the knight of that fame which his gallant exploits had collected and acquired thro' the whole known world: in confirmation of this conjecture, I muſt alſo tell you that but two days ago, thoſe perverſe enchanters transformed the ſhape and perſon of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboſo, into that of a mean and plebeian country-wench: ſo that Don Quixote muſt have alſo undergone a transformation. And, if all this is not enough to aſcertain the truth of what I ſay, here is Don Quixote himſelf, who will maintain it by force of arms, on horſeback or on foot, or in any ſhape you pleaſe."

So ſaying, he ſtarted up, and graſping his ſword, ſtood waiting for the reſolution of the knight of the wood, who with great deliberation, replied: " A good paymaſter needs no pawn, ſignor Don Quixote; he, who could vanquiſh you when you was transformed, may well hope to reduce you in propria perſona; but, as it is unſeemly for knights to perform their exploits in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for day, that the ſun may ſhine upon our works; and let this be the condition of our combat, that the vanquiſhed ſhall comply with the will of the victor, and do every thing that he ſhall deſire; provided his commands be ſuch as a knight-errant can decently obey."

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Don Quixote aſſured him, that he was extremely well ſatisfied with the condition and proviſo; upon which, they went in queſt of their ſquires, who were found ſnoring in the very ſame attitudes in which ſleep had ſurprized them. They wakened, and ordered them to get their horſes ready; for by ſun-riſe they intended to engage in a moſt unequal and bloody ſingle combat. Sancho was aſtoniſhed and confounded at this piece of news; deſpairing of his maſter's ſafety, when he recollected what the other ſquire had told him, concerning the valour of the knight of the wood. The two ſquires, however, without pretending to make any words, went to look for their cattle, and found the three ſteeds with Dapple (for they had ſmelled each other out) very ſociably met together. While they were thus employed, "Brother, ſaid he of the wood to Sancho, you muſt know that it is cuſtomary with your warriors of Andalouſia, when they are godfathers in any quarrel, not to ſtand idle, with their arms acroſs, while their godſons are engaged. This I hint, by way of appriſing you that, while our maſters are at it, we muſt exchange a few dry blows too." "That cuſtom, ſignor ſquire, anſwered Sancho, may paſs current with thoſe ruffians and warriors you mention; but, that it prevails among the ſquires of knights-errant, I can by no means believe, at leaſt, I have never heard ſuch a cuſtom mentioned by my maſter, who knows all the ordinances of chivalry by rote. Beſides, granting it to be fact, and expreſly ordained, that the ſquires muſt go to loggerheads while their maſters are engaged; I will by no means comply with it, but pay the penalty incurred by peaceable ſquires, which I am ſure cannot exceed a couple of pounds of wax; and that will not coſt me ſo much as the pence I ſhould expend in the cure of my head, which I would lay my account with having ſplit and divided into two halves; and moreover, it is impoſſible that I ſhould fight, becauſe I have got no ſword, and never wore one in my born days." "I know a very good remedy for that inconvenience, ſaid the ſtranger: here are a couple of linen bags, of the ſame ſize; you ſhall take one, and I the other, and play away upon each other with equal arms." "With all my heart, anſwered Sancho; that ſort of exerciſe will ſerve to duſt our jackets, without hurting our ſkins." "Not quite ſo neither, reſumed the other, for, that the bags may not flap in the air, we will clap into each, half a dozen clear, ſmooth pebbles, of equal weight and magnitude; ſo that we may thwack one another, without hurt or damage." "Body of my father! cried Sancho, mind what ſable furs and flakes of carded cotton he would line the bags withal, to prevent them from grinding our ſkulls, and making a paſte of our bones! Heark ye, maſter

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maſter of mine, I'll have nothing to do with them, though they were ſtuffed with balls of ſilk; let our maſters fight as they ſhall think proper, but, for our parts, let us drink and live quietly; for, old father time will take care to rid us of our lives, without our ſeeking occaſions to throw them away before the appointed ſeaſon, at which, being ripe, they drop off of their own accord." "But, for all that, replied he of the wood, we muſt have a bout, if it ſhould not laſt half an hour." "By no means, ſaid Sancho, I ſhall not be ſo uncivil and ungrateful, as to have any difference, let it be never ſo ſmall, with a perſon at whoſe coſt I have both eaten and drank; beſides, who the devil, do you think, can fight in cool blood, without any ſort of anger or provocation?" "I know how to remove that objection, reſumed the ſtranger: before we begin the battle, I will come up fairly and ſoftly, and give your worſhip two or three ſuch hearty boxes on the ear, as will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it ſhould ſleep ſounder than a dormouſe." "Againſt that expedient, anſwered Sancho, I know another twice as good: for, I will lay hold on a good cudgel, and before your worſhip comes to awaken my choler, give your own ſuch a lullaby of dry beating, that it ſhall never wake but in the next world, where you'll have reaſon to know that I am not a man who will ſuffer his noſe to be handled by any perſon whatſomever; wherefore, let every one look to his own affairs. Though it would be the wiſeſt courſe for every man to let his own choler lie ſtill and ſleep: for, nobody knows the heart of his neighbour, and ſome who go out for wool, come home quite ſhorn. God himſelf beſtowed his bleſſing upon peace, and curſe upon contention; for, if a cat that is confined, provoked and perſecuted, turns into a lion, the Lord knows, what I, who am a man, may turn into: I therefore, ſignor ſquire, give your worſhip notice, that all the miſchief and damage which ſhall proceed from our quarrel, muſt be charged to your account." "Mighty well, replied the ſtranger, we ſhall ſee what is to be done, when God ſends us morning."

Now, a thouſand kinds of painted birds began to warble from the trees, and in their various and ſprightly notes ſeemed to welcome and ſalute the freſh and joyous morn, which already through the gates and balconies of the eaſt, diſcloſed her beauteous viſage, while from her hair diſtilled an infinite number of liquid pearls, in which delicious liquor, the herbs being bathed, ſeemed to ſprout and rain a ſhower of ſeed-pearl, upon the earth. The willows ſhed ſavoury manna, the fountains laughed, the brooks murmured, the woods rejoiced, and the meadows adorned themſelves at her approach.

But,

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But, ſcarce had the light of day rendered objects diſtinguiſhable, when the firſt thing that preſented itſelf to the eyes of Sancho Panza, was the noſe of his brother ſquire, which was ſo large as to overſhadow his whole body. It is actually ſaid to have been of exceſſive magnitude, crooked in the middle, and ſtudded all over with warts of a mulberry-colour, like the fruit called berengena; and it hung down two fingers-breadth below his mouth. The ſize, colour, warts and curvature of this feature, rendered the face ſo frightful and deformed, that Sancho no ſooner beheld it than he began to ſhake in every limb, like a child troubled with convulſions, and reſolved, in his heart, to endure two hundred buffetings, before his choler ſhould be awaked, ſo as to fight with ſuch an hobgoblin.

Don Quixote ſurveying his antagoniſt, found his vizor already down, and cloſed in ſuch a manner, as effectually concealed his face; but he perceived him to be a muſcular man, of a middling ſtature. Over his arms, he wore a looſe coat or caſſock, to all appearance of the fineſt cloth of gold, powdered with a number of ſmall moons formed of the brighteſt looking-glaſs, which had a moſt magnificent, gay and ſhewy effect. Over his helmet waved a great quantity of green, yellow and white plumes; and his lance, which leaned againſt a tree, was exceſſively long and large, armed with above an hand's breadth of pointed ſteel. All theſe particulars were obſerved and conſidered by Don Quixote, who concluded from what he ſaw and obſerved, that the ſaid knight muſt be a perſon of Herculean ſtrength. Nevertheleſs, far from being afraid, like Sancho Panza, he with the moſt gallant intrepidity, thus addreſſed himſelf to the knight of the mirrours: "I intreat you, by your courteſy, ſir knight, if your eager deſire of fighting hath not deſtroyed that quality, to lift up your beaver a little, that I may ſee, whether or not your countenance correſponds with the gallantry of your demeanour." "Signor cavalier, replied he of the looking-glaſſes, whether you are victor or vanquiſhed in this enterprize, you will have time and opportunity more than ſufficient to conſider my viſage; and my reaſon for not ſatisfying your deſire at preſent, is, that I ſhould deem it a notable injury to the beautiful Caſildea de Vandalia, to ſpend ſo much time as it would take to lift up my beaver, before I compel you to confeſs what you know I pretend to maintain." "Yet, while we mount our ſteeds, ſaid Don Quixote, you may eaſily tell me if I am that ſame Don Quixote, whom you pretend to have overcome." "To that queſtion I anſwer, ſaid he of the mirrours, that you are as like the knight I overcame, as one egg is like another; but, as you ſay, you are perſecuted by inchanters,

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chanters, I will not venture to affirm, whether or not you are the ſame perſon." " That is enough, replied Don Quixote, to convince me that you are miſtaken: nevertheleſs, to perſuade you beyond all poſſibility of doubt, let us have recourſe to our horſes, and in leſs time than you would have taken to lift your beaver, if God, my miſtreſs, and my arm avail me, I ſhall ſee your face, and you will ſee I am not that conquered Don Quixote whom you ſuppoſe me to be."

Thus breaking off the converſation, they mounted their horſes, and Don Quixote turned Rozinante, in order to take a ſufficiency of ground for returning to encounter his antagoniſt; while he of the mirrours took the ſame precaution. But, the firſt had not proceeded twenty paces, when he was called back by the other, and the two meeting again half-way, " Take notice, ſir knight, ſaid he of the looking-glaſſes, the condition of our combat is, that the conquered, as I have already obſerved, muſt be at the diſcretion of the conqueror." " I know it, anſwered Don Quixote, provided the commands impoſed upon the vanquiſhed be ſuch as do not tranſgreſs the bounds of chivalry." " So I underſtand the conditions," anſwered he of the mirrours.

At that inſtant, the ſtrange noſe of the ſquire preſented itſelf to the eyes of Don Quixote, who was no leſs aſtoniſhed than Sancho, at the ſight; inſomuch, that he took him for ſome monſter or new-faſhioned man, ſuch as are not commonly found in this world. Sancho, ſeeing his maſter ſet out, in order to take his career, would not ſtay alone with nozzle, being afraid, that one flirt of ſuch a ſnout in his face, would determine the quarrel, and lay him ſtretched along the ground, either through fear or the ſeverity of the blow: he therefore, ran after his maſter, and laying hold of one of Rozinante's ſtirrups, when he ſaw him ready to turn, " I beſeech your worſhip, dear maſter, cried he, before you turn to begin the combat, help me in climbing this cork-tree, from whence I may behold, more to my liking than from the ground, your worſhip's gallant encounter with that ſame knight." " I rather believe, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, that thy motive for clambering up, is to ſee the bull-fight from a ſcaffold, without any danger to thyſelf." " The truth is, anſwered the ſquire, the outrageous noſe of that ſquire fills me with ſuch aſtoniſhment and affright, that I dare not tarry along with him." " It is ſuch indeed, replied the knight, that were I any other than what I am, I ſhould be ſcared at it's appearance: come, therefore, and I will help thee to aſcend to the place you mention."

While Don Quixote ſtopped until Sancho ſhould get up into the cork-tree, the knight of the mirrours took as much ground as he thought neceſſary,

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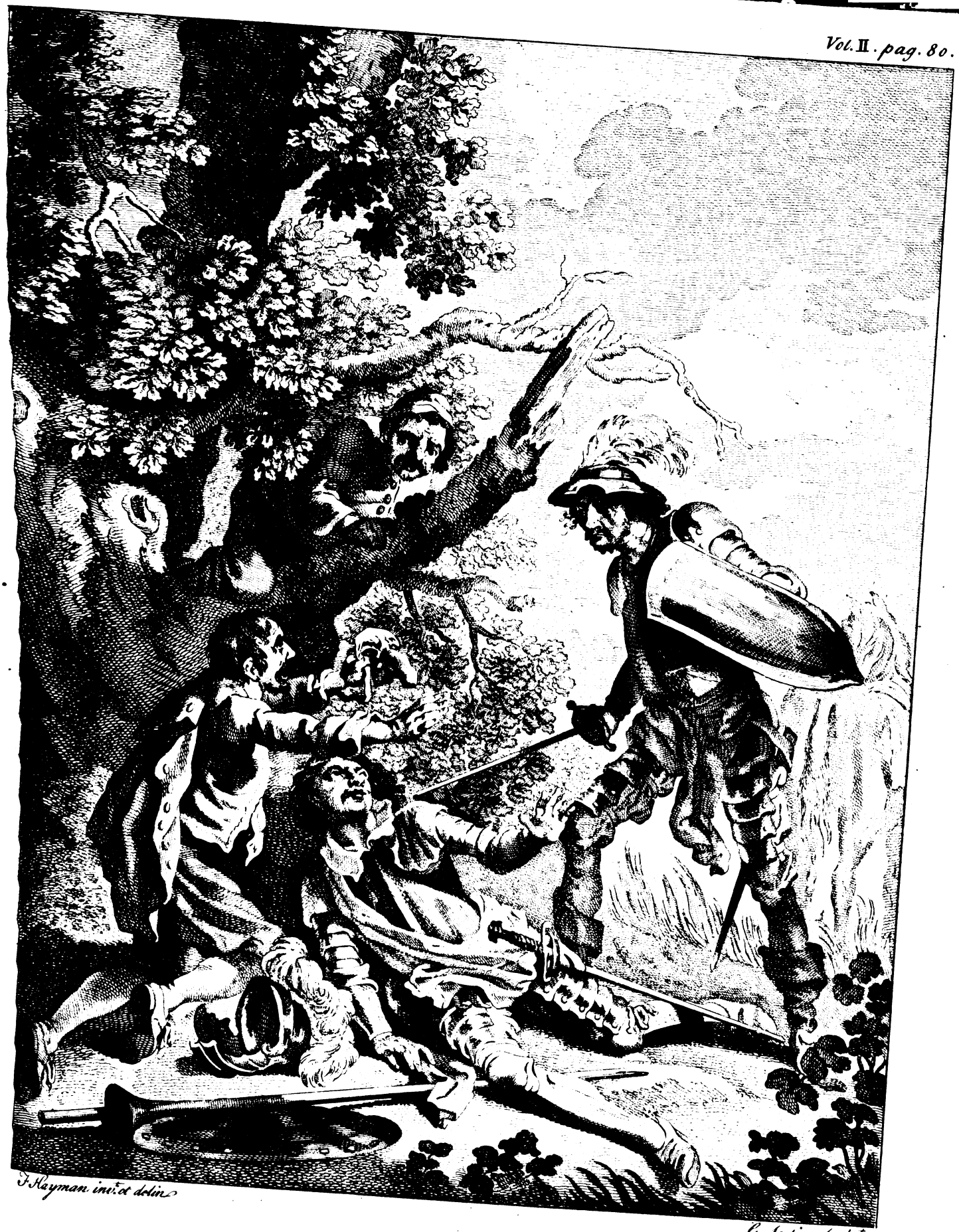
ceſſary, and imagining that Don Quixote had done the ſame, without waiting for ſound of trumpet, or other ſignal, he turned his horſe, which was not a whit ſuperior to Rozinante, either in fleetneſs or appearance, and at his full ſpeed, which was a middling trot, rode forwards to encounter his antagoniſt; but, ſeeing him buſy in the exaltation of Sancho, he pulled in the reins, and halted in the middle of his career; a circumſtance that gave infinite joy to his ſteed, which was already ſo tired, that he could not move another ſtep. Don Quixote perceiving his enemy approaching with ſuch ſpeed, drove his ſpurs ſtoutly into the meagre flanks of Rozinante, and made him ſpring forwards in ſuch a manner, that the hiſtory ſays, this was the only occaſion on which he was ever known to gallop, for at all other times his ſwifteſt pace was no other than a downright trot; and with this hitherto unſeen fury, he arrived at the ſpot where the knight of the mirrours ſat thruſting his ſpurs rowel-deep into the ſides of his horſe, without being able to move him one finger's breadth from the place where he had made his halt. In this confuſion and dilemma, Don Quixote found his antagoniſt embroiled with his horſe and embarraſſed with his lance, which, either through want of knowledge or of time, he had not as yet fixed in the reſt. Our Manchegan, who never minded theſe incumbrances, ſafely and without the leaſt danger to his own perſon, encountered him of the mirrours with ſuch vigour, as to bring him, very much againſt his inclination, to the ground, over the crupper of his horſe, with ſuch a fall, that he lay without ſenſe or motion, to all appearance bereft of life.

Sancho, no ſooner ſaw him unhorſed, than ſliding down from the cork-tree, he ran to his maſter, who having alighted from Rozinante, ſtood over the knight of the mirrours, untying his helmet, in order to ſee, whether or not he was actually dead, and to give him air, in caſe he ſhould be alive. Then it was, he ſaw—who can relate what he ſaw, without creating admiration, wonder and affright in thoſe who hear it? He ſaw, ſays the hiſtory, the very face, the very figure, the very aſpect, the very phyſiognomy, the very effigies, the very perſpective of the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco; and this he no ſooner beheld, than raiſing his voice, he cried, "Come hither Sancho, and behold what thou ſhalt ſee, but not believe; quick, my child, and contemplate the power of magic: here thou wilt ſee what thoſe wizzards and inchanters can do." Sancho accordingly approached, and ſeeing the face of batchelor Carraſco, began to croſs and bleſs himſelf a thouſand times.

Mean while, the overthrown knight, giving no ſigns of life, Sancho ſaid to Don Quixote, "In my opinion, maſter, right or wrong, your worſhip



J. Rayman. inv.t et delin.

G. Scotin Sculp.t

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worſhip ſhould thruſt your ſword through the jaws of this miſcreant, who ſeems to be the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, and in him, perhaps, you may ſlay one of thoſe enchanters who are your enemies." "That is no bad advice, ſaid the knight; for, the fewer enemies the better." And ſo ſaying, he drew his ſword, in order to put in execution the advice and counſel of Sancho, when the ſquire belonging to the knight of the mirrours, came up without his frightful noſe, and cried aloud, "Take care what you do, ſignor Don Quixote; he who lies at your feet is your friend the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, and I am his ſquire."

Sancho ſeeing him, without his original deformity, "And the noſe?" ſaid he. "I have it here," replied the other, who putting his hand in his right ſide pocket, pulled out a paſte-board noſe, covered with varniſh, ſuch as we have already deſcribed. Sancho, having conſidered him more and more attentively, broke out into a loud exclamation of wonder, crying, "Bleſſed virgin watch over me! Sure this is not my neighbour and goſſip Tommy Cecial?" "The very ſame, (anſwered the unſnouted ſquire) Tummas Cecial I am, your own friend and goſſip, Sancho Panza, and I will preſently tell you by what round-about conduits, tricks and miſchievous ſtories I have been brought hither; in the mean time, ſupplicate and beſeech your maſter's worſhip, not to treat, maltreat, wound or ſlay the knight of the looking-glaſſes, who now lies at his feet; for, without all doubt, he is no other than our townſman, the inconſiderate and ill-adviſed batchelor Sampſon Carraſco."

About this time, the knight of the mirrours came to himſelf, and Don Quixote perceiving he had recovered the uſe of his ſenſes, clapped the point of his naked ſword to his throat, ſaying, "Knight, you are a dead man, if you do not inſtantly confeſs that the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo excels your Caſildea de Vandalia, in beauty; and in the next place, you muſt promiſe, (provided you eſcape with life from this contention and overthrow) to go to the city of Toboſo, and preſent yourſelf before her, in my name, that ſhe may diſpoſe of you according to her good pleaſure; and if ſhe leaves you at your own diſpoſal, you ſhall return in queſt of me; for, the tract of my exploits will ſerve as a guide to conduct you to the place where I ſhall be, and give me an account of what hath paſſed between you; theſe conditions being conformable to what we agreed upon before the combat, and not deviating from the cuſtoms of knight-errantry." "I confeſs, ſaid the vanquiſhed knight, that the clouted dirty ſhoe of the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, excels the diſhevelled, tho' ſhining locks of Caſildea; I promiſe to go and return from her to your preſence, and give you a full and particular detail of what you demand." "You

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muſt, in like manner, confeſs, and believe, added Don Quixote, that the knight whom you overcame neither was, nor could be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but ſome other who reſembled him; as I confeſs and believe, that although you appear to be the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, you are not really he, but another cloathed in his appearance, with which my enemies have inveſted you, in order to arreſt my arm, and reſtrain the impetuoſity of my rage, ſo as that I may bear the glory of my conqueſt with moderation." "I confeſs, judge and perceive in all reſpects, as you believe, judge and perceive, anſwered the diſcomfited knight; and I beſeech you allow me to riſe, if the ſeverity of my fall, which hath put me in a miſerable plight, will permit me to get up."

He was accordingly aſſiſted in riſing, by Don Quixote and his own ſquire Tommy Cecial, from whoſe perſon Sancho could not withdraw his eyes, while he aſked a thouſand queſtions; the anſwers to which manifeſtly ſhewed, that he was really and truly the individual Tommy Cecial, whom he pretended to be: but, the apprehenſion which Sancho had conceived, from what his maſter ſaid touching the enchanters, who had metamorphoſed the knight of the mirrours into the batchelor Carraſco, hindered him from giving credit to the truth of what he ſaw with his own eyes. Finally, both maſter and man remained under the influence of that deception, while he of the mirrours, with his ſquire, in exceeding bad humour and evil plight, took his leave of Don Quixote and Sancho, to go in queſt of ſome place where he might beplaiſter and beſplinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to the proſecution of their journey, in which the hiſtory leaves them, to explain the myſtery of the knight of the looking-glaſſes, and his ſnouted ſquire.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XV.

Which gives an account and information of the knight of the mirrours, and his ſquire.

DON Quixote went on his way rejoicing; he gloried, he triumphed in the importance of his conqueſt, imagining the knight of the mirrours to be the moſt redoubtable of all knights that had yet ever appeared; and what afforded him likewiſe great matter of comfort was, that this knight, having engaged himſelf by the ties of honour, from which he could not deviate, without forfeiting his title to the order, he conceived hopes of hearing ſoon from Dulcinea, and of being certainly informed whether the enchantment of that princeſs ſtill continued; tho' indeed, it happened, that he and the knight of the mirrours thought, at that time, differently upon this ſubject; inaſmuch as the latter was ſolely intent upon thinking how he ſhould repair the damage done to his carcaſe.

And here the hiſtorian informs his readers, that when Sampſon Carraſco adviſed Don Quixote to reſume the profeſſion of knight-errantry, it was in conſequence of mature conſultation between him, the curate, and the barber, when they deliberated upon the means of keeping him in peace and quiet at home, ſo that his brains, for the future, ſhould not be diſturbed in purſuit of thoſe wild extravagancies; the reſult of which was, that the only way to cure the frenzy of this unhappy man, was at preſent not to check his ungovernable obſtinacy, but, to humour it, and encourage him to go out again, as they ſaw it was impoſſible to prevent him; that Sampſon ſhould arm himſelf, and take an opportunity of meeting and challenging him, as a knight-errant; that he ſhould ſettle the terms with him; that the vanquiſhed ſhould be at the diſpoſal of the conqueror; that, in conſequence of this agreement, Don Quixote, when overcome, (which they looked upon as a matter of little doubt or difficulty) ſhould be ordered to return home, and not to paſs the bounds of his own village, for the ſpace of two years, without the good-will and permiſſion of the other; that no doubt this he would religiouſly comply with, as not daring to violate the laws of the order; and that there might be hopes, he would either in that ſpace of time, be naturally cured of thoſe extravagant follies, or they might find out ſome method of diverting his mind from the farther purſuit of them. Carraſco undertook the affair very readily; and this Thomas Cecial, an intimate

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friend and companion of Sancho, and a queer ſort of fellow, proffered his ſervice to go upon the expedition, in the quality of ſquire. Sampſon got himſelf accoutred in the manner you have read, and Cecial appeared in the terrors of that tremendous paſte-board noſe, to diſguiſe himſelf from Sancho; and being thus equipped, they followed him ſo cloſe, that they were very near coming up with him at the adventure of the waggon of death; they met him however in the wood, where enſued what the attentive reader muſt already be acquainted with; and where, had it not been for Don Quixote's heated imagination, which hurried him into the belief that the batchelor was not the batchelor, ſignor Sampſon Carraſco would have been effectually ſtopped in the progreſs of his univerſity degrees, and would not even have found a neſt where he expected a flight of ſparrows.

Thomas Cecial, finding the unhappy ſucceſs that attended their undertaking; ſaid, "Mr. Carraſco, I cannot in my conſcience ſee why we ought to complain; it is one thing to undertake, but another thing to finiſh: we looked upon Don Quixote as mad, and ourſelves as hugely wiſe; but, behold the end! we take our march back again, both from a fool's errand, and you moſt handſomely drubbed to boot, while he purſues his journey in ſafety and triumph: and I ſhould really be curious to know which is the greateſt fool, he who is made ſo by nature, or he who makes himſelf one?" "There is this difference, replied the batchelor, between a natural and a wilful fool, that the former will always remain ſo, the latter may ceaſe to be ſo when he has a-mind." "As that is the caſe, ſaid Thomas, I think I have been a monſtrous fool in coming here to attend you as your ſquire; and therefore, that I may be ſo no longer, I will this inſtant hie me to my own habitation." "In that particular, you may do what ſeems good unto you, replied Sampſon, but, as for me, I ſee not the place of my dwelling, until I ſhall have taken bodily vengeance upon Don Quixote: 'tis not now from motives of charity or benevolence; no, 'tis revenge, and the anguiſh of my ribs, that prompt me to perſevere in attempting the work of his reformation."

They entertained one another in this manner, till they came to a village, where they had the good fortune to meet a bone-ſetter, who put the batchelor's ribs ſomewhat to rights; and Cecial took the route for his own village, leaving Carraſco deep in his meditations, projecting ſchemes of revenge. In due time, the hiſtory will again mention him, but, at preſent, let us ſhare with Don Quixote in the tranſports of his joy.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVI.

What happened to Don Quixote, with a grave gentleman of La Mancha.

DON Quixote, as we have obſerved, went on his way, glorying in his ſucceſs. From that day, he dated himſelf the moſt renowned and moſt invincible of all knights that had ever yet gone thro' a courſe of labours on this our earth: he looked upon all dangers, all difficulties that poſſibly could come in his way, as already vanquiſhed, already overcome: he now valued not a ruſh the machinations of the moſt powerful enchanters. The very traces of former misfortunes, thoſe drubbings out of number he had undergone, in diſcharging the functions of knighthood, were now quite obliterated from his memory. He thought no more of the ſhower of ſtones which had ſo ſorely afflicted his jaw-bones, nor the mortifying ingratitude of the gally-ſlaves; nor did he think any more of the pack-ſtaves of the Yangueſian carriers, who had the hardineſs to make his ſides reſound like the duſting of a carpet: in ſhort, the idea he conceived of his own felicity was ſo great, that could I, ſaid he to himſelf, but accompliſh the great point of liberating my celeſtial princeſs from the power of enchantment, I ſhould not envy the glory that ever was or will be purchaſed by any knight in the univerſe.

He was loſt in theſe reveries, when Sancho interrupted him, "You will hardly, Sir, believe what a fool I am, but, it is an actual truth, that I cannot keep myſelf from thinking on that horrid and unmeaſureable noſe of my neighbour Tom Cecial?" "And doſt thou really believe, replied the other, that the knight of the mirrours was Sampſon Carraſco; and that thy old companion, Thomas Cecial, was his ſquire?" "As to that affair, I can ſay nothing to it, anſwer'd Sancho, only one thing I am poſitive in, that no one but himſelf could have given me ſuch an account of my houſe, my wife and my children; and as to his face, when that noſe was ſlipt off, it was the very individual face of Thomas Cecial, juſt as I have beheld it many a time, when we were next door neighbours in our village: and as for his voice, I will take my oath, it is the ſame to a tittle." "Come, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, let us reaſon cooly upon this head: what probability is there, that Sampſon Carraſco ſhould come, as a knight-errant, armed cap-a-pee, to offer me combat? Am I his enemy, or did I ever give him occaſion to bear reſentment againſt me? Do you imagine I am his rival, or that he has entered into the profeſſion of chivalry, as envying

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vying the glory I have acquir'd by arms." "But, then, Sir, anſwer'd Sancho, what account can we give of the reſemblance of that ſame knight and his ſquire to Sampſon Carraſco, and my old friend Thomas Cecial? And if it be enchantment, as your honour ſays, were there no other two in the world but them, whoſe likeneſs they could aſſume?" "It is all deſign, anſwered the other, and the contrivance of thoſe curſed enchanters who perſecute me, who eaſily foreſeeing I ſhould be victorious in the combat, changed the form of their vanquiſhed knight into that of the batchelor, that the friendſhip I have for him might check the fury of my ſword, and ſhield him againſt the effects of my juſt indignation; and by that means ſave the life of him who, by treachery and artifice, had attempted to take away mine. But, what further proof need there be of the power of thoſe enchanters, to change the appearance of human countenances, the fair into the deformed, and the deformed into the fair, than what thou thyſelf haſt lately found by certain experience? Thou, who not two days ſince, beheld the peerleſs Dulcinea, in all the charms and luſtre of perfect beauty, while at the ſame time ſhe appeared to me an ugly ruſtic wench, with blear'd eyes, and ſtinking breath: and doubtleſs, if the wicked magician could effect ſuch a diabolic enchantment as that, it is not to be wondered at, if he did the like by Carraſco and Thomas Cecial, to rob me of the glory of my victory: however, this is my conſolation, that the proweſs of my arm hath prevailed againſt my enemy, whatever ſhape he has aſſum'd." "It is God alone who knows the truth of all things," anſwered Sancho, who well knowing, that the transformation of Dulcinea was the effect of his own enchantments, upon that account was not quite convinced by his maſter's arguments, but durſt not mutter the leaſt word, leſt ſomething ſhould have dropped from him, by which he might have betrayed himſelf.

While they were diſcourſing in this manner, a gentleman, mounted in the jockey-faſhion, on a fine flea-bitten mare, came up with them, dreſſed in a riding-coat of fine green cloth, faced with murry-coloured velvet, and a hunting-cap of the ſame; his furniture of a piece, murry-coloured and green: he had a belt of green and gold, at which hung a Mooriſh ſcymitar, and his buſkins were wrought in the ſame manner: his ſpurs were not gilt, but ſo finely varniſhed with green, that as they were more of a piece with the reſt of his dreſs, they looked better than if they had been pure gold. When this gentleman overtook them, he ſaluted them with great politeneſs, and was ſpurring on, in order to paſs them, when Don Quixote calling to him, ſaid, "Signor, if you are not in haſte, and are going this way, I ſhould be exceeding glad to join company with you."

"Sir,

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"Sir, anſwered the other, I ſhould not have been in ſuch haſte to paſs you, but was afraid your horſe might be unruly, in the company of my mare." "If that be all, anſwered Sancho, you may ſtop your mare when you pleaſe, with great ſafety; ours is the moſt ſober and moſt diſcreet horſe in the world, and has more breeding than ever to let his naughtineſs get the better of him, upon ſuch occaſions, and never tranſgreſſed in this particular but once, and then my maſter and I both ſuffered ſeverely in the fleſh for it: I ſay once more, your worſhip may ſtop; for, if your mare was ſerved up in a diſh, our ſteed would not ſo much as ſmell to her." Upon this aſſurance, the gentleman ſtop'd, and look'd with amazement at the air and appearance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which hung like a wallet before Sancho, at the pummel of his aſs's pannel: and, on the other hand, Don Quixote beheld him with no leſs attention, conceiving him to be ſome perſon of figure and diſtinction. The traveller ſeem'd to be a man about fifty; he had ſome, tho' few grey hairs; his features were ſharp, and in his looks appeared neither levity nor moroſeneſs: in ſhort, his appearance beſpoke him a man of conſequence. He looked with a kind of aſtoniſhment at Don Quixote, as having never beheld ſuch a phœnomenon before; the lankneſs of the horſe, and the tall ſtature of the perſon that rode him, the ſepulchral meagerneſs of his aſpect, his ſolemn gravity, the ſtrangeneſs of his armour, all together forming ſuch a compoſition as perhaps had never before been ſeen in that country.

Don Quixote obſerved with what attention the traveller conſidered him, and by the ſurprize he ſaw him in, gueſſing what he wanted to know, as he was himſelf the very flower of civility, and of exceſſive complaiſance, he was reſolved to be before hand with him, and ſave him the trouble of aſking any queſtion: "Signor, ſaid he, I am not at all ſurpriſed to find, that with amazement you contemplate this my appearance, ſo new to you, and ſo different from that of other mortals; but, your wonder will ceaſe, when I have told you that I am of the fraternity of thoſe knights whom people diſtinguiſh by the title of adventure-hunters. I have left my native home, mortgaged my all, bid adieu to eaſe and pleaſure, and caſt myſelf upon fortune, to diſpoſe of me as ſhe ſhall think proper; my deſign being to awaken the loſt and decayed ſpirit of knight-errantry: it is now ſome time ſince I entered upon the reſolution of accompliſhing this aim, during which period, I have ſuffered a variety of fortune, toſſed about from one adventure to another, ſometimes triumphant, at other times not ſo ſucceſsful, until I have in a great meaſure fulfil'd my deſign, having relieved many diſconſolate widows, afforded protection to many diſtreſſed damſels, and been of aid and aſſiſtance to divers married women

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men and fatherleſs children, the true duty and intent of our order; ſo that, by numberleſs exploits becoming a chriſtian hero, I am now celebrated in print through almoſt all the nations of the habitable globe. Thirty thouſand copies of my renowned hiſtory are already in the hands of the public, and, if heaven does not think proper to put a ſtop to it, in all likelihood, there will be a thouſand times as many more. In one word, Sir, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwiſe ſtiled the knight of the rueful countenance; and tho' I own it is illiberal to ſound one's own praiſes, yet am I ſometimes obliged to do it; but then, never unleſs when no one is by to do it for me; ſo that, ſignor, after what I have told you, neither my lance nor my ſhield, my horſe nor my ſquire, the wanneſs of my countenance, nor the lankneſs of my perſon, and all my whole compoſition together, ought any more to affect you with ſurprize, ſince you know the profeſſion I am of, and the order I belong to."

There Don Quixote ſtoped to give the traveller an opportunity of reply; but, he was ſo long before he opened his mouth, that it ſeemed as if he could make no anſwer; however, after a long pauſe, "Sir knight, ſaid he, you was not miſtaken, when, by the ſurprize you ſaw me in, you gueſſed the deſire I had to be informed; but, I am ſtill as much ſurpriſed as ever, and tho' what you ſay may be right, that my knowing who you are ought to have made my wonder ceaſe, it is yet far from having that effect upon me: can it be poſſible, that there are indeed now in the world knights-errant really exiſting, and that there are publiſhed accounts of real adventures? I ſhould never have once dreamed that there was ſuch a thing upon earth as any one who aſſiſted married women and orphans, relieved widows, and protected damſels, if I had not had this opportunity of being convinced by now ſeeing you; and heaven be praiſed, that this noble hiſtory of your real and glorious atchievements is in print, as it muſt efface and diſcredit thoſe numberleſs romances about knights-errant, who never had being, and with which the world was ſo peſtered and abuſed, to the apparent corruption of the mind of the readers, and the diſcredit of real and true hiſtory." "As to that circumſtance, Sir, there is much to be ſaid, and you muſt not be too raſh in believing, that the hiſtories of knight-errantry are all fable." "Is there any one, anſwered the traveller, who makes a doubt of it?" "I do, for one, anſwered Don Quixote; but, we will drop that ſubject for the preſent, as I doubt not but if we continue any time travelling together, I ſhall be able, by the bleſſing of God, to convince you of your error, and to ſhew you that you are prejudiced only by the number of thoſe who have entertained a notion, that ſuch accounts are fictitious."

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Theſe laſt words of Don Quixote gave the gentleman in green a ſuſpicious idea of his underſtanding; he had a notion that he muſt be diſordered in his ſenſes, and was expecting ſome other proof of it; but, without entering into farther diſcourſe, Don Quixote deſired his companion to let him know who he was, as he himſelf had given an account of his life and ſituation. To which requeſt the gentleman replied, "Sir knight of the rueful countenance, I am a gentleman born in a village where, if it pleaſes God, we ſhall all dine to-day; my fortune is better than moderate, and my name Don Diego de Miranda. I paſs my time chearfully, with my wife, my children, and my friends; my uſual diverſions are fiſhing and hunting, but, I neither keep hounds nor hawks, all I have are ſome decoy-partridges, and a good ferret. My library conſiſts of about ſome ſix dozen of Spaniſh and Latin books; ſome are books of hiſtory, others of piety, for, as to books of chivalry, I have not yet allowed them to come under my roof; I am more inclined to the reading of profane than religious authors, if the ſubjects they treat of are of an innocent nature, if the ſtile is engaging, and the incidents affecting and ſurprizing; but, indeed, Spain produces mighty few performances of this ſort. I live in terms of good neighbourhood with all about me; ſometimes I go to their houſes, ſometimes I invite them to mine; my table is neat and clean, and ſufficiently affluent, without extravagance. I ſlander no one, nor do I allow backbiters to come near me; my eyes pry not into the actions of other men, nor have I any impertinent curioſity to know the ſecrets of their lives. I go to maſs every day, and the poor man partakes of my ſubſtance; I have no oſtentation in the good I do; I defend myſelf againſt the attacks of hypocriſy and vain-glory, well knowing, that the beſt fortified heart is hardly proof againſt thoſe ſly deceivers. As far as I have an opportunity, I am a reconciler of differences among my neighbours: I particularly pay my devotions to the bleſſed mother, and have an entire dependance on the mercies of God our Saviour."

Sancho had liſtened with uncommon attention to what the gentleman in green, ſaid; and this diſcourſe ſeemed to him of ſuch exalted piety and virtue, that he immediately conceived ſuch a man muſt be endowed with the power of working miracles; fully perſuaded of this ſuppoſition, he threw himſelf off his aſs, ran up to the gentleman, ſeized his right ſtirrup, and with a heart overflowing with devotion, and eyes full of tears, fell a kiſſing his feet. Which humility, when the traveller perceived, "What is the matter, friend, ſaid he, what is the meaning of theſe embraces?" "Pray let me alone, ſaid Sancho, for in my life before, excepting your worſhip, did I never know a ſaint mounted on horſeback." "I have

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no title to be thought ſo, anſwered the gentleman; on the contrary, I am a miſerable ſinner; but, the ſimplicity of your behaviour, my friend, ſhews, that you yourſelf muſt be a very good man." Upon this declaration, Sancho quitted him, and again remounted Dapple, having by his behaviour unbended the ſolemn gravity of his maſter into a ſmile, and encreaſed the wonder of Don Diego.

Don Quixote then made enquiry into the number of children he had, informing him at the ſame time, that the ancient ſages, who were not enlightened with the knowledge of the true God, reckoned thoſe gifts of fortune and nature, abundance of friends and encreaſe of dutiful children, as conſtituting part of the ſupreme happineſs. " Sir, anſwered Don Diego, I have one ſon, and if I had none, ſhould, peradventure, think myſelf happier than I am; not that he is very bad, but becauſe he does not come up to what I would wiſh him to be. He is now eighteen years of age, ſix of which he has ſpent at Salamanca, ſtudying Greek and Latin, and when I would have had him apply to ſomething elſe, I found him ſo dipt in poetry, if that deſerves the name of ſcience, that I could not prevail upon him to take to the ſtudy of the law, which was what I wanted he ſhould do; nor, would he apply to divinity, the firſt and nobleſt of all ſciences. I was deſirous to make him the honour and ornament of his family, as we live in an age, and under a monarch, where uſeful and virtuous learning is ſo amply recompenſed; for, what is learning without virtue? No better than pearls on a dunghill. He will ſpend whole days in examining whether ſuch a verſe in Homer's Iliad be expreſſed with propriety, whether ſuch an epigram of Martial is to be conſtrued into a lewd ſenſe or not, and whether ſuch a verſe in Virgil will bear this or that meaning. In a word, theſe authors, with Horace, Perſius, Juvenal, and Tibullus, engroſs the whole of his time and converſation. As to the modern authors of his own country, he ſeems to have no great reliſh for them, though, notwithſtanding his ſeeming diſregard, he is now buſied in making a kind of commentary upon four verſes, which, I believe, are deſigned as a ſubject for a prize in the ſchools."

To this information, the other anſwered, " Sir, children are to be conſidered as part of the bowels of the parents, and be they good or bad, we muſt treat them as ſuch, and cheriſh them accordingly. It is incumbent upon parents, to lead them betimes into the paths of decency and virtue, to inſtil into them ſound principles, and train them up in chriſtian diſcipline, that by theſe means they may be the ſtay of their declining years, and an honour to their own deſcendants. I am not againſt

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uſing perſuaſion to encline them either to the ſtudy of this or that ſcience, but, look upon uſing force as altogether unwarrantable; more eſpecially when the young gentleman does not ſtudy in view of getting his livelihood, he being ſo fortunate as to have that ſecured by inheritance; then I think he ſhould be indulged in purſuing whatever his genius or inclination moſtly prompts him to; and though in poetry, there is more pleaſure than utility, it generally does honour to the perſon who has a vein for it. I liken poetry to a young, tender, and beautiful virgin, whom many other virgins, that is, all the other ſciences, are aſſiduous to ornament, enrich and embelliſh; now, as ſhe makes uſe of them all, ſo likewiſe does ſhe reflect a luſtre upon them all. But then, this tender virgin is not to be handled roughly, ſhe is not to be dragged thro' the ſtreets, expoſed in public places, or ſtand as a proſtitute at the gates of palaces. She is a kind of alchemy of ſuch rare virtue, that whoever knows the nature of her compoſition may change her into pure gold of ineſtimable valûe; whoever would keep her, muſt narrowly look after her; ſhe muſt not be indulged in the indecency of obſcene ſatyr, nor allowed to run into inſipid ſonnets. And though ſhe may enjoy the profits ariſing from heroic poetry, weeping tragedy, or laughing comedy, yet the muſe muſt not be venal; no buffoons muſt have any thing to do with her, and ſhe muſt be kept ſacred from the unhallowed multitude, who neither know nor eſteem thoſe hidden treaſures ſhe carries about her. And think not that by the multitude, I only mean the common rank of men; no, under that claſs I number all who are ſtrangers to real knowledge, be they peers or be they princes. But, whoever is poſſeſſed of theſe qualifications I have been mentioning, and with them, attempts the ſtudy and execution of poetry, I ſay, his name will be famous, and held in veneration, wherever politeneſs extends its influence. As to what you ſay of your ſon's not eſteeming the poetry of his own country, I don't think he is quite right in that opinion, and for this reaſon: the mighty Homer did not write in Latin, becauſe he was a Greek; nor Virgil in Greek, for the ſame reaſon that he was a Roman; and in general, every one of the ancient poets wrote in the language of his own country, and did not ſeek for another to clothe the majeſty of his ideas. As this is the caſe, I think it ſhould be a prevailing maxim in all countries; nor ſhould we undervalue the German poet for writing in his own language, nor the Caſtilian, nor even the Biſcayan, for writing in his; but, perhaps, your ſon does not diſlike Spaniſh poetry, but Spaniſh poets, as being deſtitute of the knowledge of other languages or ſciences, that might contribute to cultivate, aſſiſt and enliven their own natural genius;

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and even this prejudice may be carried too far; for, the maxim, that a poet is born with his talent, is certainly juſt; that is, a real poet comes forth a poet into the world, and with this natural endowment implanted in him by his Creator, produces, without the help of ſtudy or cultivation, ſuch things as verify that of the poets when they ſay, Eſt Deus in nobis. And one ſo born a poet, if he cultivates his genius by the aſſiſtance of art, muſt be much better, nay, greatly preferable to him who, without natural fire, attains only to the knowledge of the rules alone; for, it is obvious, that as art does not exceed nature, but, ſerves to poliſh and bring it to perfection; ſo art aſſiſting nature, and nature ſo aſſiſted by art, form the accompliſhed poet. To conclude, ſir, my advice is, that your ſon ſhould be allowed to follow the bent of his own inclination, and, as he muſt be already an exceeding good ſcholar, having maſtered the learned languages, which may be looked upon as having mounted the firſt ſteps in his progreſs to the ſeat of the ſciences, by the aſſiſtance of that knowledge he will be able, without more help, to climb to the top of human literature, which as much adorns and ſets off a gentleman as a mitre does a biſhop, or the long robe the counſel learned in the law. If you find him writing ſatires injurious to private characters, burn his works and rebuke him; but, if he compoſes diſcourſes, that comprehend for their ſubject of ſatire, vice in general, as Horace did with ſo much elegance, then commend him; for, though it be unlawful to mark and ſingle out particular perſons, it is allowable to write againſt particular vices; for example, to write againſt envy, or to laſh the envious, and ſo of others. Here are ſome poets indeed, who, rather than baulk their fancy of ſaying a ſmart thing, will riſque being ſent to the iſles of Pontus. As the manners, ſo will the verſes be; if the former are chaſte the latter will be ſo likewiſe; writing is the interpreter of the mind, which will always produce what is conſonant to its own native conceptions; and when kings, and the great men of the earth, once ſee this wonderful gift of poetry employed on ſubjects of wiſdom, virtue and dignity, they beſtow marks of honour, eſteem and munificence upon the poet, they crown him from the leaves of that tree, which is proof againſt the glancing thunderbolt, emblematically denoting, that ſuch as wear that crown ought to be ſecure againſt all hurt or offence."

The traveller wondered ſo much at Don Quixote's diſcourſe, that he began to be ſtagger'd in his mind, whether he was a madman or not. But, as this converſation did not altogether hit Sancho's taſte, he had, in the midſt of it, gone out of the road, to beg a little milk of ſome ſhep-

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ſhepherds who were milking ewes hard by, and the gentleman in green, who ſeemed very fond of the good ſenſe and ingenious converſation of Don Quixote, was going to renew their dialogue, when the Don, ſuddenly lifting up his eyes, ſaw a carriage with the king's colours meeting them upon the road, and taking this for ſome new adventure, called to Sancho to bring his helmet. Sancho, hearing the voice of his maſter, left the ſhepherd in great hurry, and mounting Dapple, arrived where Don Quixote was, to whom there happened a very terrible and tremendous adventure.

CHAP. XVII.

Which ſets before the reader that higheſt and moſt exalted pinnacle, which the incredible magnanimity of Don Quixote ever did, or ever could arrive at, with the happy iſſue of the adventure of the lions.

THE hiſtory then proceeds to inform us, that when Don Quixote called out upon Sancho to bring him his helmet, he, Sancho, was deep in bargain with the ſhepherds about ſome curds; and finding himſelf called off in ſuch violent haſte by his maſter, was at a prodigious loſs what to do with them, for he had paid for them, and could not bear the thoughts of loſing his purchaſe; in this extremity he had recourſe to his maſter's helmet, in which he ſafely ſtowed them, and hugging himſelf in this lucky thought, away he trotted to receive the commands of his lord and maſter, who deſired him to deliver his helmet; "For, ſaid he, if I know aught of adventures, that which I deſcry yonder will prove ſuch a one as will oblige me to have recourſe to arms."

Don Diego, upon hearing this declaration, looked about him every where, but, could diſcover nothing except a carriage coming towards them, with two or three flying flags, by which he gueſſed the carriage might be loaded with ſome of the king's money, and mentioned this obſervation to Don Quixote, who minded not what he ſaid, his brain wandering ſo upon adventures, that every thing muſt be one, and nothing but a ſeries of one adventure upon the back of another; he therefore anſwered the gentleman to this effect: "Sir, forewarned and forearmed is half the day; I am not now to learn that I have enemies of all kinds, viſible and inviſible; neither know I the time, the place, the hour, nor under what appearance they will attack me." With theſe words turning about, he demanded his helmet of Sancho, who not having time to diſengage the curds from it, was obliged to deliver it, with that lining

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in the inſide to his maſter, who took it, and without farther examination, clapped it in a great hurry upon his head, which preſſing and ſqueezing the curds, the whey began to ooze down his beard; and this circumſtance ſo ſtartled him, that he called out to Sancho, "What can this mean; is my ſkull ſoftening or my brains melting, or do I ſweat from head to foot? Surely, this I can ſay, that if I do ſweat, it is not through fear, though I am fully perſuaded this will prove a moſt terrible adventure. If you have got any thing, let me have it to wipe me, for this deluge of ſweat blinds my eyes." Sancho replied not, but gave him a cloth, and with it ſent up his thanks to the Almighty, that his maſter had not found out what it was. Don Quixote, after rubbing himſelf, took off his helmet, to ſee what it was ſat ſo cool upon his head, and, perceiving ſomething white and clotted, put it to his noſe and ſnuffed at it: "By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, cried he, thou haſt put curds into my helmet, thou traitor, thou ill-bred ſquire!" To which apoſtrophe, Sancho anſwered with great unconcern and tranquillity, "If they are curds let me have them to eat, but, the devil ought rather to eat them, for, I am ſure it muſt be he who put them there. I offer to defile your worſhip's helmet! in good troth, I can perceive, by the help of that underſtanding God has given me, that I am not without my enchanters too, who are at me, as a ſort of member and limb of your worſhip; and I'll be ſworn, have put that naſtineſs there, to inſtigate your worſhip to wrath againſt me, and ſtir up your worſhip to anoint my ribs in the manner your worſhip was wont to do. But, this time, they have miſſed their aim, I trow, as I can depend upon the juſt ſentence of my maſter, who will eaſily weigh with himſelf, that I had neither curds, cream, nor any ſuch ſtuff; and that if I had, it was more likely I ſhould have crammed them into my own guts than put them into his worſhip's helmet." "All this is poſſible;" cried Don Quixote: and all this the other gentleman ſaw, and ſaw with aſtoniſhment, more eſpecially, when our hero, after having clean'd his head, beard, chops, and helmet, clap'd the latter upon his ſkull, and fixing himſelf in his ſeat, tried whether or not his ſword could be eaſily drawn; then graſping his ſpear, "Now, cried he, happen what will happen, here am I determined for the combat, ſhould the prince of the evil ſpirits ſet himſelf in battle array againſt me."

By this time, the carriage with the ſtreamers was come up, attended only by the driver (who rode one of the mules) and a man who ſat upon the fore-part of it. Don Quixote wedged himſelf directly in their way, and called out, "Whether, my brethren, are you bound? what carriage is this?

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this? what does it contain? what enſigns are thoſe diſplay'd?" To which interrogations, the waggoner replied, "The carriage itſelf belongs to me, and within are two ſavage lions, which the general of Oran ſends to court to his majeſty; the ſtreamers are the enſigns of our lord the king, to ſhew that what is here contained belongs to the crown." "Are theſe lions large?" anſwered Don Quixote. "So large, replied the man, who ſat upon the fore-part of the waggon, that lions of a more monſtrous ſize never came from Barbary into this kingdom. I am their keeper, and have had ſeveral under my charge before now, but never any ſo big as they; there is a male and a female, the he is in the firſt cage, and the female in the other; they are now ravenous with hunger, having had no food to-day, and therefore I muſt entreat you to get out of the way, as we muſt make haſte to the place where they are to be fed." To which intreaty, Don Quixote anſwer'd with half a ſmile, "What are your lion whelps to me, and at this time of day too! are lion whelps brought againſt me! I'll make thoſe who ſent them hither, yes—by the holy God! I'll make them ſee whether I am a man to be ſcared by lions. Come, honeſt friend, get off, and as you are their keeper, open the cages and turn them out; for, in the midſt of this plain, will I make the ſavage beaſts of the wilderneſs know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in defiance of the enchanters who have ſent them againſt me."

"A ha! ſaid Don Diego to himſelf, I think our knight of the rueful countenance has now given us a pretty inconteſtable ſample of what he is, theſe curds have certainly ſoaked his ſkull, and ſuppurated his brains." Then Sancho came up to Diego, and ſaid, "For God's ſake, ſir, take care that my maſter's worſhip does not encounter theſe lions, or belike, we ſhall all of us be tore to pieces." "What, anſwered he, is your maſter then really ſo much out of his wits, that you believe and dread he will engage theſe ſavage monſters?" "He is not out of his wits, replied Sancho, but prodigious bold."

"I'll make him give over," anſwered the other: and going up to Don Quixote, who was praying the keeper to open the cages, he ſaid, "Sir, gentlemen of the order of knights-errant, ought to go upon adventures that have a probability of ſucceſs, not ſuch as are quite deſperate; for, that courage which is almoſt temerity, ſavours rather of madneſs than true fortitude. Beſides, theſe lions do not come with any hoſtile deſign againſt you; no, they think of nothing leſs; they are going to be preſented to the king, and as they are on their way to court, I think they ſhould not be ſtopped in their journey." "Pray, good ſir, ſaid Don Quixote, if you will pleaſe to get away from hence, and go mind-

mind your ferrets and decoy-partridges, do, and leave every one to mind his own buſineſs; this is my buſineſs, and it behoves me to know whether or not theſe lions come againſt me." Then turning to the keeper, "Sirrah, ſaid he, if you do not immediately open the cages, I ſwear by the living God, I will this inſtant pin you to the place where you ſit."

The carter, who ſaw the obſtinate reſolution of this armed phantom, who addreſſed him, begged for the ſake of charity, he would let him take off his mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions were uncaged, "For ſhould my cattle be ſlain, ſaid he, I am undone for ever, having nothing to depend upon for bread but this cart and theſe mules." "Man of little faith, ſaid Don Quixote, alight, take off thy mules, and do what thou wilt, but thou ſhalt quickly ſee thou haſt laboured in vain, and that thou mighteſt have ſpared thyſelf this unneceſſary trouble." The carter then got off, and unyoked in great hurry, and the keeper ſpoke aloud, "I call all preſent to witneſs that I am forced, againſt my will, to open the cages, and let looſe the lions; and I here declare, that this gentleman is chargeable with, and anſwerable for, all the harm they ſhall do, as alſo for my ſalary and perquiſites over and above. And now, gentlemen, pray take care of yourſelves, and get out of the way, for, as to me, I know they will do me no harm." Don Diego again urged him to forbear attempting ſo extravagant an action, alledging it was tempting of God, to think of going about ſuch a deſperate undertaking. The other replied, that he knew what he did; and Don Diego once more deſired him to think well of what he was about, as he was certain that he deceived himſelf. "Sir, ſaid Don Quixote, if you do not care to be a ſpectator of what you think will be a tragical adventure, ſet ſpurs to your mare, and provide for your own ſafety." Sancho, upon this intimation, fell a blubbering, and earneſtly beſought him not to think of entering upon this adventure; "For, in compariſon of this, ſaid he, the windmills, the terrible adventure of the fulling-mill hammers, nay, all the exploits your worſhip has performed during the courſe of your life, are but cuſtards and puff-paſte. Conſider, ſir, continued he, that there can be no enchantment in this cage; I myſelf have peeped through the cage, and there I ſaw the claw of a real living lion; and ſure I am that the beaſt that owns ſuch a claw, muſt be bigger than a mountain." "Be he large or ſmall, anſwered Don Quixote, thy fear would magnify him to the bigneſs of one half of the globe. Begone, leave me; if I die, you know our old agreement; repair to Dulcinea. I ſay no more." He ſpoke ſeveral other things, which ſhewed he

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was determined on what he was about, and that all attempts to diſſuade him were in vain.

Don Diego would willingly have ſtopped him, but had neither weapons nor armour equal to the other's, and beſides, did not think it prudent to engage with a man who was frantic; for, by this time, he was convinced that Don Quixote was ſo in all reſpects; who ſtill preſſing the keeper, and repeating his threats, Don Diego clap'd ſpurs to his mare, Sancho applied his heels to Dapple, the carter put forward his mules, and all endeavoured to get as faſt out of the way as they could, before the beaſts were let looſe. Sancho deplored the fate of his maſter, who he believed was juſt going to be ſacrificed by the lions; he bewailed his own hard fortune, and curſed the hour when he thought of ſerving him again; however, amidſt the intenſeneſs of his grief, he ceaſed not to punch and jog on his aſs, that he might get from the cart as far as poſſible. The keeper ſeeing that theſe runaways were now ſafe, at a ſufficient diſtance, renewed his expoſtulations with Don Quixote, who ſaid, "I hear you, friend, but, give yourſelf no more trouble with arguments or entreaties, it will all ſignify nothing; and therefore I deſire you will make haſte."

While the keeper protracted the time in opening the firſt grate, Don Quixote conſidered with himſelf, whether he had beſt alight for the combat, or continue on the back of Rozinante; and determined, at laſt, to fight on foot, leſt his ſteed might take fright at the ſight of the lions. Accordingly he leaped upon the ground, threw away his lance, braced his ſhield, and drew his ſword; in which attitude, approaching with great ſteadineſs, he placed himſelf juſt before the cart, recommending himſelf, with great devotion, firſt to the protection of the Almighty, and then to his miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo.

We muſt obſerve that, at this place, the author of this hiſtory breaks out into pathetic exclamations, expreſſing himſelf to this purpoſe, O Don Quixote de la Mancha! renowned for fortitude, brave beyond human expreſſion, thou mirrour, in which all heroes of the earth may contemplate their own perfections! thou ſecond and other Don Manuel de Leon, glory and ornament of Spaniſh knights! how ſhall I find words worthy to relate this matchleſs atchievement: by what power of argument ſhall I make it gain credit among future generations? for, what encomiums ever ſo exalted, even beyond the hyperbole, can there be, but what thou deſerveſt? On foot thou ſtood'ſt, collected within thy magnanimous ſelf, with a ſword far from being ſharp, with a ſhield far from bright and ſhining; there, I ſay, did'ſt thou ſtand waiting and expecting two of the fierceſt lions that were ever yet engendered in the dens of Libya. I want

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words wherewithal to embelliſh thy great atchievements; let thy own exploits then be the harbinger of thy praiſes, O heroic Manchegan!

The author here breaks off his exclamation, and proceeds in the recital of the hiſtory, ſaying,

The keeper ſeeing Don Quixote fixed in this poſture, and finding himſelf under a neceſſity of letting looſe the he-lion, to avoid the reſentment of this enraged and intrepid hero, flung the door of the firſt cage open, where the lion appeared lying, of a monſtrous bigneſs and terrifying aſpect: he immediately turned himſelf round in the cage, put out one of his paws, and ſtretched himſelf at full length, yawned and gaped with great compoſure, and then, with a tongue of about half a yard long, clean'd his face and eyes, after which he thruſt his head out of the cage, and ſtared around him with eyes like firebrands; a ſight ſufficient to have ſtruck a damp into the moſt intrepid heart: but, Don Quixote only fixed his eyes attentively upon him, wiſhing for the minute he would leap out of the cart, that he might engage, and cut him in pieces; to ſuch an unaccountable degree had his frenzy work'd up his diſturbed imagination. But, the lion, naturally generous, and more inclinable to be gentle than rough, heeded not his bravadoes or flouriſhing; on the contrary, after having looked around him, as we have obſerved, turned about, and ſhewing our hero his back-ſide, with great compoſure and tranquillity, laid himſelf down again to reſt; which circumſtance, Don Quixote perceiving, ordered the keeper to rouſe him by blows, and oblige him to come forth: "Nay that I won't, anſwered he; for, ſhould I enrage him, he would immediately tear me to pieces: come, Sir knight, be contented with what you have done, which is all that can be expected from any man's courage, and give over tempting fortune any more. The door of his cage is open, and he may come forth, or not, as he pleaſes, but, as he has not come out now, he will not all day. The intrepidity of your honour's valour is ſufficiently vouched; I apprehend the bravery of no combatant needs do more than challenge his adverſary, and await him in the field; and if the enemy won't meet him, the imputation of cowardice lies with him, and the crown of victory devolves upon the other." "You ſay true, ſaid Don Quixote; ſhut the door, my friend, and let me have, under your hand, in the beſt manner you are able to draw it, a certificate of what you have now ſeen; for, I think it is highly fitting mankind ſhould know that you open'd the lion's cage; that I waited for him, and he came not out; that I waited for him again, and he came not out; and that again he laid himſelf down. I am not bound to do any more; ſo enchantments avaunt, and God proſper truth, juſtice and noble chivalry: ſhut the door therefore, and I will

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wave a ſignal for thoſe who have run off, to return, and have an account of this action from your own mouth."

The keeper obeyed; and Don Quixote clapping upon the point of his lance the clout Sancho had given him to wipe off the curds, called out to them, who were ſtill purſuing their flight, and at every ſtep, all in a body, turning about their heads, and Don Diego leading them on; but, Sancho chancing to eſpy the ſignal of the linen cloth, "I'll be bound to be crucified, ſaid he, if my maſter has not got the better of the lions, for he now calls to us." They all ſtopped, and perceived it was Don Quixote who made the ſign; upon which the violence of their terrors ſomewhat abated, and they approached nearer and nearer, by degrees, till they could diſtinctly hear the voice of Don Quixote calling to them; at laſt, they came back to the cart, and Don Quixote ſaid to the carter, "Put your mules to again, my friend, and go on in your journey; and, Sancho, give him and the keeper two crowns of gold, as a recompence for the time I have detained them." "That I will moſt willingly do; but where are the lions, dead or alive?" Then the keeper very circumſtantially, and dividing his diſcourſe with great propriety, gave an account of the iſſue of this adventure, exaggerating, with all his might, and all the power of rhetorick he could muſter up, the courage of Don Quixote, at ſight of whom, ſaid he, the lion overawed, would not, or rather durſt not, venture out of the cage, though I held the door open a conſiderable time; and that upon remonſtrating to the great knight, that it was tempting of God, to provoke the lion ſo far as to oblige him to come out by force, as he wanted him to have done, and was going to make him do, whether he would or not, his honour had ſuffered the cage door to be ſhut. "Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, what doſt thou think now, can enchantments avail ought againſt true courage? They may indeed, and with eaſe, ſtand in the way of my good fortune, but, of valour and reſolution they never can deprive me." Sancho gave the crowns to the people; the carter yoked his mules, and the keeper kiſſed Don Quixote's hand for his liberality, and promiſed, when he arrived at court, he would give an account of this heroic atchievement to his majeſty himſelf. "Should the king, ſaid Don Quixote, perchance enquire who performed it, tell him, the knight of the lions; for, I am determined, that, from this time ever after, the title I have been hitherto diſtinguiſhed by, of knight of the rueful countenance, ſhall be changed, barter'd and ſunk, into that of knight of the lions; and in this alteration, I imitate the example of knights-errant of old, who, as they pleaſed, altered their deſignations, as it beſt ſuited their purpoſes.

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The carriage went forward, Don Quixote, Sancho, and the traveller in green purſued their journey; and, during all this time, Don Diego de Miranda was ſo attentive to remark and obſerve the actions of Don Quixote, that he had not opened his mouth, but looked upon him as a man whoſe good ſenſe was blended with a ſtrange ſort of madneſs: the reaſon was, he knew as yet nothing of the firſt part of his hiſtory; had he read that, his amazement at the knight's words and actions would have vaniſhed, as it would have clear'd up to him the nature of his frenzy; but, as he knew not that, he was at times divided in his opinion, ſometimes believing him in his ſenſes, and at other times thinking him frantic; becauſe, what he ſpoke was ſenſible, conſiſtent, and genteelly expreſſed, but, his actions diſcovered all the ſymptoms of wildneſs, folly, and temerity. "For, what greater ſign of diſorder, ſaid he to himſelf, can there be, than for a man to clap on a helmet full of curds, and then take it into his head, that ſome magician had liquified his ſkull, and what more certain proof of fool-hardineſs and wild frenzy, than for a perſon, in ſpite of all that can be ſaid to him, to reſolve to engage lions."

Don Quixote interrupted theſe reflections and ſoliloquy of his fellow-traveller, by ſaying, "Signor Don Diego de Miranda, I don't doubt but that, in your judgment, I muſt paſs for an extravagant madman; and indeed no wonder, for, to be ſure, my actions would ſeem to declare me ſuch; but, at the ſame time, I muſt beg leave to ſay to you, that I am not ſo diſordered, or ſo bereft of underſtanding, as to you I may have ſeemed. The gay cavalier, who in burniſhed armour, before the ladies prances over the liſts, makes a gallant appearance. The adventrous knight too ſhews off to great advantage, when in the midſt of the ſpacious ſquare, in view of his prince, he transfixes the furious bull. And a noble appearance make thoſe knights, who, in military exerciſes, or ſuch like, are the life, ſpirit, and even honour of their prince's court. But, a much more noble figure than all theſe makes the knight-errant, who in the ſolitudes of the deſart, thro' the almoſt impervious paſſages of the foreſt, and over the craggy mountains, goes in queſt of perilous adventures, to bring them to a ſucceſsful iſſue, and that only to obtain glory, honour, and an immortal name. A knight-errant, I ſay, makes a more glorious appearance, when he aſſiſts the widow in ſome ſolitary plain, than the courtier knight, when he laviſhes his gallantry on a town-lady. All cavaliers have their different ſpheres, in which they act: let the courtier pay his attendance to the ladies; adorn the court of his prince with the ſplendor of his equipage, entertain gentlemen of inferior fortunes with the hoſpitality of his ſumptuous table; let him propoſe matches of different exerciſe, direct the

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the juſts and tournaments; let him ſhew himſelf ſplendid, liberal and munificent; and above all, approve himſelf a good chriſtian; in acting thus, he will diſcharge the duties that belong to him. But the knight-errant, let him explore the moſt hidden receſſes of the univerſe, plunge into the perplexities of the labyrinths; let him, at all times, not be afraid of even impoſſibilities; in the barren, waſteful wilderneſs, let him defy the ſcorching rays of the ſolſtitial ſun, and the piercing chillings of the nipping froſt. Lions muſt not frighten him, phantoms muſt not terrify him, nor dragons diſmay him; for, in ſearching after ſuch, engaging with, and getting the better of all difficulties, conſiſts his true and proper occupation. It being my fortune then to be of this laſt order, I cannot, conſiſtent with that, avoid engaging in whatever I deem to be part of the duty of my calling; and for theſe reaſons, tho' I knew, that encountring the lions was in itſelf an act of the greateſt temerity, yet it immediately belonged to my profeſſion: I am very ſenſible that true fortitude is placed between the two extremes of cowardice and fool-hardineſs, but then, it is better valour ſhould mount even to an over daring hardineſs, than be debaſed to puſillanimity; for, as the prodigal is more likely to become truly generous than the miſer, ſo will the over courageous ſooner be brought to true valour, than the coward to be courageous at all; and in undertaking adventures, I aſſure you, Don Diego, it is much better to overdo than underdo, and much better does it ſound in the ear of him to whom it is related, that a knight is daring and preſumptuous, than that he is puſillanimous and faint-hearted."

" Signor Don Quixote, anſwered Diego, I think all you have ſaid is conſonant to the rule of right reaſon; and I am of opinion, that if the laws and ſtatutes of true chivalry were loſt, they would be found depoſited and faithfully recorded in your breaſt: but, if you pleaſe, we will put on, for it grows late; let us get towards my houſe and villa, that you may have ſome reſt, and taſte of ſome refreſhment after your late fatigue, which, if it does not weary the body, muſt be heavy upon the mind, the labours of which often affect the body likewiſe." " I accept of your invitation, Don Diego, ſaid the other, as a favour and mark of politeneſs." And haſtening forward a little quicker than they had done before, they arrived about two in the afternoon at the habitation of Diego, on whom Don Quixote beſtowed the appellation of the knight of the green ſurtout.

THE

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THE

LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS

Of the Sage and Valiant KNIGHT

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Of what befel Don Quixote, at the caſtle or houſe of the knight of the green ſurtout; with other out-of-the-way matters.

DON Quixote found, that Diego's houſe, like the houſes of moſt country gentlemen, was large and roomy; with the arms of the family over the great gates, cut out in rough ſtone; the buttery was in the yard, the cellar was under the porch, and around were placed divers jars, which jars being of the manufactory of Toboſo, recalled the memory of the metamorphoſed and inchanted Dulcinea; upon which, without reflecting what he ſaid, or before whom, he poured out his ſighs and tears: "O deareſt pledges, ſaid he, which now I find in bitterneſs of ſorrow, but ſweet and raviſhing when heaven's high will ordained it ſo; O jars of Toboſo, which have recalled into my mind, the dear idea of my greateſt ſorrow!" This exclamation was overheard by the young poet, Diego's ſon, who, along with his mother, had come down to receive Don Quixote. Both mother and ſon were ſtruck with his uncouth figure, and he, alighting from Rozinante, with great good breeding, begged leave to kiſs the lady's hands. To which intreaty, Don Diego added, "Madam, receive, with your uſual politeneſs, ſignor Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, whom I here introduce to you as a gentleman of the brighteſt parts and moſt intrepid courage of any in the world." Donna Chriſtina (for that was the

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the lady's name) received him with all the marks of reſpect and eſteem, and Don Quixote overpaid them in polite and mannerly acknowledgements; the ſame kind of intercourſe paſſed between him and the young ſcholar, whom he took by his converſation to be a gentleman of vivacity and acuteneſs.

The author here minutely deſcribes Don Diego's houſe, gives an inventory of the furniture uſually contained in the houſe of a rich country gentleman: but, the tranſlators of this hiſtory have thought it adviſeable not to mention theſe and ſuch other particular matters, as being rather foreign from the main ſcope of this hiſtory, in which truth has more energy than needleſs and languid digreſſions.

Don Quixote was conducted into a hall, where Sancho diſarmed him; after which, he remained in his other accoutrements, a pair of wide waloon breeches, a ſhamoy-leather doublet, blotted with the ruſt of his armour; his band was collegian, neither ſtarched nor laced, his buſkins of the colour of dates, and his ſhoes of waxed leather: he girded upon his thigh his truſty ſword, which hung at a belt of ſeal's ſkin, for, it is believed he had been for ſome years troubled with an imbecillity in his loins; over all theſe was a long cloak of good grey cloth; but, before he ſtirred any further, he applied to his face five or ſix pitchers (the preciſe number not being exactly aſcertained) of fair water, which nevertheleſs ſtill ran off a whey colour; and it was undoubtedly owing to the irregular appetites of Sancho, and his having made the bargain for theſe naſty curds, that his maſter was now rubbed ſo white and ſo clean. In this equipment, as here deſcribed, and with a gallant air and addreſs, Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the young gentleman of the houſe was waiting to receive and entertain him, till dinner ſhould be got ready; for, as to the lady, Donna Chriſtina, ſhe was buſy in ordering matters ſo, upon the arrival of this noble gueſt, as to let it be ſeen ſhe knew what reception to give thoſe who came to viſit under her roof.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (that was the name of Diego's ſon) took the opportunity of that leiſure time to aſk his father, who that knight was he had brought home to them; "For, ſaid he, his name and his uncouth figure, and your telling us, at the ſame time, that he is a knight-errant, puzzle both my mother and me prodigiouſly." Said Don Diego, "I know not what anſwer to make you; all I can ſay is, I never ſaw a madman act more franticly, and have heard him talk ſo very ſenſibly, as gave the lie to all his actions: but, I would have you enter into converſation with him, and ſound the depth of his underſtanding; you have ſenſe enough, and therefore I would have you form a judgment of him

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him according to your own obſervation; to ſay the truth, I myſelf am more inclined to believe him diſtracted than otherwiſe."

Upon this intimation, Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as we have mentioned, and, among other diſcourſe, he ſaid to Lorenzo, "Signor Don Diego de Miranda, your father has been pleaſed to inform me a little of your great genius and good judgment, and particularly that you are a great poet." "A poet in ſome ſenſe, I may be, ſaid Lorenzo; but a great one did I never ſo much as dare, even in my own imagination, to think myſelf: true it is, I am a little fond of poetry, and of reading the good poets; but, don't at all for that reaſon merit the title my father is pleaſed to beſtow upon me." "I love your reſerve, ſaid Don Quixote; for, poets are uſually far removed from modeſty, each thinking himſelf the greateſt in the world." "No rule holds univerſally, anſwered Lorenzo, and there may be one who is really a great poet, and yet does not think himſelf ſo." "There muſt be very few ſuch, anſwered the other; but, pray, Sir, continued he, what verſes are thoſe you are about, which your father ſays makes you ſo anxious and ſtudious? for, if it be commenting upon ſome theme, I know ſomewhat of the art of paraphraſing, and ſhould be glad to ſee what your performance is; and if they are deſigned as a poetical prize, let me adviſe you to obtain the ſecond, for the firſt is decreed in view of intereſt, or in favour of the great quality of ſome perſon; but, merit carries the ſecond: ſo that, according to the general practice of our univerſities, the third becomes the ſecond, and the firſt the third: but, notwithſtanding this acceptation, the name of firſt makes a great ſhew." "So far ſurely, ſaid Lorenzo to himſelf, this gentleman ſhews no ſign of a diſturbed underſtanding; but we'll go on: Your worſhip, I preſume, has been long at the ſchools; pray, Sir, what ſciences have you addicted yourſelf to?" "That of knight-errantry, replied Don Quixote; a ſcience equally ſublime as your poetry, and in my humble opinion, even mounted a few ſteps above it." "That ſcience, anſwered Lorenzo, I am hitherto a ſtranger to; it has not yet come within the extent of my knowledge." "It is a ſcience, anſwered the other, that includes in itſelf virtually, moſt, if not all the other ſciences in the world; for, he who profeſſes it, muſt be a civilian, and know the laws both of diſtributive and commutative juſtice, to determine, with equity and propriety, what lawfully and properly belongs to every individual: he muſt be a good divine and caſuiſt, that he may, with clearneſs and preciſion, defend the principles of the chriſtian faith, which he profeſſes, as often as he ſhall be required ſo to do: he ought to be a phyſician, and particularly a botaniſt, that, in the midſt of deſarts and wilder-

neſſes,

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neſſes, he may know thoſe herbs that are of efficacy in curing wounds; for a knight-errant cannot at every turn have recourſe to a ſurgeon. He ought to be an aſtrologer, to diſtinguiſh by the ſtars the time of the night, together with the climate and part of the globe on which he chances to be: he muſt be-learned in the mathematics, for which he will frequently have occaſion; and beſides being adorned with all the theological and cardinal virtues, he ought to deſcend to other minute branches of ſcience; I ſay, for example, he muſt know how to ſwim like an herring, to ſhoe an horſe, to mend a ſaddle and bridle. And, returning to what we have obſerved above, he muſt preſerve his fealty to God and his miſtreſs: he muſt be chaſte in thought, decent in ſpeech, liberal in action, valiant in exploits, patient in toil, charitable with the needy; and finally, an aſſerter of truth, even though the defence of it ſhould coſt him his life. Of all theſe great and ſmall qualities is a good knight-errant compoſed; ſo, that ſignor Don Lorenzo may judge, whether it be a ſnivelling ſcience which is learned and profeſſed by a knight-errant; and whether it may not be compared with the ſublimeſt which are taught in college and ſchools." "If that be the caſe, replied Don Lorenzo, I affirm, that it has the advantage over all others." "How! cried Don Quixote, if that be the caſe!" "What I would ſay, reſumed Lorenzo, is, that I doubt whether there ever were or are knights-errant adorned with ſo many virtues." "I have often ſaid what I am now going to repeat, anſwered Don Quixote, that the greateſt part of the world believes there never were knights-errant; and, in my opinion, if heaven does not work a miracle to prove that they both did and do exiſt, whatever trouble may be taken, will fail of ſucceſs, as I know by repeated experience: I will not therefore, ſpend time at preſent, in refuting and rectifying the error in which you and many others are involved; but my intention is to pray that heaven will extricate you from your miſtake, and give you to underſtand how advantageous and neceſſary knights-errant have been to the world in paſt ages, and how uſeful they might be to the preſent, were it the cuſtom to ſollicit their aſſiſtance: but, now, for the ſins of mankind, idleneſs, ſloth, gluttony and extravagance prevail and triumph." Here Don Lorenzo ſaid within himſelf, "Now hath our gueſt given us the ſlip; but, nevertheleſs, he is a whimſical madman, and I ſhould be an idle fool, if I thought otherwiſe."

In this place their diſcourſe was interrupted by a call to table; and Don Diego aſked his ſon, what he had fairly extracted from the genius of his gueſt? To this queſtion he replied, "All the beſt phyſicians and writers that the world contains, will not extract him fairly from the

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blotted ſheet of his madneſs; but, he is a party-coloured maniac, full of lucid intervals." They ſat down to eat, and their repaſt was ſuch as Don Diego had ſaid upon the road he was wont to beſtow upon his friends whom he invited, neat, plentiful and ſavoury; but, what yielded more ſatisfaction to Don Quixote, was, the wonderful ſilence that prevailed over the whole houſe, which in this particular reſembled a monaſtery of carthuſians.

The cloth being removed, grace ſaid, and hands waſhed, Don Quixote earneſtly deſired that Don Lorenzo would repeat the verſes deſigned for the literary conteſt; and the young gentleman anſwered, "Rather than appear one of thoſe authors, who when they are requeſted to rehearſe their works, refuſe to grant the favour; and, on the other hand, diſgorge them upon thoſe who have no inclination to hear them, I will repeat my gloſs, from which I expect no reward, as I compoſed it ſolely with a view to exerciſe my genius." "It was the opinion of an ingenious friend of mine, ſaid Don Quixote, that no man ought to fatigue himſelf in gloſſing upon verſes; becauſe, as he obſerved, the gloſs could never come up to the text; and very often, or indeed, almoſt always, the gloſs was foreign to the intention and propoſition of him who propoſed it; beſides, the laws of the gloſs were extremely narrow, reſtricting the paraphraſer from the uſe of interrogations; and, "Said he," or, "I will ſay;" as well as from changing verbs into nouns, and altering the ſentiment; with other ties and ſhackles incurred by thoſe who try their fortune in this way, as you yourſelf undoubtedly know." "Verily, ſignor Don Quixote, cried Don Lorenzo, I am very deſirous of intrapping your worſhip in falſe Latin; but, it is not in my power; for you ſlip through my fingers like an eel." "I do not know, anſwered the knight, what you mean by ſaying I ſlip through your fingers." "I will explain myſelf ſome other time, replied Don Lorenzo, mean while your worſhip will be pleaſed to hear the paraphraſe and the text, which run thus."

The TEXT.

COULD I the moments paſt renew,
Though fate ſhould other joys deny;
Or bring the future ſcenes to view,
In time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

The

The GLOSS.

As all things periſh and decay;
So did that happineſs I mourn,
On ſilent pinion fleet away;
Ah! never—never to return.
At fortune's feet forlorn I lie:
Would ſhe again propitious ſtrew
Her favours, who more bleſt than I,
Could I the moments paſt renew.

No pleaſure, palm or wreath I claim,
No wealth or triumph ſeek to find;
For, all my wiſh and all my aim
Is to retrieve my peace of mind.
Ah, fortune! thy returning ſmile
Would change to bliſs my deſtiny,
And ev'ry gloomy thought beguile,
Though fate ſhould other joys deny.

Fond wiſh! impoſſible and vain,
No pow'r on this terreſtrial ball
Can time's unwearied foot detain,
Or his accompliſh'd flight recall.
He forward flies, nor looks behind;
And thoſe miſcarriage will purſue,
Who hope the fugitive to bind,
Or bring the future ſcenes to view.

Perplex'd with hopes and fears I live,
Though death at once would eaſe my pain;
What folly then for me to grieve,
Who can that eaſy cure obtain?
No! yet a wiſer courſe I'll ſteer,
Reſolv'd my fortune ſtill to try,
Until theſe happier days appear,
In time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

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Don Lorenzo no ſooner concluded his paraphraſe, than Don Quixote ſtarting up, took the young gentleman by the right hand, and raiſing his voice even almoſt to a cry, pronounced, "Now by the heaven of heavens! noble youth, you are the beſt poet in the world, and deſerve to be crowned with laurel, not by Cyprus or Gaeta, as an author ſaid, whom God pardon, but by the academy of Athens, did it now ſubſiſt, and by thoſe of Paris, Bologna and Salamanca, which are ſtill in being. Heaven grant, that thoſe judges who deny you the firſt prize, may be transfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the muſes may never deign to croſs the threſholds of their doors. Signior, let me hear, if you pleaſe, ſome of your more majeſtic verſes, that I may be thoroughly acquainted with the pulſe of your admirable genius." Is it not diverting, to obſerve, that Don Lorenzo was pleaſed with the applauſe of Don Quixote, although he conſidered him as a madman? O influence of flattery, how far do'ſt thou extend! and how unlimited are the limits of thy agreeable juriſdiction! This truth is verified in the behaviour of Lorenzo, who, in compliance with the deſire and intreaty of the knight, repeated this ſonnet, on the fable or ſtory of Pyramus and Thiſbe.

SONNET.

FAIR Thiſbe's charms what bulwarks could withſtand!
They pierc'd ev'n to her gallant lover's ſoul;
And Cupid haſten'd from the Cyprian ſtrand,
To view the narrow paſs by which they ſtole.
Here ſilence ſpoke, and through that narrow breach,
Which ev'n the timid voice durſt not eſſay,
Th' intrepid ſouls to perfect union ſtretch;
Inſpir'd, impower'd by love's almighty ſway.
Th' ill-fated pair to death untimely came,
With flow'ry pleaſure's tempting bait intic'd:
By the ſame poignard, monument and fame,
At once deſtroy'd, enclos'd, immortaliz'd.

"Bleſſed be God!" cried Don Quixote, when he had heard the ſonnet of Don Lorenzo, "That amidſt the infinite number of conſumptive poets that now exiſt, I have found one conſummate, as your worſhip has plainly evinced yourſelf, by the art and execution of thoſe ſtanzas."

The knight was ſumptuouſly regaled in the houſe of Don Diego, for the ſpace of four days, at the expiration of which, he thanked his entertainer

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tainer for the noble treatment he had received from his hoſpitality, and begged leave to depart; for, as it did not become knights-errant to devote much time to eaſe and banquetting, he was deſirous of fulfilling the duty of his profeſſion, in ſeeking adventures, with which he underſtood that country abounded, and in which he hoped to employ the time till the day of the tournament of Saragoſſa, whither he was bound: but, firſt of all he was reſolved to enter the cave of Monteſinos, about which ſo many ſtrange ſtories were recounted all over that neighbourhood, that he might inveſtigate and diſcover the origin and real ſprings of the ſeven lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his ſon applauded the glorious deſign, and deſired he would ſupply himſelf with whatever their houſe or fortune could afford; for, they would, with the utmoſt good will perform that ſervice which they equally owed to his perſonal valour and honourable profeſſion. At length arrived the day of his departure, as joyful to the knight as diſmal and unfortunate to Sancho Panza, who had lived ſo much at his eaſe amidſt the plenty of Don Diego's houſe, that he could not, without reluctance, return to the hunger that prevails in dreary foreſts, and to the poverty of his ill-provided bags, which, however, he now took care to fill and ſtuff with what he thought moſt neceſſary for his occaſions.

At parting, Don Quixote addreſſing himſelf to Don Lorenzo, "I know not, ſaid he, whether I have already told your worſhip, but, if I have, let me now repeat the intimation, that when you are inclined to take the ſhorteſt and eaſieſt road to the inacceſſible ſummit of the temple of fame, you have no more to do, but leave on one ſide the path of poetry, which is pretty narrow, and follow that of knight-errantry, which, though the narroweſt of all others, will conduct you to the throne of empire, in the turning of a ſtraw." With this advice, did the knight, as it were, ſum up the proceſs of his madneſs, which, however, was ſtill more manifeſt in this addition. "Heaven knows what pleaſure I ſhould feel in the company and aſſociation of Don Lorenzo, whom I would teach, by my own example, to ſpare the fallen, and trample the haughty under foot; virtues annexed to the order I profeſs: but, as his tender years do not require ſuch tutorage, nor would his laudable exerciſes permit him to purſue my ſteps, I ſhall content myſelf with aſſuring his worſhip, that being a poet, he may certainly acquire renown, if he will conduct himſelf rather by the opinion of others, than his own; for, no parent ever thought his own offſpring ugly, and this prejudice is ſtill more ſtrong towards the children of the underſtanding."

Both

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Both father and ſon admired anew the ſtrange medley of Don Quixote's diſcourſe, in which ſo much diſcretion and madneſs were jumbled together; and were aſtoniſhed at the wilfulneſs and obſtinacy with which he was ſo wholly bent upon the ſearch of his miſadventurous adventures, that conſtituted the very aim of all his deſires. Nevertheleſs, they repeated their offers of ſervice and civility, and with the good leave of the lady of the caſtle, Don Quixote and Sancho ſet out on Rozinante and Dapple.

CHAP. II.

In which is recounted the adventure of the enamoured ſhepherd, with other truly diverting incidents.

A LITTLE way Don Quixote had travelled from the habitation of Don Diego, when he was joined by two perſons dreſſed like eccleſiaſtics or ſtudents, and a couple of labouring men mounted upon aſſes: behind one of the ſtudents was a bundle wrapped up in green buckram, ſeemingly conſiſting of ſome linnen and two pair of coarſe thread ſtockings; while the other was encumbred with nothing but a couple of new black fencing foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things, which diſcovered and gave notice, that they were on their return from ſome great town, where they had made a purchaſe, and were bringing it home to their own village; and they, as well as the ſtudents, were ſeized with that admiration which was incident to all thoſe who for the firſt time beheld Don Quixote; indeed they burned with curioſity to know what ſort of a creature he was, ſo different in appearance from other men.

The knight ſaluted them courteouſly, and underſtanding their road was the ſame route that he deſigned to follow, made a proffer of his company, at the ſame time begging they would ſlacken their pace, as their beaſts travelled faſter than his horſe. In order to facilitate their compliance with his requeſt, he briefly told them who he was, made them acquainted with his office and profeſſion, which was chivalry, and obſerved that he was going in queſt of adventures, through all parts of the world; giving them to underſtand, that his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his appellative, the knight of the lions.

All this information was Greek or gibberiſh to the countrymen, but not to the ſtudents, who immediately diſcovered the weakneſs of Don Quixote's brain; nevertheleſs, they beheld him with admiration, and one

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one of them, in a reſpectful manner, accoſted him thus: "If your worſhip, ſir knight, follows no determined road, as thoſe who go in queſt of adventures, ſeldom do, be ſo good as to accompany us, and you will be an eye-witneſs of one of the moſt ſplendid and opulent weddings that ever were celebrated in La Mancha, or in many leagues around." When Don Quixote aſked, if it was the marriage of any prince, which he ſo highly extolled, the other replied, "It is no other than the bridal of a farmer and a country-maid; he the richeſt of all this neighbourhood, and ſhe the comelieſt that ever man beheld. The preparations are new and extraordinary; for, the marriage is to be celebrated in a meadow adjoining to the village of the bride, who, by way of excellency, is called Quiteria the beautiful, and the bridegroom is known by the appellation of Camacho the rich: ſhe is but eighteen, and he turned of twenty, ſo that they are extremely well-matched; though ſome curious perſons, who remember all the pedigrees in the world, are pleaſed to ſay, that her family has in that reſpect the advantage of Camacho's: but now-a-days theſe circumſtances are altogether overlook'd; for, wealth is able to repair a number of flaws. In a word, Camacho is liberal, and has taken it in his head to overſhadow and cover the whole meadow in ſuch a manner, that the ſun will find ſome difficulty in penetrating, ſo as to viſit the verdant plants with which the ground is adorned. He has likewiſe beſpoke choice dances, both with ſwords and morrice-bells; for, there are people in the village who can jingle and ſnap to perfection; not to mention your ſhoe-ſlappers, a power of whom are ſummoned to the nuptials: but, none of thoſe things I have mentioned, or of a great many circumſtances I have left untold, are likely to render the marriage ſo memorable as the behaviour which is on this occaſion expected from the rejected Baſilius.

This Baſilius is a neighbouring ſwain, and townſman of Quiteria, and there is nothing but a partition-wall between his houſe and that of her parents, whence Cupid took occaſion to renew the long forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thiſbe; for, Baſilius became enamoured of Quiteria, even from his tender years, and ſhe ſmiled upon his paſſion with all manner of honourable indulgence; inſomuch, that the love of the two children Baſilius and Quiteria furniſhed entertainment and diſcourſe for the whole village. As their age increaſed, Quiteria's father reſolved to forbid Baſilius the uſual acceſs he had to his houſe; and, to free himſelf from all ſorts of jealouſy and ſuſpicion, propoſed a match between his daughter and the rich Camacho, thinking it would not be ſo well to give her away to Baſilius, to whom fortune had not been ſo kind as nature; though, to tell the truth, without envy or affection, he is the moſt

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moſt active young man we know, an expert pitcher of the bar, an excellent wreſtler, and great judge of hand-ball, he runs like a deer, leaps nimbler than a goat, plays at nine-pins as if he uſed inchantment, ſings like a ſky-lark, touches the guitarre ſo as to make it perfectly ſpeak, and handles a foil like the beſt fencer in the world." "For that ſole accompliſhment, cried Don Quixote, the young man deſerves not only to be married to the beautiful Quiteria, but even to queen Ginebra herſelf, were ſhe now alive, in ſpite of ſir Lancelot, and all thoſe who ſhould endeavour to oppoſe the match." "Let my wife alone for that, ſaid Sancho Panza, who had hitherto travelled in ſilent attention, ſhe, good woman, would have every body match with his equal, ſticking to the old proverb, that ſays, Let every gooſe a gander chooſe. What I would willingly ſee, is the marriage of this worthy Baſilius, for, he has already got my good-will, with that ſame lady Quiteria; and God grant them peace and plenty, and reſt their ſouls in heaven (his meaning was quite the reverſe) who prevent lovers from marrying according to their inclinations." "If that was always the caſe, replied Don Quixote, parents would be deprived of that election and juriſdiction they poſſeſs, to marry their children when, and how, they ſhall think proper; and, if every daughter was at liberty to indulge her own inclination in the choice of an huſband, one would perhaps chooſe her father's ſervant, and another place her affection upon ſome gaudy coxcomb, whom ſhe might chance to ſee paſſing along the ſtreet, even though he ſhould be a diſorderly ruffian: for, love and affection eaſily blind the eyes of the underſtanding, which are ſo neceſſary towards the ſettlement of one's condition in life; and, as we are apt to commit very important miſtakes in the article of matrimony, it requires great caution as well as the particular favour of heaven, to ſucceed in the choice of a wife. A prudent man, who is reſolved to undertake a long journey, will, before he ſets out, endeavour to find a ſafe, quiet, and agreeable fellow-traveller. Then why ſhould not the ſame pains be taken by the man who is going to travel through the whole journey of life? eſpecially, in the choice of a companion for bed, board, and every other purpoſe for which the wife is ſubſervient to the huſband; a man's own wedded wife is not like a commodity which, being once bought, may be bartered, exchanged, or returned, but is an inſeparable appendage that laſts for life.

Marriage is a nooſe, into which, if the neck ſhould happen to ſlip, it becomes inexplicable as the gordian knot, and cannot be undone till cut aſunder by the ſcythe of death. Much more could I add upon this ſubject, if I were not prevented by the deſire I have to know, whether

Mr.

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Mr. licentiate has any thing further to entertain us with relative to the hiſtory of Baſilius." To this hint, the other (call him ſcholar, batchelor or licentiate) replied, " I have not any thing material to add, but that from the time he underſtood Quiteria was to be married to Comacho the rich, he was never ſeen to ſmile, or heard to ſpeak conſiſtently; he is thoughtful and melancholy, talks to himſelf: all which are undoubted ſymptoms of a diſordered mind. He ſcarce either eats or ſleeps; and what little he does eat is fruit; when he ſleeps at all, it is upon the bare ground, and in the open air, like the beaſts of the field. He every now and then looks up to heaven; at other times, like one ſtupid, fixes his eyes on the ground, and ſeems as if he was a cloathed ſtatue with the drapery flowing to the gales of the wind: in a word, he gives ſuch indications of a fatal paſſion, that we believe for certain, when Quiteria to-morrow pronounces the word Yes, ſhe will in that ſeal the ſentence of his death."

" God will order things better, ſaid Sancho, for, he inflicts the wound, and will alſo perform the cure. No one knows what may happen; there are a great many hours between this and to-morrow, and in one hour, even in a moment, down comes the houſe: I have myſelf ſeen ſun-ſhine and rain at the ſame time; a man goes to bed well at night, but cannot better himſelf next morning. Let me know, the beſt of ye, if any man can brag of having put a ſpoke in fortune's wheel? no one, to be ſure; and between the Yes and No of a woman, I would not venture to thruſt the point of a pin, and that for a weighty reaſon, becauſe there would not be room for it: if you will only allow me one thing, that Quiteria loves Baſilius, I'll yet engage to give him a wallet-full of good luck; for, I have been told, that love wears a pair of ſpectacles, which ſpectacles make copper look like gold, and poverty appear to be riches, and ſpecks in the eyes to ſeem pearls." " A curſe on thee! cried Don Quixote, what is it thou would'ſt be at? once thou art ſet in to ſtringing thy proverbs, none but Judas, with whom I wiſh thou wert, can have patience to hear thee out? Say, animal, what knoweſt thou about ſpokes or wheels?" " O! ſince you do not underſtand me, anſwered the ſquire, no wonder you think it nonſenſe what I ſay; but that ſignifies nothing, I underſtand myſelf, nor have I ſaid many nonſenſical things yet, only your worſhip always plays the cricket upon my words and actions." " God confound thee, thou confounder of all language! ſaid Don Quixote. Cricket! I ſuppoſe thou meaneſt critic." " As to that matter, Sir, ſaid Sancho, be not too ſevere upon me; you know I was neither bred at court, nor ſtudied at Salamanca, to know when I am right in the letter of a word; and, as I hope for mercy from God, I think it unreaſonable to expect that the

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Sayagues * ſhould ſpeak in the ſame manner as the Toledans; tho', for that matter, there are Toledans who are not more nice than other folks at the work of ſpeaking properly." "Very true, ſaid the licentiate, for how ſhould a man, whoſe buſineſs is in the tan-yards, and in the Zocodover †, ſpeak ſo good language as they who do nothing but walk from morning to night in the cloyſters of the cathedral? and yet they are all Toledans: on the other hand, purity, propriety, elegance and perſpecuity are to be found among polite people of ſenſe, tho' they be natives of Majalahonda: I ſay people of ſenſe, becauſe ſo great a number of people are not ſo, and ſenſe is the foundation of good language, aſſiſted by cuſtom and uſe. I muſt tell you, gentlemen, it has pleaſed God, for my ſins, that I have ſtudied the canon-law at Salamanca, and I pique myſelf a little, on being able to converſe in clear, eaſy, and expreſſive language." "If you had not piqued yourſelf more upon your dexterity at theſe good-for-nothing foils you carry about with you, than upon your knowledge in languages, inſtead of lagging the hindmoſt, you might have been at the head of your claſs," ſaid the other ſtudent. "I tell you, Mr. batchelor, that you are the moſt prejudiced man in the world, in that reſpect, for treating dexterity at the ſword as a matter of no ſignification." "It is no prejudice with me, it is a confirmed opinion and truth, replied Corchuelo; and if you pleaſe to make the experiment, I will convince you. You carry foils now along with you, and an opportunity offers; I'll ſhew you that I have nerves and ſtrength, backed with ſuch courage as will prove ſufficient to demonſtrate to you, that my opinion is not the effect of prejudice: get off your aſs, and try your meaſured diſtances, your wheelings, your longes and art of defence; and I'll engage with only the plain ruſtic ſkill I have, to make you ſee the ſtars at noon-day; for, I truſt under God, the man is yet unborn who can make me turn my back; and there is ſcarce any one who I will not oblige to give ground." "As to turning your back or not turning your back, that is none of my buſineſs, replied the maſter of the ſcience; tho' it is not impoſſible but that the firſt ſpot you fix your foot on may prove your burying-ground: I mean, it is poſſible you may be left dead there, for ſlighting the noble ſcience of defence." "That we ſhall ſee preſently," replied Corchuelo, jumping haſtily upon the ground, and ſnatching with great fury one of the foils, which the other carried upon his aſs.

Here Don Quixote cried out, "Not ſo, by heavens! I will be umpire of this fencing match, and judge of this long controverted diſpute." So

* Poor people that live about Zamora.

† Zocodover, a ſquare in Toledo, like Smithfield, where cattle are ſold.

ſaying,

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ſaying, he alighted from Rozinante, and graſping his lance, planted himſelf in the very middle of the road, juſt as maſter licentiate, in a maſterly poſture, and regular advances, was making towards Corchuelo, who ran at him with fire, as the ſaying is, flaſhing from his eye; while the two country fellows, without diſmounting, ſat ſtill as ſpectators of this moſt deadly tragedy. Corchuelo aſſailed him every way with high ſtrokes, low ſtrokes, backſtrokes, cuts, thruſts, flaſhes out of number, and as thick as hail; in ſhort, he fell upon the licentiate, like an enraged lion, but was checked a little, in the career of his fury, by a ſmart puſh in the mouth from the licentiate's foil, who made him kiſs the buttons, tho' with leſs devotion than if it had been a relic. In a word, the licentiate, by ſkilful and well planted thruſts, counted the buttons of his caſſock, and went thro' it ſo often, that it hung in rags like the tails of the polypus: twice was Corchuelo's hat ſtruck off, and ſo ſpent was he, that in rage and ſpite, and furious choler, he flung the foil into the air with ſo much force, that one of the countrymen, who went to fetch it, being a kind of ſcrivener, declared upon oath, that it went near three quarters of a league; which affidavit being preſerved, has been, and is, a teſtimony to demonſtrate, that art prevails over ſtrength.

Corchuelo, quite tired out, ſat down, and Sancho going up to him, "Mr. batchelor, ſaid he, if you will be ruled by me, from henceforth challenge no one to fence, but dare them to wreſtle and pitch the bar, ſince now you are of a proper age and ſtrength for that exerciſe; for, I have heard ſay of theſe fencers, that they can thruſt you the point of a ſword thro' the eye of a needle." "I am now convinced, anſwered Corchuelo, and am taught by experience, a truth I could not otherwiſe have believed."

So getting up, he went and embraced his adverſary, and they were now better friends than ever: and the company not being willing to wait for the ſcrivener, who was gone after the foil, imagining he might be too long abſent, they all reſolved to put forward as faſt as they could, that they might arrive early at Quiteria's village, whither they were all going. As they travelled on their way, the licentiate demonſtrated to them the excellencies of the noble ſcience of defence, by ſuch convincing arguments, drawn from the nature of truth and mathematical certainty, that every one was convinced of the uſefulneſs of the ſcience; and Corchuelo particularly was made a convert, and entirely cured of his obſtinacy.

The night was juſt fallen, and before they came to the village it ſeemed as if ſomething like a heaven full of an infinite number of bright ſtars was between them and it: they likewiſe heard an harmonious but mix'd

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ſound of flutes, tambourines, pſalters, cymbals, drums, and bells; and, as they came nearer, they perceived the boughs of an arbour, which was made on one ſide of the entrance into the village; and this all flaming with lights, which were not in the leaſt diſturbed by the wind; for, the evening was ſo calm, that there was not a breath of air, ſo much as to move a leaf upon a tree. But, the life and ſpirit of the wedding conſiſted in the muſicians, who, in bands ranged up and down that delightful place, ſome ſinging, ſome dancing, and others playing upon the different inſtruments. In a word, it looked as if joy and delight were ſporting and playing thro' this meadow: a great many were employed in raiſing ſcaffolds, that they might view from them more commodiouſly the plays and dances which were to be in that place, to ſolemnize the nuptials of Camacho the rich, and the obſequies of Baſilius. Don Quixote refuſed to enter the village, tho' both the batchelor and the countryman invited him; but he pleaded what he thought a ſufficient excuſe, the cuſtom of knights-errant to ſleep in fields and foreſts, rather than in towns, tho' under gilded roofs; and therefore he turned a little aſide, grievouſly againſt the will of Sancho, who had not yet forgotten the good lodgings he had enjoyed at the houſe of Don Diego.

CHAP. III.

An account of the wedding of Camacho the rich, and what happened to Baſilius the poor.

THE fair Aurora had hardly allowed Phœbus time to dry up the liquid pearls that hung upon his dropping locks, when Don Quixote ſhaking from his limbs the drowſy fetters of ſloth, got upon his legs, and called to Sancho Panza, who lay ſtretched along, and ſnoring, which ſituation his maſter ſeeing before he awak'd him, broke out into this ſoliloquy: "Happy thou, and bleſſed beyond the fate of other mortals, who neither envying nor envied, ſleepeſt ſound, with unconcern of ſoul! Enchanters neither perſecute, nor enchantments terrify thee: ſleep on, I ſay again, and a hundred times more I ſay, ſleep on; no jealouſies on account of a miſtreſs torture thee with perpetual watchings; no anxious cares of paying debts awake thee; no ſollicitude how thou muſt to-morrow provide for thyſelf and little ones, breaks in upon thy ſlumbers. Ambitious views create thee no diſquiet, nor the vain pomp of this empty world occaſions thee any diſturbance; thy concern is center'd within the bounds of

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of taking care of thy aſs; for, as to taking care of thy perſon, that is laid upon my ſhoulders, a charge and burthen that both nature and cuſtom have laid upon maſters; the ſervant ſleeps, while the maſter is awake, and thinking how he ſhall maintain him, advance him in life, or do him ſome ſervice. The uneaſineſs that ariſes from ſeeing the heavens, as it were, hard as braſs, locked up, and refuſing rain to cheriſh the earth, brings no anxiety upon the ſervant but upon the maſter, who, in the days of dearth and famine, is bound to provide for him who ſerved him in the time of abundant and plentiful harveſt."

To all this effuſion Sancho anſwered not one word; for, he was faſt aſleep, nor would have waked when he did, but that his maſter jogged him with the but-end of his lance. He waked yawning and drowſy; and turning his face every way, "Umph, ſaid he, from yonder ſhady bower, if my noſtrils deceive me not, proceeds rather the ſteam and ſavour of broiled raſhers of bacon, than the fragrance of thyme and jeſſamine. O' my conſcience, weddings that begin in this ſavoury manner, muſt needs, in truth, be magnificent and abundant." "Thou epicure, ſaid Don Quixote, have done, and let us go ſee this wedding, and what will be the fate of the ſlighted Baſilius." "Let his fate be as it pleaſes, quoth Sancho; what, he poor and marry Quiteria! A pretty fancy truly, for one not worth a groat to think of matching ſo high; 'tis my opinion, a man who is poor ought to bleſs God for what he finds, and not be diving to find trouſles at the bottom of the ſea. I'll lay a limb, that Camacho can cover this ſame Baſilius from head to foot with ſixpenny pieces; and if this be ſo, as it certainly is, Quiteria would be a pretty lady of a bride indeed, to refuſe all the fine cloaths and fine things that, I warrant you, Camacho has given her already, and can give her ſtill more; and to prefer, inſtead of them, a pitch of the bar truly, and a paſs at the foils, which, it ſeems, makes up Baſilius's riches. Go into a tavern for a pint of wine, and ſee if they will take a pitch of the bar, or a clever puſh of the foils, in lieu of the reckoning: as for your abilities, and your refinements and graces, that will bring in none of the ready; count Dirlos may have them for me; but, when they happen to take their reſting-place on a man who has wherewithal, O then, I wiſh no better than that my life may ſhew off as well as they do. Upon a good foundation a good houſe may be raiſed, and the very beſt bottom and beſt foundation of any, is wealth." "O! cried Don Quixote, have done, have done with this harangue; I do from my ſoul believe, if one would but ſuffer thee to go on, thou wouldſt loſe both thy eating and ſleeping in talking." "Was your worſhip poſſeſſed of a good memory, replied

replied Sancho, you would remember certain articles ſtipulated between us, before we ſallied forth upon this expedition; one of which was, that I was to talk as much as I pleaſed, provided it was not ſcandal againſt my neighbour, or derogating from your worſhip's authority; and I imagine, that nothing I have hitherto ſaid, is a breach of this agreement." "I remember no ſuch agreement, ſaid Don Quixote; but, allowing it to be ſo, it is my pleaſure you ſhould give over, and come attend me; for, now the inſtruments we heard laſt evening ſend their cheering ſounds through the vallies; and beyond all doubt the nuptials will not be put off to the ſultry heat of the noon-day, but be ſolemnized in the freſh cool of the morning."

Sancho did as he was commanded, and putting on Rozinante's ſaddle and Dapple's pannel, they both mounted, and gently walked their beaſts into the artificial ſhade. The firſt object that preſented itſelf to the eyes of Sancho, was an entire bullock ſpitted whole, upon an elm, roaſting by a fire of wood of the ſize of a middling mountain, and round it ſix pots, but not ſuch pots as are caſt in common moulds, for, they were half jars, and each of them contained a whole ſhamble of meat; whole ſheep found room in them, and were ſtowed as commodiouſly as if they had been ſo many pigeons. There was an innumerable quantity of caſed hares, and ready-plucked fowls that hung about the branches of the trees, ready to be ſwallowed up in theſe receivers; and an infinite number of wild fowl, with vaſt quantities of veniſon, were likewiſe hanging about the trees, for the air to cool them. Sancho himſelf told above threeſcore ſkins, which, as it was afterwards diſcovered, were full of rich wines, every ſkin containing above twenty four quarts. Loaves of the whiteſt bread were piled up like heaps of wheat on a threſhing-floor; and ſuch a quantity of cheeſe ranged in the form of bricks, as ſeemed a wall; two pans, as wide as cauldrons, and larger than a dyer's vat, full of oil, were ready for frying their fritters and pancakes; and when fried, they took them out with ſtrong peels, and dipped them in another pot that ſtood by full of prepared honey. The cooks, men and women, amounted to above fifty, clean, good-humoured, and all buſy; in the belly of the roaſting bullock, were ſewed a dozen ſucking pigs, to make it tender and ſavoury. Spices of all ſorts, which ſeemed to have been bought by wholeſale and not by retail, ſtood in a vaſt cheſt. In ſhort, the preparations for the wedding were indeed in a ruſtic taſte, but in ſuch plenty and profuſion as might have feaſted an army.

Sancho looked at every thing, attentively conſidered each particular, and was in raptures with the whole. But, his whole heart and affections

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tions were chiefly captivated by the fleſh-pots; out of them he would have been glad, with all his heart, to have filled about a moderate barrel. Then the wine-ſkins made his bowels yearn; and after theſe the contents of the frying-pans, if veſſels of ſuch immoderate ſize may be ſo called. He could hold out no longer; it was not in the power of his nature to contain himſelf; therefore, up he went to one of the cooks, who was buſy, and addreſſing himſelf to him with a humble and hungry air, begged that he might be permitted to ſop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. To which requeſt the cook replied, "Hunger does not preſide over this day, thanks be to Camacho the rich; even alight, and ſee if thou canſt find any where a ladle, and ſkim out a fowl or two, and much good may it do thy good heart." "I ſee no ladle," ſaid Sancho. "God forgive me all my ſins! cried the cook, what a poor helpleſs thing thou art, ſtay." So ſaying, he laid hold of a kettle, and dipping it at once, into one of the half-jar pots, brought up three pullets, and a couple of geeſe. "Here, ſaid he, eat, make a breakfaſt of this ſcum, and ſee if you can ſtay your ſtomach with it, till dinner-time." "I have nothing to put it in," ſaid Sancho. "Then, take ladle and all, replied the cook; for, Camacho's riches and good fortune are ſufficient to ſupply every thing."

While Sancho Panza paſſed his time in this manner, Don Quixote was attentive in obſerving about a dozen of countrymen, who entered in at one ſide of this ſpacious arbour, mounted upon beautiful mares, each of them accoutred with rich and gay capariſons, and hung round with little bells. They were clad in holiday apparel, and courſed round the meadow in a body, and, in regular careers, ſeveral times, with a joyous mooriſh ſhout, flouriſhing, and crying out, "Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he as rich as ſhe is fair, and ſhe the faireſt of the univerſe." Which exclamation, Don Quixote hearing, ſaid within himſelf, "It is evident they never have beheld the beauty of my Dulcinea del Toboſo; had they ever been bleſſed with a ſight of her tranſcendant charms, they would be more ſparing in their praiſes of this their Quiteria."

Some time after there entered, at different parts of the arbour, different ſets of dancers; one of whom conſiſted of twenty-four ſword dancers, all of them clean, well-made jolly ſwains, clad in fine, white linen, and white handkerchiefs embroidered with ſilk of various colours. One of thoſe who were mounted upon the mares aſked a youth, who led the band of the ſword-dancers, whether any of his companions had received any hurt? "As yet, replied the other, we are all ſafe and ſound, thanks be

be to God, no one is wounded; and immediately upon that mixed among his companions with ſo many twiſtings and windings, and with ſuch dexterity, that though Don Quixote had been uſed to behold ſuch dances, he never ſaw any he approved ſo much. Another dance likewiſe pleaſed him prodigiouſly; that was another chorus of twelve moſt beautiful damſels, of ſuch an age, that none appeared under fourteen, nor did any ſeem to be quite eighteen; they were all clad in green ſtuff of Cuença, their locks were, ſome plaited, ſome flowing looſe, and all ſo fine and flaxen, as to rival thoſe of Phœbus himſelf, and crowned with garlands of roſes of jeſſamine and of woodbine. This beautiful bevy was led up to the dance by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, both more airy and agile than could be expected from their years. A bagpipe of Zamora was their muſic, and with modeſty in their looks and countenances, and lightneſs of foot, they danced and tripped it away the prettieſt in the world. After theſe, entered an emblematic dance of eight nymphs divided into two bodies: the god of love led one, and Intereſt the other; Cupid with his wings, his bow, his quiver and arrows; Intereſt clad in gold, and ſilk of rich and various colours. The nymphs, attendants on Cupid, had their names diſplayed in white parchment, and capital letters on their backs: the firſt was named Poetry, the ſecond Diſcretion, the third Pedigree, the fourth Bravery. The attendants on Intereſt were likewiſe characteriſed: the firſt was Liberality, the ſecond Bounty, the third Treaſure, the fourth Quiet poſſeſſion. The whole maſque was preceded by a wooden caſtle, drawn by ſavages clad in ivy and hemp died green, and ſo ſavage they looked that they had almoſt frightened Sancho. On the front and on each of the four ſides of this machine were inſcribed theſe words, "The caſtle of diſcretion." Four able muſicians played on the tabor and the pipe; and Cupid, who began the dance, after he had made two movements, lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow againſt a damſel that ſtood upon the battlements of the caſtle, to whom he pronounced this addreſs:

I am the god whoſe pow'r extends
  Through the wide ocean, earth, and ſky;
To my ſoft ſway all nature bends,
  Compell'd by beauty to comply.
Fearleſs, I rule, in calm and ſtorm,
  Indulge my pleaſure to the full,
Things deem'd impoſſible perform,
  Beſtow, reſume, ordain, annul.

Having

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Having repeated theſe ſtanzas, he ſhot an arrow to the top of the caſtle, and retired to his ſtation. Then Intereſt advanced, and performed other two movements; after which the tabors were ſilent, and the power rehearſed theſe lines.

My pow'r exceeds the might of Love;
For, Cupid bows to me alone,
Of all things fram'd by heav'n above,
The moſt reſpected, ſought, and known.
My name is Intereſt, mine aid
But few obtain, though all deſire,
Yet, ſhall thy virtue, beauteous maid,
My conſtant ſervices acquire.

Intereſt retiring, was ſucceeded by Poetry, whō, after having performed his motions like the reſt, fixed his eyes upon the lady of the caſtle, and ſaid,

Let Poetry, whoſe ſtrain divine
The wond'rous pow'r of ſong diſplays,
His heart to thee, fair nymph, conſign,
Tranſported in melodious lays:
If haply, thou wilt not refuſe
To grant my ſupplicated boon,
Thy fame ſhall, wafted by the muſe,
Surmount the circle of the moon.

Poetry diſappearing, Liberality advanced from the ſide of Intereſt, and, after ſeveral movements, repeated theſe lines.

My name is Liberality,
Alike beneficent and wiſe,
To ſhun wild prodigality,
And ſordid avarice deſpiſe.
Yet, for thy favour laviſh grown,
A prodigal I mean to prove,
An honourable vice, I own,
But, giving is the teſt of love.

In this manner, all the figures of the two ſquadrons advanced and retired, every one performing his movements, and repeating his verſes, ſome of which were elegant, and others fooliſh enough; but thoſe we

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have inſerted, were all that Don Quixote could retain, although his memory was very tenacious: then mixing altogether in the dance, they winded and turned with great eaſe, grace and agility. Cupid, in paſſing ſhot arrows at the caſtle, while Intereſt battered it with round gilded earthen pots: at length, after the dance had continued a good while, this laſt pulled out a large purſe made of calf-ſkin, to all appearance full of money, and throwing it at the caſtle, the boards ſeemed to be disjoined by the blow, and immediately fell aſunder, leaving the damſel quite diſcovered and defenceleſs; then Intereſt, with the figures of his train, advancing, and throwing a great gold chain about her neck, ſeemed bent upon taking and dragging her into captivity. This deſign being perceived by Cupid and his partiſans, they made an effort to releaſe her, and all their motions were performed by the ſound of the tabors, to which they danced and capered in concert. Then the ſavages interpoſing, and effecting an accommodation, refitted and rejoined the boards of the caſtle with admirable diſpatch, the damſel encloſed herſelf anew; and thus the dance was finiſhed, to the infinite ſatisfaction of the ſpectators.

Don Quixote aſked one of the nymphs, what author had contrived and compoſed this entertainment; and being told it was the production of the curate, who had a rare noddle for ſuch conceits, "I'll lay a wager, ſaid he, that this ſame batchelor or curate is more a friend of Camacho than of Baſilius; and that he is better acquainted with ſatire than prayer; for, he has very artfully interwoven in this maſque the talents of Baſilius, and the wealth of his rival." Sancho Panza overhearing this obſervation, "My cock is the king, ſaid he, and I hold faſt by Camacho." "Then am I convinced, replied the knight, that Sancho is one of thoſe low-born peaſants, who cry, Long life to the conqueror." "I know not, reſumed the ſquire, what ſect I am of; but, this I know perfectly well, that I ſhall never ſkim from the fleſh-pots of Baſilius, ſuch a delicate ſcum as this, that I have taken from the boilers of Camacho." With theſe words, he produced the kettle full of geeſe and pullets, and ſeizing a bird, began to eat with great glee and ſatisfaction; ſaying, in defiance of the talents poſſeſſed by Baſilius, "Thou art worth juſt as much as thou haſt, and haſt juſt as much as thou art worth. There are only two families in the world, as my grannam was wont to obſerve, the have-ſomethings and the have-nothings: though ſhe ſtuck always to the former; and now-a-days, my good maſter, we are more apt to feel the pulſe of property than of wiſdom. An aſs with golden trappings, makes a better appearance than an horſe with a pack-ſaddle. Therefore, I ſay again, I hold faſt by Camacho, the plentiful ſcum of whoſe pots

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pots contains geeſe, hens, hares, and coneys, while that of Baſilius, if it comes to hand, or even if it ſhould only come to the feet, is no better than diſh-waſhings."

" Sancho, cried Don Quixote, haſt thou finiſhed thy harangue?" " It ſhall be finiſhed, replied the ſquire, as I ſee your worſhip is diſpleaſed with it; though, if your diſguſt had not fallen in the way, I had cut out work enough for three days." " Grant heaven, ſaid the knight, that I may ſee thee dumb before I die." " At the rate we follow, anſwered Panza, before your worſhip dies, my mouth will be crammed with clay, and then I may chance to be ſo dumb that I ſhall not ſpeak another word to the end of the world, or at leaſt, till the day of judgment." " Even ſhould that be the caſe, replied Don Quixote, I ſay unto thee, O Sancho! thy ſilence will never counterbalance what thou didſt, doſt, and wilt ſay, during the courſe of thy life; eſpecially as, according to the nature of things, the day of my death will happen before thine; ſo that I have no hope of ever ſeeing thee ſilent, even while thou art drinking or ſleeping, and that is the greateſt favour I could expect."

" In good ſooth, ſignor, ſaid the ſquire, there is no truſting to *Mrs. Ghoſtly, I mean death, who gobbles up the goſlin as well as the gooſe; and as I have heard our curate obſerve, tramples down the lofty turrets of the prince, as well as the lowly cottage of the ſwain. That ſame lady who is more powerful than coy, knows not what it is to be dainty and ſqueamiſh, but eats of every thing, and crams her wallet with people of all nations, degrees and conditions: ſhe is none of your labourers that take their afternoon's nap, but, mows at all hours, cutting down the dry ſtubble as well as the green graſs; nor does ſhe ſeem to chew, but rather ſwallows and devours every thing that falls in her way; for, ſhe is gnawed by a dog's hunger that is never ſatisfied; and though ſhe has no belly, plainly ſhews herſelf dropſical, and ſo thirſty as to drink up the lives of all the people upon earth, juſt as one would ſwallow a draught of cool water." " Enough, friend Sancho, cried the knight, interrupting him in this place, keep thyſelf well, now thou art in order, and beware of ſtumbling again; for, really a good preacher could not ſpeak more to the purpoſe than thou haſt ſpoken upon death, in thy ruſtic manner of expreſſion: I ſay unto thee, Sancho, if thy diſcretion was equal to thy natural parts, thou mighteſt aſcend the pulpit, and go about teaching and preaching to admiration." " He is a good preacher, who is a good liver, anſwered Panza; and that is all the divinity I know."

* In the original there is a play upon the words *Deſcarnada*, *Cordero* and *Carnero*, which I have endeavoured to imitate, by ſubſtituting gooſe in the room of mutton, which is the literal meaning of the text.

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" And that is ſufficient, ſaid the knight; yet I ſhall never underſtand or comprehend, as the fear of God is the beginning of wiſdom, how thou, who art more afraid of a lizard than of thy maker, ſhould be ſo wiſe?" " Signor, replied Sancho, I deſire your worſhip would determine in your own affairs of chivalry, without taking the trouble to judge of other people's valour or fears; for my own part, I am as pretty a fearer of God as one would deſire to ſee in any neighbour's child: wherefore, I beſeech your worſhip, let me diſcuſs this ſame ſcum; for, every thing elſe is idle chat, of which we ſhall be able to give a bad account in the other world." So ſaying, he renewed his attack upon his kettle, with ſuch keen appetite as awakened that of his maſter, who would have certainly joined in the aſſault, had not he been prevented by that which we muſt now relate.

CHAP. IV.

Which continues to treat of Camacho's wedding, and other incidents.

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the converſation, related in the preceding chapter, they heard a great noiſe and ſhouting, raiſed by a company mounted on mares, galloping in full cry, to meet the young couple, who came, ſurrounded by a thouſand kinds of inſtruments, and accompanied by the curate, the relations, and all the creditable people of the neighbouring villages, in their holiday cloaths. Sancho ſeeing the bride, exclaimed with marks of admiration, " I'faith! ſhe looks more like one of your gay court-dames than a plain country maid. Now, by the biggeſt beads of my roſary! inſtead of a tin * brooch, her breaſt is bedizened with rich coral, and her hoyden-grey is turned into thirty-piled velvet, and body o'me! the trimming is not of white linnen but of ſilk and ſattin; then handle me her hands ſet off with what? jewels of jet? no! let me never thrive, if they an't decked with rings of gold! aye, and of maſſy gold, paved with pearls as white as a curd, every one of which is worth a jew's eye. O the whoreſon baggage! and ſuch hair! if it is not falſe, I never ſaw any ſo long and ſo fair in my born-days. Do but mind how buxom, ſtraight and tall ſhe is, and ſee whether ſhe may not be compared to a moving palm-tree, loaded with cluſters of dates; for, nothing can be more like the gewgaws and toys that hang from her hair and neck. By my ſalvation!

* The *Patina* was a ſmall conſecrated plate which the Spaniſh women, eſpecially thoſe of an inferior rank, wore upon their breaſts.

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the damſel is well covered, and might paſs through all the banks of Flanders." Don Quixote, though he ſmiled at the ruſtic praiſes of his ſquire, owned that, excluſive of his miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſhe was the moſt beautiful female he had ever ſeen.

Nevertheleſs the fair Quiteria was paler than uſual; and this change of complexion muſt have been owing to the bad night which brides always paſs, in ſtriving to compoſe themſelves for the approaching day of their nuptials. The company repaired to a theatre erected at one ſide of the meadow, and adorned with carpets and boughs, where the ceremony was to be performed, and from whence they could ſee the maſques and other diverſions; and they had juſt arrived at the place, when their ears were ſaluted with a noiſe behind them, and a voice that pronounced, "Stay a little, haſty and inconſiderate couple." In conſequence of this addreſs, they turned about, and perceived it was uttered by a man cloathed in a looſe black coat, interperſed with crimſon flames, crowned, as they ſoon perceived, with a chaplet of funereal cypreſs, and holding in his hand a truncheon of uncommon ſize. As he approached, he was known to be the gallant Baſilius; at ſight of whom they were ſurprized, and waited in ſuſpence to ſee the iſſue of his exclamation, dreading ſome miſchance from ſuch an unſeaſonable viſit. At length, wearied and breathleſs, he came up to the bride and bridegroom, and thruſting in the ground his ſtaff that was pointed with ſteel, he fixed his eyes upon Quiteria, and with a pale aſpect, and hoarſe, quavering voice, pronounced theſe words: "Thou well knoweſt, ungrateful Quiteria, that, according to the holy faith we profeſs, thou canſt not eſpouſe another huſband, while I am alive; nor art thou ignorant, that while I waited until time and diligence ſhould meliorate my fortune, I never ſought to deviate from that decorum which thy honour required I ſhould preſerve; yet, thou, diſburthening thyſelf of all the obligations which thou oweſt to my honeſt paſſion, haſt made another perſon maſter of what is juſtly mine; a man, whoſe wealth is not only ſubſervient to his good fortune, but even renders him ſuperlatively happy; which happineſs, that he may enjoy to the full (not that I think he deſerves it, but becauſe it is the will of heaven to beſtow it) I will, with my own hands, remove the impoſſibility, or inconvenience that may obſtruct it, by taking myſelf out of the way. Long live, long live Camacho the rich, with Quiteria the ungrateful, to enjoy many quiet and happy years; and death be the portion of the poor Baſilius, whoſe poverty clipped the wings of his fortune, and laid him in an untimely grave."

So

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So ſaying, he laid hold of the ſtaff which he had ſtuck in the earth, and drew from it a middling tuck, which was concealed in it as in a ſcabbard; then fixing that which may be called the hilt on the ground, he threw himſelf with great activity and reſolution upon the point, which in an inſtant, came out bloody at his ſhoulder, leaving the unhappy youth weltring in gore, and ſtretched upon the ground, transfixed with his own weapon. His friends immediately ran to his aſſiſtance, pierced with affliction at his miſery and lamentable fate, and Don Quixote diſmounting, flew to his relief, held him in his arms, and found that he had not as yet expired. They were inclined to withdraw the tuck, but, the curate, who was preſent, gave his opinion that it ſhould not be withdrawn before he had confeſſed himſelf, becauſe his death would be the immediate conſequence of pulling out the weapon. Mean while Baſilius recollecting himſelf a little, ſaid in a faint and piteous tone, "Ah, cruel Quiteria! wouldſt thou, in this laſt and fatal agony, beſtow upon me thy hand in marriage, I ſhould deem my raſhneſs exculpated, ſeeing by that I ſhould acquire the happineſs of calling thee my own." The curate, hearing this addreſs, exhorted him to employ his attention upon the health of his ſoul, rather than upon ſuch carnal pleaſures, and earneſtly pray to God to pardon his ſins, and in particular this laſt deſperate determination. To this remonſtrance Baſilius replied, that he would by no means confeſs, until Quiteria ſhould firſt grant him her hand, a favour which would ſet his heart at reſt, and give him ſpirits to undergo his confeſſion.

Don Quixote hearing the petition of the wounded man, declared, in an audible voice, that Baſilius requeſted nothing but what was juſt and reaſonable, and beſides very practicable, and that ſignor Camacho's honour would ſuffer no more in wedding Signora Quiteria as the widow of Baſilius, than in receiving her from her father's own hands; for, here nothing was required but the monoſyllable of aſſent, which could have no other effect than the trouble of pronouncing it, as the bridal bed muſt alſo be the tomb of ſuch a marriage. Camacho heard the whole, which kept him in ſuch confuſion and ſuſpence, that he knew not what to ſay or do: but the friends of Baſilius were ſo clamorous in ſolliciting him to conſent to Quiteria's giving her hand in marriage to the hapleſs youth, whoſe ſoul would otherwiſe periſh in deſpair, that he was perſuaded, and as it were compelled to ſay, that if his bride would grant that favour, he ſhould be ſatisfied, as it would only for a moment delay the accompliſhment of his deſires. Immediately they ſurrounded Quiteria, whom

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whom with tears, intreaties, and other pathetic remonſtrances, they preſſed to give her hand to poor Baſilius; but ſhe, more obdurate than marble, and more inflexible than a ſtatue, neither could, would, or deſired, to anſwer one word; nor would ſhe have made the leaſt reply, had not the curate deſired her to come to a ſpeedy determination, for, the ſoul of Baſilius being already between his teeth, would not afford long time for heſitation.

Then the beautiful Quiteria, without ſpeaking one ſyllable, but ſeemingly diſordered, ſad and ſorrowful, advanced to the place where Baſilius lay, with his eyes already fixed, breathing ſhort and thick, murmuring the name of Quiteria, and, to all appearance, dying rather like an heathen than a chriſtian. The bride at length approaching and kneeling before him, deſired by ſigns he would hold out his hand; then Baſilius unfixing his eyes, and ſtedfaſtly gazing upon her, "O Quiteria! ſaid he, thou art become pious at a time when thy piety muſt ſerve as a ſword to finiſh my unfortunate life; ſeeing I have not ſtrength enough left to obtain that glory which thou wouldſt confer in calling me thine, or to ſuſpend the grief that comes ſo faſt to cover mine eyes with the diſmal ſhades of death: what I requeſt, O fatal ſtar of my deſtiny! is, that thy conſent to this exchange of vows may not be a meer compliment to deceive me anew, but that thou wilt confeſs and declare, there is no reſtraint upon thy inclination, while thy hand is given and delivered to me as thy lawful huſband; for, it would be cruel to uſe deceit and diſſimulation with one in ſuch extremity, who has always behaved to thee with ſuch ſincerity and truth." Having pronounced theſe words, he fainted away, ſo that all the byſtanders thought his ſoul would forſake his body in that ſwoon: but, when he retrieved the uſe of his faculties, Quiteria all bluſhing with modeſty, took hold of his right hand, ſaying, "No force upon earth would be ſufficient to biaſs my will; and therefore, with all the freedom of inclination, I give thee my hand as thy lawful wife, and receive thine on the ſame terms, if thou beſtoweſt it with the ſame good will, undiſturbed and unconfounded by the calamity into which thou haſt been hurried by thy own precipitate conduct." "I do, anſwered Baſilius, without either diſorder or confuſion; but, on the contrary, with all the clearneſs of underſtanding with which heaven hath thought proper to endow me, I give and deliver myſelf for thy true and faithful huſband." "And I take thee for ſuch, replied Quiteria, whether thou mayeſt live many years, or now be hurried from mine arms to the grave." "Conſidering how deſperately this ſpark is wounded, ſaid Sancho Panza, methinks he talks woundily; make him

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him lay aſide his courtſhip, and mind his ſoul, which ſeems to be in his tongue rather than between his teeth."

The hands of Baſilius and Quiteria being joined, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the nuptial benediction, and fervently prayed, that God would grant forgiveneſs and repoſe to the ſoul of the bridegroom, who no ſooner perceived the ceremony was performed, than he nimbly ſprung upon his legs, with incredible activity, withdrew the tuck which was ſheathed in his body, to the admiration of the byſtanders, ſome of whom, being more ſimple than curious, began to cry aloud, a miracle! a miracle! But, Baſilius replied, "No miracle! no miracle! but ſheer induſtry! nothing but induſtry!" The curate, confounded and aſtoniſhed, ran up to feel the wound with both his hands, and found that the blade, inſtead of paſſing through the body of Baſilius, had run through an iron tube fitted to the part, and full of blood, which, as they afterwards underſtood, was prepared ſo as to retain its fluidity; in a word, the curate and Camacho, with almoſt all the company, found themſelves fairly outwitted. The bride, however, expreſſed no mortification at the deceit; on the contrary, hearing ſomebody obſerve, that ſuch a marriage, obtained by fraud, could not be valid, ſhe ſaid ſhe confirmed it anew. From which circumſtance every one concluded, that the ſtratagem had been contrived and executed with her privity and conſent; and this ſuppoſition enraged Camacho and his adherents to ſuch a degree, that they referred their revenge to the proweſs of their hands, and unſheathing a great many ſwords, aſſaulted Baſilius, in whoſe favour almoſt an equal number were inſtantly produced, and Don Quixote taking the lead on horſeback, well armed with his lance and ſhield, made the whole company give ground; while Sancho, who had no delight or comfort in ſuch exploits, retired to the cauldrons from which he had extracted his agreeable ſcum, looking upon that place as a ſacred ſanctuary and reſpected retreat. The knight exclaimed, in an audible voice, "Forbear, gentlemen, forbear; it is unjuſt to revenge the grievances of love; for, in this particular love and war are the ſame; and as in the firſt, it is lawful and cuſtomary to uſe feints and ſtratagems againſt the enemy, ſo likewiſe, in amorous conteſts and competitions, all ſorts of tricks and contrivances are allowed in attaining the accompliſhment of the lover's deſire, provided they do not tend to the diſparagement or diſhonour of the beloved object. Quiteria was fated to Baſilius, and Baſilius to Quiteria, by the juſt and favourable determination of heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchaſe his pleaſure, when, where, and how his inclination ſhall require; whereas, Baſilius has but this

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this one poor ſheep, of which he ought not to be deprived by any perſon, how powerful ſoever he may be: for, thoſe whom God hath joined, no man ſhall put aſunder; and he who attempts it muſt firſt paſs through the point of this lance." So ſaying, he brandiſhed it with ſuch ſtrength and dexterity, as filled the hearts of thoſe who did not know him with fear and conſternation; and the diſdain of Quiteria made ſuch a deep impreſſion upon the imagination of Camacho, that he ſhook her from his heart in an inſtant: ſo that the perſuaſions of the curate, who was a prudent and well-meaning prieſt, pacified and quieted him and his partizans, who, in token of peace, ſheathed their weapons, blaming the inconſtancy of Quiteria more than the contrivance of Baſilius; and Camacho himſelf obſerved, that if ſhe loved Baſilius before marriage, the ſame love would have continued after it; and that he had more reaſon to thank heaven for having loſt, than he ſhould have had for obtaining, ſuch an help-mate.

Camacho and thoſe of his train, being thus conſoled and appeaſed, the friends of Baſilius took no ſtep to diſturb their peace; and Camacho the rich, in order to ſhew how little he reſented or thought of the trick which had been played upon him, deſired that the entertainments might proceed as if he was really to be married: but, Baſilius with his bride and followers refuſing to partake of them, ſet out in a body for the place of his habitation; for, the poor who are virtuous and diſcreet will always find people to honour, attend, and ſupport them, as well as the rich with all their paraſites and companions. In conſequence of their earneſt intreaty, they were accompanied by Don Quixote, whom they eſteemed as a prodigy of valour and integrity; and nothing was cloudy but the ſoul of Sancho, when he found it impoſſible to enjoy the ſplendid banquets and diverſions of Camacho, that laſted till night: he, therefore, in a fretful and melancholy mood, followed his maſter, who joined the troop of Baſilius; leaving behind the fleſh-pots of Ægypt, although he ſtill retained them in his fancy; and the half-finiſhed ſcum of his kettle inhanced the glory and abundance of the benefit he had loſt: ſo that, penſive, ſullen and ſad, yet without hunger or diſmounting from Dapple, he ſilently trudged after the heels of Rozinante.

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CHAP. V.

In which is recounted the vaſt adventure of the cave of Monteſinos, in the heart of La Mancha, which was happily atchieved by the valiant Don Quixote.

GREAT and manifold were the treats and particulars of reſpect paid to Don Quixote by the new-married couple, who thought themſelves greatly obliged by the readineſs he had ſhewn to defend their cauſe, and looked upon his valour to be equal to his diſcretion; indeed, they eſteemed him a perfect Cid in arms, and a Cicero in elocution. Honeſt Sancho regaled himſelf three days at their expence, during which it was known that the contrivance of the fictitious wound had not been communicated to Quiteria, but was hatched by the ingenuity of Baſilius himſelf, in hope of meeting with that ſucceſs which, as we have ſeen, he actually attained: true it is, he confeſſed he had imparted his deſign to ſome of her friends, that they might, in caſe of neceſſity, favour his intention, and facilitate the execution of his deceit.

"Whatſoever hath virtue for its ultimate aim, ſaid Don Quixote, neither can or ought to be called deceit; and ſurely no aim can be more excellent than the union of two lovers in the holy bands of marriage." He obſerved, that the greateſt enemy of love is hunger and neceſſity; for, love is altogether ſprightly, joyous, and ſatisfied, eſpecially when the object of deſire is in poſſeſſion of the lover, whoſe fierce and declared adverſaries are want and inconvenience. He made theſe obſervations with a view to perſuade ſignor Baſilius to quit the exerciſe of thoſe talents he poſſeſſed, which, tho' they acquired reputation, would not earn a farthing of money, and to employ his attention in augmenting his eſtate by legal and induſtrious means, that never fail the prudent and the careful. The poor man of honour (if a poor man can deſerve that title) poſſeſſes, in a beautiful wife, a jewel; and when that is taken away, he is deprived of his honour, which is murthered: a beautiful and chaſte woman, whoſe huſband is poor, deſerves to be crowned with laurel and palms of triumph; for, beauty alone attracts the inclinations of thoſe who behold it, juſt as the royal eagle and ſoaring hawk ſtoop to the ſavoury lure; but, if that beauty is incumbered by poverty and want, it is likewiſe attacked by ravens, kites, and other birds of prey; and if ſhe who poſſeſſes it firmly withſtands all theſe aſſaults, ſhe well deſerves to be called the crown of her huſband. "Take notice,

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notice, deareſt Baſilius, added the knight, it was the opinion of a certain ſage, that there was but one good wife in the whole world; and he adviſed every huſband to believe ſhe had fallen to his ſhare, and accordingly be ſatisfied with his lot. I myſelf am not married, nor hitherto have I entertained the leaſt thought of changing my condition; nevertheleſs, I will venture to adviſe him who aſks my advice, in ſuch a manner, that he may find a woman to his wiſh: in the firſt place, I would exhort him to pay more regard to reputation than to fortune; for, a virtuous woman does not acquire a good name, meerly by being virtuous; ſhe muſt likewiſe maintain the exteriors of deportment, for, the honour of the ſex ſuffers much more from levity and freedom of behaviour in public, than from any private miſdeeds. If thou bringeſt a good woman to thy houſe, it will be an eaſy taſk to preſerve and even improve her virtue; but, ſhouldeſt thou chooſe a wife of a different character, it will coſt thee abundance of pains to mend her; for, it is not very practicable to paſs from one extreme to another: I do not ſay it is altogether impoſſible, tho' I hold it for a matter of much difficulty."

Sancho hearing theſe remarks, ſaid to himſelf, "This maſter of mine, whenever I chance to utter any thing pithy or ſubſtantial, will ſay I might take a pulpit in hand, and travel thro' the world, teaching and preaching to admiration; now, I will ſay for him, that when he begins to ſtring ſentences, and give advice, he might not only take one pulpit in hand, but, even a couple on each finger, and ſtroll about the market-towns. Wit, whither would'ſt thou? May the devil fetch him for a knight-errant! he knows but every thing; I thought for certain, he could be acquainted with nothing but what relates to his chivalries; but, he pecks at every thing, and throws his ſpoonful in every man's diſh."

His maſter overheard him murmuring in this manner, and aſking what he grumbled at, "I don't grumble, anſwered Sancho, I was only ſaying to myſelf, I wiſhed I had heard thoſe remarks of your worſhip, before I married; in which caſe, I might now, perhaps, might remark in my turn, The looſened ox is well licked." "What, is Tereſa ſuch a bad wife?" ſaid the knight. "Not very bad, anſwered the ſquire, but, then ſhe is not very good; at leaſt, not ſo good as I could wiſh." "You are in the wrong, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, to diſparage your wife, who in effect is the mother of your children." "As to that matter, replied Sancho, we are not at all in one another's debt; for, ſhe can diſparage me faſt enough, eſpecially when ſhe takes it in her head to be jealous, and then Satan himſelf could not endure her."

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In a word, they ſtayed three days with the new-married couple, during which they were treated and ſerved like the king's own perſon; and here Don Quixote deſired the nimble-wriſted licentiate, to provide him with a guide to direct his ſteps to the cave of Monteſinos, which he had a longing deſire to explore, that he might inveſtigate with his own eyes the truth of thoſe wonderful ſtories that were reported of it, through the whole neighbourhood. The licentiate promiſed to accommodate him with a firſt couſin of his own, a famous ſtudent deeply read in books of chivalry, who would willingly conduct him to the very mouth of the cave, and point out the lakes of Ruydera, ſo famous, not only in the province of La Mancha, but alſo through the whole kingdom of Spain: and he likewiſe obſerved, that he would find his converſation very entertaining; for, he was a lad who knew how to compoſe books for the preſs, and even dedicate them to princes. At length, this couſin arrived upon an aſs big with foal, whoſe pannel was covered with a piece of tawdry tapeſtry or carpet: Sancho ſaddled Rozinante, put Dapple in order, ſtowed his wallet, which was reinforced by the couſin's, likewiſe very well ſtored; then recommending themſelves to God, and taking leave of the company, they ſet out, chooſing the ſhorteſt road to the famous cave of Monteſinos.

While they travelled along, Don Quixote addreſſing himſelf to the ſtudent, aſked what was the nature and quality of his exerciſes, ſtudies and profeſſion? To this queſtion, the other anſwered, that his profeſſion was humanity; and that his exerciſe and ſtudy conſiſted in compoſing books for the preſs, of great emolument, and no leſs entertainment to the public; that one of them was intituled, The book of Liveries, in which he had deſcribed ſeven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottos, and cyphers: "From theſe, ſaid he, your courtiers may extract and aſſume ſuch devices as will ſuit their fancies, in times of feſtivity and rejoicing, without going about begging from any perſon whatever, or cudgelling their brains, as the ſaying is, in order to invent what will ſuit their ſeveral deſires and diſpoſitions; for, I inſert thoſe that will fit the jealous, the diſdained, the forgotten and abſent, ſo exactly, that the juſt will far exceed the number of the gentiles. I have likewiſe finiſhed another book called, The Metamorphoſes; or, The Spaniſh Ovid, of an invention equally new and agreeable; for, there, in imitation of Naſo, I give a burleſque deſcription and hiſtory of the Giralda of Sevil, the Angel of La Madalina, the Conduit of Vecinguerra at Cordova, the Bulls of Guiſanda, the Sierra Morena, the Fountains of Leganitos, and the Lavapies of Madrid, not forgetting the Piojo, the Golden Pipe and the Priora, with their allegories, metaphors and transformations, which at once ſurprize, inſtruct and entertain.

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tertain. I have a third performance, which I denominate, The ſupplement to Polydore Virgil, which treats of the invention of things, and is a work of great ſtudy and erudition; for, many things of great importance, which Polydore has omitted, I examine and explain, in a moſt elegant ſtile: he, for example, has forgot to let us know who was the firſt perſon troubled with a defluxion of rheum, and who was firſt anointed for the cure of the French diſtemper: now, theſe two queſtions I reſolve, in the moſt accurate manner, upon the authority of above five and twenty authors; ſo your worſhip will perceive whether I have laboured to good purpoſe, and compoſed a book that will be uſeful to the world in general."

Sancho having liſtened very attentively to this narration, "Tell me, ſignor, ſaid he, ſo may God lend an helping hand to the printing of your books; tell me, if you know, and ſurely you know every thing, who was the firſt man that ſcratched his own head; for my own part, I firmly believe it muſt have been our father Adam." "Certainly, anſwered the ſtudent; for, Adam without doubt had a head and hair upon it; now, that being the caſe, and he being the firſt man in the world, he muſt have ſcratched it ſometimes." "I am of the ſame opinion, reſumed Sancho, but now, pray tell me who was the firſt tumbler?" "Verily, brother, reſumed the ſcholar, I cannot determine that point, until I ſhall have ſtudied it, and ſtudy it I will, upon my return to the place where I keep my books; ſo that I ſhall ſatisfy you the next time we meet; for, I hope this will not be the laſt time of our meeting." "Then I deſire you will give yourſelf no trouble about the matter, ſaid Sancho; for, I have already found out the ſolution of my queſtion: know, ſignor, that the firſt tumbler muſt have been Lucifer, who, when he was thrown and ejected from heaven, came tumbling down to the bottomleſs pit." "Friend, cried the ſtudent, you are certainly in the right." "That queſtion and anſwer, ſaid Don Quixote, is none of thy own; thou muſt have learned them from ſome other perſon, Sancho." "Hold your tongue, ſignor, replied the ſquire; for, in good faith! if I begin to queſtion and anſwer, I ſhall not have done till morning: yes, as to the matter of aſking like a fool, and anſwering like a ſimpleton, I have no occaſion to crave the aſſiſtance of my neighbours." "Thou haſt ſaid more than thou art aware of, anſwered Don Quixote; for, ſome people there are who fatigue themſelves in learning, and inveſtigating that which, when learned and inveſtigated, is not worth a farthing either to the memory or underſtanding."

In this and other ſuch reliſhing diſcourſe they paſſed that day, and at night took up their lodging in a ſmall village, from whence, as the ſcholar told the knight, the diſtance to the cave of Monteſinos did not exceed

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a couple of leagues; and he obſerved, that if Don Quixote was really determined to explore the cavern, it would be neceſſary to provide ropes, by which he might be lowered down to its bottom. The knight ſaid, that although he ſhould deſcend to the abyſs, he would ſee the bottom, for which purpoſe, he purchaſed about a hundred fathoms of rope; and next day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived at the cave, and found the mouth broad and ſpacious, tho' overgrown with thorns, weeds, brambles and brakes, ſo thick and intricate, that it was almoſt quite covered and concealed: at ſight of the place all three alighted; the ſtudent and Sancho immediately began to faſten the rope ſtrongly about the knight, and while they were thus employed in cording and girding him, Sancho addreſſing himſelf to the adventurer, "Dear maſter, ſaid he, conſider what your worſhip is about: ſeek not to bury yourſelf alive, and to be uſed like a bottle of wine, let down to cool in ſome well; for, it neither concerns nor belongs to your worſhip to be the ſurveyor of that pit, which muſt be worſe than a dungeon." "Tie the knot, and hold thy tongue, friend Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote, for, ſuch an enterprize as this was reſerved for me alone." Then the guide interpoſing, "I intreat your worſhip, ſignor Don Quixote, ſaid he, to conſider attentively, and examine, as it were, with an hundred eyes, every circumſtance within this cave, where, perhaps, there may be things which I ſhall inſert among my tranſformations." "The cymbal, anſwered Sancho, is in the hands that can play it to the utmoſt nicety."

This diſcourſe having paſſed, and the ligature being made, not over the knight's armour, but his doublet, "We have been guilty of an inadvertency, ſaid Don Quixote, in coming hither unprovided with a ſmall bell, which, had it been tied to me with the ſame cord, would, with its ſound, have given you notice, as I deſcended, of my being alive: but, as it is now impoſſible to be accommodated, I commit myſelf to the hands of God, who will conduct me." Then falling upon his knees, he, in a low voice, preferred a prayer to heaven, beſeeching God to aſſiſt and crown him with ſucceſs, in this ſeemingly perilous and new adventure. His ejaculation being finiſhed, he pronounced, in a loud voice, "O! thou miſtreſs of my deeds and motions, the moſt reſplendent and peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo! if the prayer and petition of this thy adventurous lover can poſſibly reach thine ears, I conjure thee, by thy unheard-of beauty, to grant my requeſt, which is no other than that thou would'ſt not now deny me thy favour and protection, when I ſtand ſo much in need of both; for, I am juſt upon the brink of darting, plunging and ingulphing myſelf into the profound abyſs that opens wide before me, on purpoſe that the

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the world may know there is nothing ſo impoſſible that I will not attempt and execute, under the wings of thy favour."

So ſaying, he approached the pit, where he found it would be impracticable to ſlip down, or make way for entering, without the ſtrength of arms and back-ſtrokes; he therefore, unſheathing his ſword, began to lay about him, and mow down the buſhes that grew around the mouth of the cave, out of which an infinite number of huge crows and daws, affrighted at the noiſe and diſturbance, ſallied forth with ſuch force and velocity, as laid the knight upon his back; and had he been as ſuperſtitious as he was a good catholic, he would have looked upon this irruption as a bad omen, and excuſed himſelf from viſiting the bowels of ſuch a dreary place: at length he roſe, and ſeeing that the flight of crows, and other birds of might, was now over, (for a number of bats had likewiſe come forth) he put the rope in the hands of Sancho and the ſcholar, deſiring them to lower him down to the bottom of that dreadful cavern, which, when he entered, Sancho gave him his benediction, and making a thouſand croſſes over him, exclaimed, "God and the rock of France, together with the trinity of Gaeta, be thy guides, thou flower, and cream, and ſcum of knights-errant: I ſay again, God be thy guide, and bring thee back ſafe, ſound, and without deceit, to the light of this life, which thou art now forſaking to bury thyſelf in that obſcurity." Almoſt the ſame prayer and deprecation was uttered by the ſcholar; while Don Quixote called aloud for rope, and afterwards for more rope, which they gave him by little and little; and by that time the voice, which aſcended through the windings and turnings of the cave, ceaſed to vibrate on their ears, they had already uncoiled the hundred fathoms, and were inclined to hoiſt him up again, as they had no more cord to ſpare: they ſtayed, however, about half an hour, at the expiration of which they began to pull up the rope, which ſeemed to have no weight attached to it, and came up with ſuch eaſe, that they imagined the knight was left below; a ſuppoſition, in conſequence of which the ſquire wept moſt bitterly, while he pulled with great eagerneſs, in order to diſcover the truth; but, when they had coiled up about fourſcore fathoms, they felt the weight again, and were exceedingly rejoiced: finally, at the diſtance of ten fathoms, they diſtinctly perceived Don Quixote, to whom Sancho addreſſed himſelf, ſaying, "Dear maſter, I wiſh your worſhip an happy return; we began to think you had tarried below to breed."

To this welcome the knight anſwered not a word; and when they pulled him up, they perceived his eyes were ſhut, and that, to all appearance, he was faſt aſleep: then he was laid upon the ground, and untied; but

but ſtill he did not awake: however, by dint of turning, jogging, ſhaking and moving, they, after ſome time, brought him to himſelf, when yawning hideouſly, as if he had awoke from a profound and heavy ſleep, he looked around with amazement, and pronounced, "God forgive you, friends, for having withdrawn me from the moſt delightful proſpect and agreeable life that ever mortal ſaw or enjoyed: in effect, I am now fully convinced, that all the pleaſures of this life fleet away like a ſhadow or a dream, or fade like the flowers of the field. O unfortunate Monteſinos! O deeply wounded Durandarte! O hapleſs Belerma! O weeping Guadiana! and you forlorn daughters of Ruydera, who by your waters ſhew the copious floods of tears that fall from your beauteous eyes."

The ſcholar and Sancho hearing theſe words, which Don Quixote ſeemed to heave with immenſe pain from his very intrails, begged he would explain the meaning of what he had ſaid, and inform them of what he had ſeen in that infernal gulph. "Infernal, call you it? ſaid the knight; pray give it a better epithet, for, that it ſurely does deſerve, as you will preſently perceive." Then he deſired they would give him ſomething to eat, for, he was exceſſively hungry; and they, ſpreading the carpet upon the graſs, produced the buttery of their bags, when all three ſitting around them, in love and good fellowſhip, made one meal ſerve for ſupper and afternoon's luncheon, which being finiſhed, and the cloth taken away, "My ſons, ſaid Don Quixote, let no man ſtir, but liſten with your whole attention to that which I am going to rehearſe."

CHAP.

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CHAP. VI.

Of the wonderful incidents recounted by the extravagant Don Quixote, who pretended to have ſeen them in the profound cave of Monteſinos; from the greatneſs and impoſſibility of which, this adventure has been deemed apocryphal.

IT might be about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the ſun retiring behind a cloud, ſo as to emit a ſcanty light and temperate rays, gave Don Quixote an opportunity of relating coolly and comfortably to his two illuſtrious hearers the particulars he had ſeen in the cave of Monteſinos; and he accordingly began to recite what follows:

"About twelve or fourteen fathoms below the mouth of this dungeon, there is a concavity on the right hand, wide enough to contain a large waggon with its cattle, and illuminated by a ſmall ſtream of light that deſcends through correſponding cracks and crannies, that open at a diſtance on the ſurface of the earth: this ſpacious cavity I perceived, when I was tired and out of humour at finding myſelf hanging and deſcending by a rope, through that dark and dreary dungeon, without knowing any certain or determined way; I therefore reſolved to enter it, and repoſe myſelf a little, and called to you to leave off lowering the rope, until I ſhould give you further notice; but, I ſuppoſe you did not hear me, ſo that I gathered up the cord you let down, and making it into an heap or coil, ſat down upon it, in a very penſive mood, to conſider how I ſhould deſcend to the bottom, having no perſon to ſupport my weight. While I ſat muſing on this misfortune, I was, all of a ſudden, overpowered by a moſt profound ſleep, and without dreaming of the matter, or knowing how, or wherefore, I awoke, and found myſelf in the midſt of the moſt beautiful, charming and delightful meadow that nature could create, or the moſt fertile imagination conceive. I rubbed and wiped my eyes, ſo as to ſee that far from ſleeping I was broad awake: nevertheleſs, I felt my head, and fumbled in my boſom, in order to be aſſured, whether it was really my identical ſelf, or ſome unſubſtantial phantom and counterfeit; but the touch, the reflection and connected diſcourſe I held with myſelf, concurred to convince me, that I was the ſame at that time as I find myſelf at preſent. Then was my view regaled with a ſumptuous palace or caſtle, with walls and battlements of clear, tranſparent cryſtal, and two large folding-gates, which opening, there came forth, advancing towards me, a venerable old man, clad in a long cloak of pur-

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ple bays, that trailed upon the ground: his ſhoulders and breaſt were girded with a collegiate ſcarf of green ſattin; his head was covered with a black Milan cap; and his beard, white as the drifted ſnow, deſcended to his middle. He wore no arms, but held in his hand a roſary of beads as large as walnuts, though the tens were as big as oſtrich-eggs; and his deportment, air, gravity, and dignified preſence, filled me with ſurprize and veneration. Coming up to me, the firſt thing he did was to hug me cloſely in his arms, then he ſaid, "Long, very long, moſt valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, have we, who are inchanted in theſe ſolitudes, expected thy arrival, that thou mayeſt inform the world of what is contained and concealed in this profound cavern, which is called the cave of Monteſinos; an adventure hitherto reſerved on purpoſe to be atchieved by thy invincible heart and moſt ſtupendous courage. Follow me, illuſtrious ſignor, and I will ſhew thee the wonders that lie hid in this tranſparent caſtle, of which I am governor and perpetual warder, as being that identical Monteſinos from whom the cavern takes its name." No ſooner had he told me who he was, when I aſked if it was true, what the world above related of him, namely, that he had, with a ſmall dagger cut out the heart of his great friend Durandarte, and carried it to the lady Belerma, according to his own deſire, while he was in the agonies of death. He anſwered, every circumſtance was true, except that of the dagger; for, it was neither a dagger, nor ſmall in its dimenſions, but a poliſhed poignard as ſharp as an awl."

Here Sancho interpoſing, obſerved, that ſuch a poignard muſt have been made by Raymond de Hozes of Sevil. "I do not know who was the maker, ſaid the knight, but it could not be that ſword-cutler; for, Raymond de Hozes was living t'other day; whereas, many years are elapſed ſince the battle of Roncevalles, where that misfortune happened; but, this inquiry is of no importance; nor does it diſturb or alter the truth and evidence of the ſtory." "No, ſurely, cried the ſcholar, pray, good your worſhip Don Quixote proceed; for, I liſten to your narration with infinite pleaſure." "And I feel no leſs in recounting it," anſwered the knight.

"Well then, the venerable Monteſinos led me into the cryſtalline palace, where, in a low hall, cool beyond conception, and lined with alabaſter, ſtood a monument of marble of exquiſite workmanſhip, upon which I perceived a knight lying at full length, I do not mean a ſtatue of bronze, marble or jaſper, ſuch as we commonly ſee on other tombs, but a man of real fleſh and bones: he held his right hand, which being muſcular and hairy, denoted the great ſtrength of the owner, over the region of the

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the heart, and before I had time to aſk any queſtions, Monteſinos ſeeing me aſtoniſhed, and gazing attentively at the ſepulchre, " This is my friend Durandarte, ſaid he, the flower and mirrour of all the valiant and enamoured knights of his time: here he is kept enchanted, as well as myſelf, and many others of both ſexes, by Merlin that French enchanter, who is ſaid to have been begotten by the devil; though, for my own part, I believe he is not really the devil's ſon, but that, according to the proverb, he knows one point more than the devil. How or for what reaſon he enchanted us, nobody knows, but time will diſcover the myſtery; and, in my opinion, that time is not far off: what ſurprizes me is, I know as certainly as the ſun ſhines, that Durandarte breathed his laſt in my arms, and after he was dead, I with my own individual hands took out his heart, which muſt certainly have weighed a couple of pounds; for, according to the obſervation of naturaliſts, the man who has a large heart is endowed with more valour than he whoſe heart is of ſmaller dimenſions: this being the caſe, and the knight certainly dead, how comes he, even at this day, to ſigh and complain, from time to time, as if he was actually alive?

He had no ſooner pronounced theſe words than the wretched Durandarte cried, in a loud voice, " O couſin Monteſinos! the laſt favour I requeſted of you, was, that when my ſoul ſhould quit my body, you would extract my heart either with poignard or dagger, and carry it to Belerma." The venerable Monteſinos hearing this apoſtrophe, kneeled before the piteous knight, and with tears in his eyes, replied, " Already, ſignor Durandarte, my deareſt couſin! already have I executed what you commanded me to perform, on that unlucky day of our defeat; I extracted your heart as well as I could, without leaving the ſmalleſt particle of it in your breaſt; I wiped it with a laced handkerchief, and ſet out with it, full gallop for France, after having firſt committed you to the boſom of the earth, with ſuch a flood of tears as was ſufficient to bathe and waſh my hands of the blood they had contracted by raking in your bowels; and as a ſurer token, dear couſin of my ſoul! at the firſt place I reached, in my way from Roncevalles, I ſprinkled your heart with a little ſalt, that it might not acquire a bad ſmell, and continue, if not quite freſh, at leaſt tolerably ſweet, until it could be preſented to the lady Belerma, who, together with you and me, your ſquire Guadiana, the duenna Ruydera, her ſeven daughters and two nieces, and many others of your friends and acquaintance, have been long enchanted in this place by the ſage Merlin; and, although five hundred years are elapſed, not one of us, is dead; though we have loſt Ruydera with her daugh-

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ters and nieces, who, by weeping, are, through the compaſſion of Merlin, converted into ſo many lakes, which, in the world above, and in the province of La Mancha, are called the lakes of Ruydera; the Seven Siſters, belong to the king of Spain, and the Two Nieces to the knights of a very holy order, called St. John. Your ſquire Guadiana bewailing likewiſe your misfortune, was changed into a river of the ſame name, which, when it reached the ſurface of the earth, and ſaw the ſun of the other ſky, was ſo grieved at the thoughts of leaving you, that he ſunk down into the bowels of the globe; but, as it was not poſſible for him to reſiſt his natural current, he from time to time riſes up, ſhewing himſelf to the ſun and to the nations: he receives a reinforcement from the waters of the forementioned lakes, with which, and many others that join his ſtream, he enters Portugal in majeſty and pomp. Nevertheleſs, whereſoever he runs, he diſcovers a ſullen melancholy, and does not pique himſelf upon breeding within his channel fiſh of dainty reliſh and eſteem; but only ſuch as are coarſe and unſavoury, and widely different from thoſe of the golden Tagus. What I now ſay, my dear couſin, I have often expreſſed, and as you make no reply, I conclude you either do not hear or do not give credit to my words: a circumſtance which, as heaven doth know, overwhelms me with affliction. I will at preſent, make you acquainted with one piece of news, which, if it does not alleviate your ſorrow, can, ſurely, in no ſhape, tend to its augmentation. Know then, here ſtands in your preſence (open your eyes and behold him) that great knight of whom ſo many things have been propheſied by the ſage Merlin; that Don Quixote de la Mancha, I ſay, who has renewed, and with greater advantages than in times paſt, raiſed again from oblivion the long forgotten chivalry, by the means and favour of which, perhaps, we ourſelves may be diſinchanted; for great men ſuch great atchievements are reſerved." "And, if that ſhould not be the caſe, replied the afflicted Durandarte, in a faint and languid tone; and if that ſhould not be the caſe, couſin, I ſay, Patience, and ſhuffle the cards." Then turning himſelf upon one ſide, he relapſed into his uſual ſilence, without ſpeaking another word.

At that inſtant hearing a great noiſe of ſhrieks and lamentations, accompanied with doleful ſighing and diſmal ſobbing, I turned about, and ſaw through the cryſtal walls into another apartment, through which a proceſſion paſſed, conſiſting of two files of moſt beautiful damſels in mourning, with white turbans on their heads, in the Turkiſh manner; at the head of theſe came a lady, for ſuch, by her ſtately demeanour, ſhe ſeemed to be, cloathed like the reſt in black, with a veil ſo full and long that

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that it kiſſed the ground: her turban was twice as large as the largeſt of the others, her eye-brows met above her noſe, which was flattiſh; her mouth was large, but her lips retained the colour of vermilion: her teeth, which ſhe ſometimes diſcloſed, were thin and ill-ſet, though white as blanched almonds, and in her hand ſhe held a fine linen cloth, in which, as near as I could gueſs, was an heart ſo dried and ſhrivelled that it ſeemed to be of perfect mummy. Monteſinos gave me to underſtand, that all thoſe of the proceſſion were domeſtics of Durandarte and Belerma, enchanted in that place, together with their lord and lady; and that the laſt who carried the heart in the napkin, was Belerma herſelf, who, with her damſels, never failed to appear in that proceſſion four days in the week, and ſing, or rather howl dirges over the body, and the woeful heart of his couſin; and that, if ſhe now ſeemed a little homely, or not quite ſo beautiful as fame reported her, the change proceeded from the bad nights and worſe days ſhe paſſed in that ſtate of enchantment, as I might perceive in her large wrinkles and wan complexion; nor did that yellowneſs and thoſe furrows proceed from any irregularity in the monthly diſorder incident to women; for, many months and even years had paſſed ſince ſhe had the leaſt ſhew of any ſuch evacuation; but, ſolely from the anguiſh of her heart, occaſioned by that which ſhe holds inceſſantly in her hand, and which renews and recals to her memory the misfortune of her ill-fated lover: had it not been for that miſchance, ſcarce would ſhe have been equalled in beauty, ſprightlineſs, and grace, even by the fair Dulcinea del Toboſo, celebrated as ſhe is not only in this country, but alſo thro' the whole univerſe."

"Softly, ſignor Don Monteſinos, ſaid I, interrupting him at this period, be ſo good as to tell your ſtory as it ought to be told; for, you know all compariſons are odious, and therefore there is no occaſion to compare any perſon with another; the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo is what ſhe is, and the lady Donna Belerma is likewiſe what ſhe is and has been, and there let the matter reſt." To this remonſtrance he replied, "Pardon me, ſignor Don Quixote; I confeſs I have been to blame, and egregiouſly erred, in ſaying, the lady Dulcinea would ſcarce equal the lady Belerma; ſeeing, my having known by certain gueſſes that your worſhip is the knight of Dulcinea, was ſufficient to have induced me to bite off my tongue, rather than compare her with any thing but heaven itſelf." Such ſatisfaction from the great Monteſinos allayed the diſguſt that my heart received in hearing Belerma compared with my miſtreſs."

"I marvel much, ſaid Sancho, that your worſhip did not fall upon the old hunks, and break every bone in his ſkin; ay, and pull his beard in ſuch

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a manner as not to leave one ſingle hair." "By no means, friend Sancho, anſwered the knight, it would not have become me to behave in that manner; for, we are all obliged to reſpect our ſeniors, although they are not knights; but more eſpecially thoſe who are really of that quality, and beſides in a ſtate of inchantment. This I know full well, that there was nothing left unpaid on either ſide, in the courſe of the queſtions and anſwers that paſſed between us."

Here the ſcholar interpoſing, "I cannot conceive, ſaid he, ſignor Don Quixote, how your worſhip, in ſuch a ſhort time as that you have ſpent below, could ſee ſo many things, and aſk and anſwer ſuch a number of queſtions." "How long is it ſince I deſcended," ſaid the knight. "Little more than an hour," replied the ſquire. "That's impoſſible, reſumed Don Quixote; for night fell, and morning dawned, and darkneſs and light ſucceeded each other three times; ſo that, by my reckoning, I muſt have remained three days in thoſe ſequeſtered ſhades, which are hidden from our view." "If the truth muſt be told, maſter, ſaid Sancho, as all thoſe things have happened by inchantment, perhaps, what appeared but one hour to us, might ſeem three days and nights to your worſhip." "It may be ſo," anſwered the knight. Then the ſtudent aſking, if his worſhip had eaten any thing in all that time; "I have not taſted one mouthful, ſaid he, nor had I the leaſt ſenſation of hunger." "And do thoſe who are inchanted, eat?" reſumed the ſcholar. "They do not eat, anſwered Don Quixote, nor do they void the larger excrements, though, it is ſuppoſed, that their nails, beards and hair are always growing."

Here Sancho deſired to know, if ever thoſe inchanted gentry enjoyed the benefit of ſleep? To which interrogation his maſter replied, "No, ſurely, at leaſt in thoſe three days that I paſſed among them, neither they nor myſelf once cloſed an eye." "Here then, ſaid the ſquire, we may conveniently thruſt in the proverb, Tell me your company, and I'll tell you your manners. While your worſhip keeps company with inchanted people, who are always faſting and watching, it is no great wonder, if you neither eat nor ſleep while you are among them; but, really, ſignor, your worſhip muſt forgive me, if I ſay, that of all you have told us, God take me, I was going to ſay the devil, if I believe one circumſtance." "How! cried the ſcholar, then ſignor Don Quixote muſt have lied; and, even if we could entertain ſuch a ſuppoſition, he has not had time to compoſe and contrive ſuch a number of fables." "I do not believe that my maſter tells lies," anſwered Sancho. "What then is thy conception?" ſaid the knight. "I conceive, replied Sancho, that Merlin, or thoſe magicians who have enchanted the whole rabble, which

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which your worſhip hath ſeen and diſcourſed with below, have likewiſe ſtuffed your noddle or memory with all that nonſenſe which you have already recounted, as well as what you have left untold." "That might be the caſe, ſaid Don Quixote, but, I aſſure you it is not ſo at preſent; for, what I have recounted I ſaw with my own eyes, and touched with my own hands. But, what wilt thou ſay, when I now tell thee, that among an infinite number of other wonderful things, which I ſhall relate hereafter, in the courſe of our travels, as they do not all belong to this place, Monteſinos ſhewed me three country-wenches leaping and ſkipping like ſo many goats through thoſe delightful plains; and ſcarce had I ſet eyes on them, when I recognized them to be the peerleſs Dulcinea, and the other two individual young women, with whom we ſpoke in the neighbourhood of Toboſo. When I aſked Monteſinos if he knew them, he anſwered in the negative, but ſaid he took them to be ſome inchanted ladies of quality; for, they had appeared but a few days in that meadow; nor ought I to wonder at that circumſtance, foraſmuch as in the ſame place there were many other ladies of the paſt and preſent age, enchanted in different and ſtrange forms, among whom he recollected queen Ginebra, and her duenna Quintanona, who was ſkinker to Lancelot, when he came from Britain." Sancho hearing his maſter talk in this manner, was ready to run diſtracted, or burſt with laughing; for, knowing the truth of the feigned inchantment of Dulcinea, of which indeed he himſelf had been the author and evidence, he was convinced, beyond all doubt, that his maſter was ſtark ſtaring mad; and in that perſuaſion exclaimed, "In evil hour, accurſed ſeaſon and unlucky day, my dear maſter, did your worſhip go down to the other world; and in a miſchievous moment did you meet with ſignor Monteſinos, who has ſent you back in ſuch a woeful condition. Well was your worſhip here above, in your ſound judgment ſuch as God had beſtowed upon you, ſaying ſentences, and giving counſel at every turn, and not as at preſent, venting a heap of the greateſt nonſenſe that was ever conceived." "I know thee too well, Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote, to mind what thou ſayeſt." "And I, in like manner, replied the ſquire, know you too well to regard what you ſay: wound me or confound me, or kill me if you will, for what I have ſaid, and what I mean to ſay, if your worſhip does not mend and correct your own ſpeeches; but, now we are at peace, pray tell me how or by what token you came to know our lady miſtreſs, and if you ſpoke to her, what anſwer ſhe made?

"I knew her again, replied the knight, by the ſame cloaths ſhe wore when thou thyſelf did'ſt ſhew her to my aſtoniſhed eyes: I likewiſe addreſſed.

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dreſſed myſelf to her, but, ſhe anſwered not a ſyllable; on the contrary, ſhe turned about and fled ſo ſwiftly, that an arrow would not have overtaken her: nevertheleſs, I wiſhed to follow, and would certainly have purſued her, had not Monteſinos adviſed me not to fatigue myſelf; for, it would be to no purpoſe, and beſides, it was time for me to return to the light above. He likewiſe told me that, in proceſs of time, he would give me notice in what manner he, Durandarte, Belerma, and all the reſt, in thoſe ſequeſtred ſhades, were to be diſinchanted. But, what of all I ſaw and obſerved, gave me the greateſt pain, was this: while I was engaged in this converſation with Monteſinos, one of the hapleſs Dulcinea's companions came up to me, unperceived, and with tears in her eyes, thus accoſted me, in a low and whimpering voice, "My lady Dulcinea del Toboſo kiſſes your worſhip's hands, and begs your worſhip will be pleaſed to let her know how your worſhip does: moreover, being in great neceſſity, ſhe ſupplicates your worſhip, in the moſt earneſt manner, to be pleaſed to lend her, upon this here new cotton under-petticoat, half a dozen rials, or any ſmall matter your worſhip can ſpare, which, upon her honeſt word, ſhall be reſtored in a very ſhort time." This meſſage filled me with ſurprize and concern; and turning to the ſage, "Is it poſſible, ſignor Monteſinos, ſaid I, that people of condition are expoſed to neceſſity, in a ſtate of enchantment?" To this queſtion he replied, "Take my word for it, ſignor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that which we call neceſſity is known in all ſtates, extending to all conditions, prevailing among every claſs of people, and not even ſparing thoſe who are enchanted: and ſince ſignora Dulcinea del Toboſo ſends to beg theſe ſix rials, and the pledge ſeems to be well worth the money, you had better let her have them; for, ſhe muſt certainly be in great trouble." "The pledge I will not touch, ſaid I, nor indeed can I comply with her requeſt; for, I have not above four rials;" which I gave her, and theſe were the very individual pieces which I received from thee, Sancho, t'other day, in order to give away in charity to the poor I might meet with on the road. "Sweetheart, ſaid I, tell your lady that her diſtreſs affects me to the very ſoul, and I wiſh I were as rich as Fouckar * to remove it; let her know, that I neither can, nor ought to enjoy health, while deprived of her agreeable preſence and improving converſation; and that I fervently and earneſtly beg her goodneſs will be pleaſed to indulge with her company, this her captive ſervant and af-

* Fouckar was a very rich merchant of Augſburg, and a great favourite of Charles V. who owed him a very conſiderable ſum. It is reported of him, that when the emperor lodged at his houſe, in his return from Tunis, the fire in his chamber was of cinnamon, and his landlord lighted it with his imperial majeſty's own obligation, thereby cancelling an immenſe debt. The wealth of theſe traders, for there were two brothers, became proverbial, and it was uſual to ſay of any very opulent perſon, "He is as rich as a Fouckar."

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flicted knight. Tell her alſo that, when leaſt ſhe dreams of any ſuch matter, ſhe ſhall hear that I have made a vow, like that which was ſworn by the marquis of Mantua, to revenge his couſin Valdovinos, when he found him at the laſt gaſp, in the middle of the mountain; namely, that he would not eat from off a table-cloth, together with ſome whimſical additions, until he ſhould have revenged his death; and, in like manner, I will ſwear never to be quiet, but traverſe the ſeven diviſions of the globe, as punctually as did the infant Don Pedro * of Portugal." "All that and much more you owe to my lady," ſaid the damſel, who, taking the rials, inſtead of curteſying, cut a caper in the air two yards high.

"O holy God! cried Sancho, with a loud voice, is it poſſible that thoſe inchanters and inchantments ſhould have ſuch power to change the good ſenſe of my maſter into ſuch nonſenſical madneſs! O ſignor! ſignor! for the love of God, look to yourſelf, have ſome reſpect for your own honour, and give no credit to theſe vanities, which have diminiſhed and diſturbed your ſenſes." "Thy regard for me, Sancho, makes thee talk in that manner, anſwered the knight: and as thou art not experienced in the events of this world, every thing that is uncommon, to thee ſeems impoſſible; but, the time will come, as I have already obſerved, when I ſhall recount ſome circumſtances which I ſaw below, that will compel thee to believe what I have now related, the truth of which neither admits of diſpute or reply."

* This was the great patron of the Portugueſe diſcoveries along the coaſt of Africa to the cape of Good Hope.

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CHAP. VII.

In which are recounted a thouſand fooleries, equally impertinent and neceſſary to the true underſtanding of this ſublime hiſtory.

HE who tranſlated this ſublime hiſtory from the original, compoſed by its firſt author Cid Hamet Benengeli, ſays, that turning to the chapter which treats of the adventure of the cave, he found this obſervation written on the margin, in the hand-writing of the ſaid Hamet.

I cannot conceive or perſuade myſelf that the valiant Don Quixote literally ſaw and heard all that is recounted in the foregoing chapter, for this reaſon: all the adventures in which he has hitherto been engaged, are feaſible and likely to have happened; but, this of the cave I can by no means believe true, in any circumſtance, becauſe it is ſo wide of all reaſon and probability; then to ſuppoſe that Don Quixote would tell lies, he who was the trueſt gentleman and moſt noble knight of his time! It is not poſſible! He certainly would have ſuffered himſelf to be ſhot to death, rather than deviate one tittle from the truth: beſides, I conſider that he explained and recounted the adventure ſo circumſtantially, that he could not be ſuppoſed to have contrived extempore ſuch a large concatenation of extravagancies; but, after all, ſhould the adventure ſeem apocryphal, the blame cannot be laid to my door, and therefore I give it to the public, without affirming it either to be true or falſe. Reader, if thou haſt diſcernment, thou mayeſt judge for thyſelf; for it is neither my duty, nor is it in my power, to do more: tho' it is held for certain, that the knight, on his death-bed, retracted the whole, ſaying he had invented the ſtory, becauſe it ſeemed to agree and quadrate with thoſe adventures he had read in his books.

Then the Arabian proceeds in the hiſtory, to this effect:

The ſcholar was equally aſtoniſhed at the preſumption of Sancho Panza, and the forbearance of his maſter, and concluded that the ſatisfaction he derived from having ſeen his miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, even tho' enchanted, had produced that milkineſs of temper, which was now ſo remarkable; had not this been the caſe, Sancho's freedom and remarks were ſuch as would have brought a wooden ſhower upon his ſhoulders; for, he was downright impertinent to his maſter, to whom the ſtudent thus addreſſed himſelf: "For my own part, ſignor Don Quixote de la Mancha, I look upon this as the happieſt journey I ever performed; for, in the courſe of it, I have made four valuable acquiſitions: In the firſt place,

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I have gained the acquaintance of your worſhip, which I deem a piece of ſingular felicity. Secondly, I have been made acquainted with what is locked up and contained in the cave of Monteſinos, together with the metamorphoſes of Guadiana, and the lakes of Ruydera; tranſmutations that will aptly fill a place in the Spaniſh Ovid which I have in hand. Thirdly, I have diſcovered the antiquity of card-playing, which, at leaſt, muſt be as old as the time of Charlemagne, as may be gathered from the words which your worſhip heard Durandarte pronounce, when, at the end of that long harrangue of Monteſinos, he awoke and ſaid, Patience, and ſhuffle the cards. For, that phraſe and manner of ſpeaking he could not have learned during his enchantment, but certainly, when he was alive and well in France, during the reign of the ſaid Charlemagne; and this inveſtigation comes pat to the purpoſe, for the other book which I am compoſing, I mean the Supplement to Polydore Virgil, on the invention of antiquities; for, I take it for granted, he has forgot to inſert in his book the diſcovery of card-playing, which I will now explain, and doubtleſs it will be a very material circumſtance, eſpecially when confirmed by ſuch a grave and authentic evidence as ſignor Durandarte. Fourthly and laſtly, I have now aſcertained the ſource of the Guadiana, hitherto unknown among the nations."

"You have indeed, good reaſon to be ſatisfied, replied the knight; but, I ſhould be glad to know, if, by God'saſſiſtance, you ſhould obtain a licenſe for printing thoſe books (which is a matter of doubt with me) to what patron you intend they ſhould be dedicated?" "There are plenty of lords and grandees in Spain, anſwered the ſcholar, to whom they may be dedicated." "But a very few, ſaid Don Quixote; not, but that a great many deſerve dedications, but, becauſe few will receive them, that they may not lay themſelves under the obligation of making ſuch a recompenſe as may ſeem due to the labour and courteſy of authors: one prince, indeed, I know, who ſupplies the defect of the reſt, with ſuch advantages, that if I durſt preſume to deſcribe them, I might perhaps excite envy in many noble hearts: but, let that circumſtance reſt till a more convenient ſeaſon; and, in the mean time, let us endeavour to find ſome place where we may procure a night's lodging." "Not far from hence, replied the ſtudent, is an hermitage, where lives an anchorite, who is ſaid to have been a ſoldier, and bears the character of being a good chriſtian, and moreover, a very diſcreet and charitable man: adjoining to the hermitage is a little houſe, built by the labour of his own hands, which, tho' narrow, is large enough to receive travellers." "Can that ſame hermitage produce any poultry?" ſaid Sancho. "There are few hermitages deſtitute of that

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proviſion, anſwered the knight; for, the anchorites of theſe days, are not like thoſe who dwelt in the deſarts of Lybia, cloathing themſelves with palm leaves, and ſubſiſting on the roots of the earth. And here I would not be underſtood to extol one ſort, in order to depreciate another; for, the penitence now in uſe does not come up to the rigour and auſterity of thoſe times: nevertheleſs, they are all good, at leaſt, ſo I ſuppoſe them to be; and even ſhould the ſtream run foul, the hypocrite, who cloaks his knavery, is leſs dangerous to the commonwealth than he who tranſgreſſes in the face of day."

This converſation was interrupted by the appearance of a man coming towards them on foot, leading and ſwitching a mule loaded with lances and halberts: when he came up, he ſaluted them, and paſſed on at a good pace, and Don Quixote perceiving his hurry, "Honeſt friend, ſaid he, pray ſtop a little, for you ſeem to go faſter than your mule could wiſh." "Signor, anſwered the man, I cannot tarry at preſent, becauſe theſe arms of which I have the charge, are to be uſed to-morrow morning, ſo that I cannot poſſibly ſtay; therefore adieu: but, if you deſire to know for what purpoſe they were procured, at the inn which is beyond the hermitage I have ſome thoughts of taking my night's lodging, and if you are travelling the ſame road, there you will find me, and there you ſhall hear ſtrange tidings; ſo, once more I bid you farewel." So ſaying, he whipped up the mule in ſuch a manner, that Don Quixote had not time to aſk another queſtion concerning thoſe ſtrange tidings, which he promiſed to relate; but, being extremely curious, and continually fatigued with the deſire of learning novelties, he ordered his company to ſet on that inſtant, and proceed to the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the ſcholar wiſhed to paſs the evening. In compliance with the knight's deſire, all three mounted their beaſts, and followed the direct road to the hermitage, which having reached a little before the twilight, the ſtudent propoſed that they ſhould call and take a draught. Sancho Panza hearing this propoſal, immediately turned Dapple's head towards the hermitage, being followed by Don Quixote and the ſcholar: but, his ill luck ſeemed to have ordained, that the hermit ſhould not be at home, as they were told by an under hermit whom they found in the place. When the ſquire demanded a flaſk of his beſt and deareſt, he anſwered, that his maſter had no wine, but if he choſe a pitcher of his cheapeſt water, he ſhould have it with all his heart. "If I had choſen water, ſaid Sancho, there is plenty of wells upon the road, from which I might have quenched my thirſt. O the wedding of Camacho! and the abundance of Don Diego's houſe! how often ſhall I lament the loſs of you?"

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When he had uttered this ejaculation, they quitted the hermitage, and puſhed on towards the inn, and having rode forwards a little way, they overtook a lad who travelled the ſame road, at his own leiſure: he carried a ſword over his ſhoulder, that ſupported a bundle of cloaths, which ſeemed to conſiſt of trouſſers, a cloak and ſhirt; for, he wore a velvet jacket with ſome ſlips of ſattin, and the ſhirt hanging out: he had ſilk ſtockings, and ſquare-toe'd ſhoes, in the court faſhion: his age ſeemed to be about eighteen or nineteen; he had a ſprightly countenance, and an agility in his perſon; he amuſed himſelf in ſinging couplets to beguile the fatigue of travelling, and when they overtook him, had juſt finiſhed one, which the ſtudent remembered to have run in this ſtrain:

To the wars my neceſſity drags me away,
But, if I had money, at home I would ſtay.

The firſt who accoſted him was Don Quixote, ſaying, "You travel very light, young gentleman; pray, good now, whither may you be going?" To this interrogation the youth replied, "I travel ſo light on account of poverty, and the heat of the weather; and I am going to the wars." "The heat may be a very good reaſon, reſumed the knight; but how ſhould poverty be the cauſe of your travelling in that manner?" "Signor, anſwered the youth, I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet trunk breeches, fellows to this jacket, which, if I wear out in the country, they will do me no ſervice in town, and I have not wherewithal to purchaſe a reinforcement: for this reaſon, therefore, and the benefit of the free air, I travel as you ſee me, until I get up with ſome companies of foot, which are quartered at a town about twelve leagues from hence; there I ſhall inliſt among them, and find ſome baggage-waggon, in which I may proceed to the place of embarkation, which they ſay is to be Carthagena; and I would much rather have the king for my lord and maſter, and ſerve him in his wars, than be the lacquey of ſome ſcoundrel at court." "And have you obtained any poſt?" ſaid the ſcholar. "Had I ſerved a grandee of Spain, or ſome perſon of quality, replied the youth, I ſhould certainly have got ſomething of that kind; for, this is the advantage of being in good ſervice, that a man is frequently preferred from the back of his maſter's chair to a pair of colours, a company, or ſome handſome proviſion: but, it was my unhappy fate to be always in the ſervice of poor, idle raſcals or foreigners, who gave ſuch a miſerable and conſumptive allowance of board wages, that one half was expended in the ſtarching of a ruff; and it would be looked upon as a miracle, if any ſuch page-adventurer

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ſer ſhould obtain a tolerable proviſion." "And pray, friend, ſaid Don Quixote, is it poſſible, that during all the years you have been in ſervice, you never had a livery?" "Yes, anſwered the page, I have had two; but, as he who quits a convent, rather than profeſs, is ſtripped of his habit, and obliged to reſume his own cloaths; ſo was I ſerved by my maſters, who, after having tranſacted the buſineſs that brought them to court, returned to their own homes, and took back the liveries, which they had given me out of meer oſtentation."

"A very ſcandalous * Eſpilorcheria indeed! as the Italians call it, ſaid Don Quixote; but, notwithſtanding, you may think yourſelf very happy in having left the court with ſuch a laudable intention; for, there is nothing upon earth more productive of honour and profit, next to the ſervice of God, than the ſervice of the king, our natural lord and maſter; eſpecially in the exerciſe of arms, by which more honour, if not more wealth, is acquired them by learning itſelf; for, as I have divers and ſundry times obſerved, although a greater number of families has been raiſed by learning than by arms, yet thoſe founded upon arms riſe, I don't know how, above their fellows, with a kind of natural ſplendour, by which all others are outſhone: and what I am now going to ſay, I deſire you will lay up in your remembrance; for, it will be of much comfort and utility to you, in the midſt of all your ſufferings: never entertain a thought of what adverſity may happen, for the worſt is death; and provided it comes with honour, it is the greateſt happineſs to die. Julius Cæſar, that valiant emperor of Rome, being aſked which was the moſt agreeable death, anſwered, "That which is ſudden, unexpected, and unforeſeen:" and tho' this reply ſavoured of the pagan, ignorant of the knowledge of the true God, nevertheleſs, with regard to his being freed from the pangs of human infirmity, he ſaid well: for, ſuppoſing you ſhould be ſlain in the firſt action or ſkirmiſh, either by a cannon ball, or the exploſion of a mine, what does it ſignify? we muſt all die, and there is an end of the whole; and, according to Terence, a dead ſoldier who falls in battle, makes a much nobler appearance than one who lives by running away: the good ſoldier acquires reputation in proportion to the obedience he pays to his captain, or thoſe who have a right to command him; and pray, take notice, child, a ſoldier had much better ſmell of gunpowder than of civet; and if old age overtake you in that noble employment, tho' you ſhould be covered over with wounds, paralytic, or lame, it can never overtake you without ſuch honour as poverty cannot diminiſh; eſpecially now that proviſion is to be made for the maintenance and relief of old diſabled

* A knaviſh trick.

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ſoldiers; for, it is not reaſonable that they ſhould be treated like negro ſlaves, to whom, when they are old and incapable of ſervice, their maſters often give their freedom, driving them from their houſes, and, under the title of liberty, leaving them ſtill ſlaves to hunger, which nothing but death can diſpel. This is all I have to ſay at preſent, therefore get up, and ride behind me to the inn, where I ſhall treat you with a ſupper, and, in the morning, you may purſue your journey, which I pray God may be as fortunate as your intention is good."

The page excuſed himſelf from riding behind the knight, tho' he embraced his invitation to ſupper at the inn; and Sancho ſaid within himſelf, "Lord comfort thee for a maſter! Is it poſſible that a man who can utter ſo many good things, ſhould affirm that he has ſeen all that impoſſible nonſenſe which he has told of the cave of Monteſinos? But, time is the trier of all things."

In ſuch diſcourſe they arrived at the inn, juſt as it grew dark, and Sancho was not a little rejoiced to find that his maſter took it to be a real inn, and not a caſtle, according to his uſual whims. They had ſcarce entered when Don Quixote inquired of the landlord about the man with the lances and halberts, and underſtood he was in the ſtable, providing for the accommodation of his beaſt; an example which was followed by the ſtudent and Sancho, who preferred Rozinante to the beſt manger and ſtall of the whole ſtable.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VIII.

In which is ſet forth the braying adventure, and the diverting atchievement of the puppets, with the memorable reſponſes of the divining ape.

DON Quixote would not ſtay till his bread was baked, as the ſaying is, ſo impatient was he to hear and know the ſtrange tidings that were promiſed by the arms-carrier, in queſt of whom he forthwith went to the place where the landlord ſaid he was; and having found him, deſired he would by all means gratify him with a circumſtantial account of thoſe things he had mentioned on the road. "The account of my ſtrange tidings, anſwered the man, I ſhall give when I am more at leiſure, and not at work as I am at preſent: if your worſhip will give me time to take care of my beaſt, I will tell you ſuch things as you will be ſurprized to hear." "They ſhall not be delayed on that account, ſaid the knight, for, I myſelf will lend you an helping hand." He accordingly winnowed the corn and cleaned the manger; ſo that the man, induced by his humility, could do no leſs than grant his requeſt, with good will: ſitting down therefore, in a hollow of the wall, cloſe by Don Quixote, who, with the ſcholar, page, Sancho Panza, and the inn-keeper, compoſed his council and audience, he began to relate what follows:

"You muſt know, gentlemen, that in a village at the diſtance of four leagues and an half from this inn, it came to paſs, that a certain alderman, through the craft and malice of a ſervant wench, which I have not time to explain, loſt an aſs; and tho' the ſaid alderman uſed all poſſible means to find him, he found it impoſſible to ſucceed: fifteen days had the aſs been miſſing, according to public fame and report, when the owner was, in the market-place, accoſted by another alderman of the ſame town, who ſaid, "Hanſel me for my good news, neighbour; your beaſt has appeared." "That I will, neighbour, and heartily, anſwered the other; but, let us know where he has appeared." "Upon the mountain, replied the finder: I ſaw him this morning, without pack-ſaddle or any ſort of furniture; and ſo lean, that it was piteous to behold him. I would have driven him before me, and brought him home; but, he is ſo wild and ſhy, that when I went near him, he took to his heels, and ran into the moſt concealed part of the mountain: if you chooſe it, we two will go in queſt of him; ſtay till I houſe my own beaſt, and I'll return preſently." "I ſhall be much obliged to you, ſaid he of the ſtrayed aſs; and

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I ſhall endeavour to repay you in the ſame coin." With theſe very circumſtances, and in the ſelf-ſame manner that I relate the affair to you, it is told and related by all thoſe who have entered into the true ſpirit of the caſe.

In concluſion, the two aldermen walked hand in hand to the mountain, and coming to the place and ſpot where they expected to find the aſs, they found him not: nor could they get one glimpſe of him, altho' they ſearched all about over and over. Perceiving that he was not likely to appear, "Heark ye, neighbour, ſaid the alderman who had ſeen him, there is a contrivance come into my head, by which we ſhall certainly diſcover this animal, even though he ſhould be concealed in the bowels of the earth, much more if he is in this mountain; and that is this, I have a marvellous knack at braying, and if you have any turn that way, you may conclude the buſineſs is done." "Any turn, neighbour! cried the other: by the Lord! I will not yield in point of braying to the beſt man alive, not even to an identical aſs." "We ſhall ſee preſently, anſwered the ſecond alderman; for, my intention is that you ſhould go to one ſide of the mountain, and I to the other, ſo as to walk round it quite, and every now and then you ſhall bray, and I will bray; and it cannot be but that the aſs will hear, and anſwer, if he is on this mountain." To this propoſal the owner replied; "Neighbour, it is an excellent ſcheme, and worthy your great genius." So parting, according to agreement, it came to paſs that both brayed almoſt at the ſame time, and each being deceived by the other's braying, ran forward in hopes of finding the aſs; when perceiving their miſtake, "Neighbour, ſaid the loſer, is it poſſible that was not my aſs which brayed juſt now?" "No: it was I," anſwered the other. "Agad, then, cried the owner, there is not the leaſt difference in point of braying, between you and an aſs! for, in my life did I never hear or ſee ſuch a reſemblance." "That compliment and approbation, anſwered the contriver, would be much better beſtowed upon yourſelf than upon me, neighbour; for, by the God that made me! you could give two heats of advantage to the biggeſt and beſt brayer in Chriſtendom; for, the ſound you produce is deep, ſonorous, within proper time and compaſs, and the falls frequent and ſharp; in a word, I own myſelf overcome, and yield you the palm and banner of that rare talent." "By the maſs! ſaid the owner, I will from hence forward have a higher opinion of my own ability, and believe I know ſomething, ſince I really poſſeſs ſuch a gift; for, although I always thought I brayed tolerably well, I never imagined I excelled ſo much as you ſay I do." "I therefore tell you, replied the other, that

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many rare talents are loſt in this world; and that they are ill-beſtowed upon thoſe who cannot turn them to advantage." "Ours, ſaid the owner, except in ſuch caſes as this, that we have now in hand, can be but of little ſervice, and even in this, God grant it may turn to account."

After theſe mutual compliments they parted a ſecond time, and began to bray again; but ſtill they were deceived and met as before, until, by way of counter-ſignal, from which they might know one another, they agreed to bray twice twice in a breath: accordingly, they doubled their brayings, and encompaſſed the whole mountain, without being favoured with the leaſt anſwer, or ſign from the ſtrayed aſs; and indeed, no wonder the poor, unfortunate animal did not anſwer; for they found him in the remoteſt part of the wood, almoſt devoured by the wolves. The owner ſeeing him in this plight, "I marvelled much, ſaid he, that he did not anſwer, for had he been alive and heard you, he muſt have brayed again, elſe he had been no aſs; but, as I have had the pleaſure of hearing you bray ſo melodiouſly, neighbour, I think my trouble well-beſtowed, even although I have found him dead." "'Tis in good hands, neighbour, replied the other; for in chanting the clerk is not a whit inferior to the curate."

Having made theſe mutual remarks, they returned to the village, equally hoarſe and diſconſolate, and recounted to their friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, what had happened to them, in their ſearching for the aſs, extolling one another to the ſkies for the talent of braying; ſo that every circumſtance of the ſtory was related among the neighbouring villages; and the devil, who is never at reſt, but, always glad of an opportunity to ſow diſcord and ſcatter quarrels, raiſing lies in the wind, and huge chimeras from little or no foundation, ſo ordered matters, that the people of the other villages, when they ſaw any perſon belonging to our town, began to bray, as if to hit him in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. The ſtory was taken up by the boys, which was all one as if it had fallen into the hands and mouths of all the devils in hell; and the braying was circulated from one town to another in ſuch a manner, that the natives of the village of Braywick are as well known and diſtinguiſhed as a Blackamoor from a Spaniard; and this joke has become ſo ſerious, that our townſmen have frequently gone forth in arms and regular order, to give battle to the jokers, without any regard to king or rook, or fear or ſhame; I believe that to-morrow or next day, the men of Braywick will take the field once more againſt the people of another village within two leagues of us, who are our chief perſecutors; and that we may be well provided for the occaſion, I have purchaſed the lances

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lances and halberts you have ſeen. Now theſe are the ſtrange tidings which I ſaid I would relate; and if you do not think them ſo, I have no other worth your hearing."

Thus the honeſt man concluded his ſtory, and at that inſtant came into the houſe, a man cloathed in a doublet, breeches and hoſe of ſhamoy leather, who ſaid with a loud voice, "So ho, Mr. Landlord, have you got any lodging for the fortune-telling ape, and the puppet-ſhew of the deliverance of Meliſendra." "Odd's bodikins! cried the innkeeper, maſter Peter here! we ſhall have rare doings i'faith!" We forgot to obſerve, that the left eye, and half of the cheek of this maſter Peter was cover'd with a patch of green ſilk, from whence it was ſuppoſed all that ſide of the face laboured under ſome infirmity. Be that as it will, the innkeeper proceeded, ſaying, "Welcome, good maſter Peter; but, where is the ape and the puppet-ſhew? for I ſee neither." "They are at hand, anſwered the owner of the ſhamoy-ſuit; but I came before, to know whether or not we could have lodging?" "The duke d'Alva himſelf ſhould be turned out to make room for maſter Peter, ſaid the landlord; bring hither your ape and your ſhew, for, there is company in the houſe that will pay for a ſight of them." "In good time then, replied the wearer of the patch: I will lower the price, and think myſelf well paid, if they defray the expence of my lodging; mean while, I'll go and lead hither the cart that contains my puppets and my ape."

So ſaying, he went out, and Don Quixote inquiring who this maſter Peter was, with the puppet-ſhew and ape; the landlord replied, "This is a famous puppet-ſhew man, who has long travelled through La Mancha and Arragon, repreſenting the ſtory of Meliſendra, who was delivered by the famous Don Gayferos, one of the moſt entertaining and beſt repreſented hiſtories which have been for many years ſeen in this kingdom; he likewiſe carries along with him an ape of the rareſt talent that ever was known among apes, or conceived among men; for, if you aſk any queſtion, it liſtens attentively to what you ſay, then leaping upon its maſter's ſhoulders, and clapping its mouth to his ear, it gives an anſwer, which maſter Peter immediately explains. Of things that are paſt, it ſays much more than of thoſe that are to come, and though it does not hit the truth exactly in every thing, it errs but ſeldom; ſo that we are inclined to believe it is inſpired by the devil. Every queſtion coſts a couple of rials, provided the ape anſwers, I mean, ſuppoſing the maſter anſwers for the ape, after it has whiſpered in his ear: wherefore, maſter Peter is thought to be woundy rich; indeed he is a gallant

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man, as they ſay in Italy, an excellent companion, and lives the pleaſanteſt life in the world; he talks as much as any ſix, and drinks more than a dozen, and all at the expence of his tongue, his ape, and his puppet-ſhew."

Juſt as he ſpoke theſe words, maſter Peter returned with the cart that contained his puppets and the ape, which was a very large animal, without a tail, though his buttocks were like felt, but not ugly withal; and Don Quixote no ſooner beheld him than he aſked, "Pray, Mr. Fortuneteller, what have we got in the net? what fortune awaits us? Behold, here are my two rials." So ſaying, he ordered Sancho to give them to Mr. Peter, who having received the money, anſwered in the name of the ape, "Signor, this animal gives no reſponſe or intelligence concerning what is to come; he is only acquainted with the paſt, and knows ſomething of the preſent." "Rabbit it! cried Sancho, I would not give a doit to be told of the paſt; for, who knows that better than myſelf, and to pay for being informed of what I know, would be downright folly: but, ſince you know the preſent, here are my two rials; and tell me, good your apeſhip, how my wife Tereſa Panza is at preſent employed?" Maſter Peter refuſed to take the money, ſaying, "I will not receive a premium per advance, until it is preceded by ſervice." Then clapping his hand twice upon his left ſhoulder, the ape, with one ſkip, leaped upon it, and laying its mouth to his ear, began to mow and chatter with great eagerneſs; and having made this motion, which continued as long time as one would take in repeating the creed, with another ſkip he leaped upon the ground. Immediately maſter Peter, with infinite hurry, threw himſelf on his knees, before Don Quixote, and hugging his ſhins exclaimed, "Theſe legs I embrace, as I would embrace the pillars of Hercules, O thou celebrated reviver of the already forgotten order of knight-errantry! thou never enough to be applauded cavalier Don Quixote de la Mancha, the ſoul of the dejected, the prop of the falling, the ſhield of thoſe that are fallen, the ſtaff and comfort of all the unhappy!" Don Quixote was alarmed, Sancho thunderſtruck, the ſcholar ſurpriſed, the page confounded, the Braywick carrier amazed, the landlord aſtoniſhed, and, in a word, admiration prevailed among all thoſe who heard the words of the ſhewman; while he proceded, ſaying, "And thou, worthy Sancho Panza, the beſt ſquire of the braveſt knight in the univerſe, be merry and rejoice; for thine agreeable helpmate, Tereſa, is in good health, and this very moment employed in dreſſing a pound of flax; by the ſame token, there ſtands at her right-hand a broken mouthed pitcher, containing

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taining a good ſup of wine, with which ſhe comforts herſelf while ſhe is at work." "That I can eaſily believe, anſwered Sancho; for, ſhe is a rare one, and if ſhe was not a little given to jealouſy, I would not exchange her for the gianteſs Andandona, who, as my maſter ſays, was a very proper and complete houſewife; and truly my Tereſa is one of thoſe who will live to their hearts content, even though their heirs ſhould pay for it."

"I am now convinced, ſaid Don Quixote, that he who reads and travels much will ſee and learn a great deal. This obſervation I make, becauſe no arguments would have been ſufficient to perſuade me that there are apes in the world, endowed with the gift of divination, as I have this day ſeen with my own eyes; for I am the very Don Quixote named by that good animal, which, however, has expatiated rather too much in my praiſe; but, be that as it may, I give thanks to God who beſtowed upon me a mild and compaſſionate diſpoſition, ever inclined to do good to all mankind, and harm to no perſon whatever." "If I had money, ſaid the page, I would aſk ſignor ape, what will be the ſucceſs of my preſent peregrination?" To this hint, maſter Peter, who had roſe from his proſtration, replied, "I have already told you, that this creature does not anſwer for what is to come; if he did, your want of money would be no objection; for, in order to ſerve Don Quixote here preſent, I would willingly forfeit all the intereſted views in the world; and now, as in duty bound, I will, for his amuſement, ſet up my ſhew, and divert all the people in the houſe, without fee or reward." The landlord, hearing this declaration, was rejoiced beyond meaſure, and pointed out a proper place for the exhibition of his entertainment, which was prepared in a twinkling.

Don Quixote was not very well ſatisfied with the divinations of the ape, as he did not think it natural for ſuch an animal to divine, in things either paſt, preſent, or to come; and therefore, while maſter Peter was buſy in ſetting up his ſhew, he retired, with his ſquire, to a corner of the ſtable, where they could confer together without being overheard, and ſpoke to this effect: "Heark ye, Sancho, I have conſidered this wonderful talent of the ape, and, according to my notion, this ſame maſter Peter, its owner, muſt certainly have made a ſecret or expreſs pact with the devil." "Nay, if it be the devil's pack, anſwered Sancho, it muſt be a very dirty pack; but, what ſignifies ſuch a pack to maſter Peter?" "Sancho, replied the knight, you do not underſtand my meaning: what I would ſay is, that he muſt certainly have made ſome concert with the devil, who hath infuſed this talent into the ape,

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by which he gains his livelihood; and when he becomes rich, he muſt yield him his ſoul, which is the aim of that univerſal enemy of mankind; and what confirms me in this opinion is, that the ape anſwers no queſtions but ſuch as regard the paſt and preſent time: now the devil's underſtanding reaches no farther; what is to come he knows only by conjecture, and that, not always; for, it is the attribute of God alone, to know times and ſeaſons: to him there is neither paſt nor future, but, all things are ever preſent to his eyes. This being the caſe, as doubtleſs it is, the ape certainly ſpeaks from the inſpiration of the devil; and I am ſurprized it hath not been accuſed and examined by the holy office, which would ſoon diſcover by virtue of whom it preſumes to divine; for, ſurely this ape is no aſtrologer; nor did he or his maſter ever raiſe, or were capable of raiſing, thoſe figures called judicial, which are now ſo common in Spain, that every pitiful little huſſy, page, and even cobler, has the impudence to raiſe an horoſcope, as readily as a knave of trumps, from the ground, ruining and diſgracing, by their ignorance and falſities, the wonderful truth of that noble ſcience. One lady I myſelf knew, who having inquired of one of thoſe pretenders, whether a little bitch ſhe had would have puppies, and of what colour they would be? Mr. Aſtrologer, after having raiſed his figure, replied, that the bitch would bring forth three puppies, one of a green, another of carnation, and the third of a mixed colour, provided the bitch would take the dog between the hours of eleven and twelve at noon or night, on Sunday or Monday. Notwithſtanding this prediction, the bitch died in three days of a ſurfeit; and yet Mr. Figure-caſter was ſtill eſteemed in the place, a moſt infallible aſtrologer, as almoſt all thoſe fellows are." "Nevertheleſs, anſwered Sancho, I wiſh your worſhip would deſire maſter Peter to aſk his ape, if what happened to your worſhip in the cave of Monteſinos, is really true; as for my own part, begging your worſhip's pardon, I cannot for the blood of me help thinking it was all a flam and a lie, or at leaſt no better than a dream." "It may be ſo, replied Don Quixote; but, I will take thy advice; for, truly, I myſelf have ſome ſort of ſcruples about the matter."

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Peter, who came to tell him that the ſhew was ready, and invite him to come and ſee it; for, it would be well worth his trouble. Then the knight imparted his ſentiments, deſiring he would aſk the ape whether or not certain incidents that happened in the cave of Monteſinos were dreams or realities, for, to him the whole ſeemed to be real. Maſter Peter, without anſwering one word, went and brought the ape into the preſence of Don Quixote and

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and Sancho, and thus accoſted it; " Look ye, Mr. Ape, this knight wants to know, whether certain things that happened to him in a place called the cave of Monteſinos, be true or falſe." Then making the uſual ſignal, the creature leaped upon his left ſhoulder, and ſeemingly whiſpered ſomething in his ear. In conſequence of this communication, " The ape, ſaid maſter Peter, declares, that part of what your worſhip ſaw and underwent in that ſame cave, is falſe, and part is likely to be true; and this, and nothing elſe, is all he knows touching that interrogation: but, if your worſhip deſires to be further informed, he will, next Friday, anſwer all the queſtions you can aſk; at preſent, his virtue has left him, and will not return till Friday, as I have already obſerved." " Signor, ſaid Sancho to his maſter, did not I always affirm your worſhip ſhould never make me believe that all, or even the half of thoſe accidents you pretended to have met with in the cave was true?" " The event will ſhew, anſwered Don Quixote; for, there is nothing that time, the diſcoverer of all things, will not bring to light, even tho' it ſhould be hidden in the bowels of the earth. Let that ſuffice for the preſent; and now we will go and ſee the puppet-ſhew of honeſt maſter Peter, which I really believe will be productive of ſome novelty." " Of ſome! cried maſter Peter; my ſhew is productive of ſixty thouſand: why, I tell your worſhip, ſignor Don Quixote, there is nothing equal to it in the whole world; but, Operibus credite & non verbis: let us begin preſently, for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to ſay, and ſhew."

In conſequence of this requeſt, Don Quixote and Sancho repaired to the place where the puppet-ſhew was ſet up, and ſet forth with a great number of little wax-lights, which made a moſt reſplendent appearance. Maſter Peter withdrew within the curtain, in order to play the figures of the piece; and on the outſide ſat a boy, who was his ſervant, to interpret and explain the myſteries of the ſhew, holding a wand, with which he pointed out the puppets as they entered. All the people of the inn being ſeated, ſome fronting the ſtage, and Don Quixote with Sancho, the page and the ſcholar, accommodated with the beſt places, the drugoman began to pronounce that which will be heard and ſeen by thoſe who will take the trouble to read or peruſe the following chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

In which is continued the diverting adventure of the puppet-ſhew; with other matters really entertaining enough.

UNIVERSAL ſilence prevailed among Tyrians as well as Trojans, that is, all the ſpectators of the ſhew, ſat in ſilent expectation, ſuſpended as it were on the mouth of him who was appointed to expound the wonders of the piece; when their ears were ſaluted with the ſound of atabals, trumpets, and artillery, that iſſued from behind the ſcene; and this noiſe being ſoon over, the boy thus began in an audible voice: "This true hiſtory, which will now be repreſented before the honourable company, is literally extracted from the French Chronicles and Spaniſh ballads, which may be heard every day repeated in the ſtreets by man, woman, and child. It exhibits the manner in which ſignor Don Gayferos accompliſhed the deliverance of his ſpouſe Meliſendra, who was a captive in Spain, detained by the Moors in the city of Sanſuenna, which was formerly the name given to what we now call Saragoſſa; and pray, gentlemen, take notice, Don Gayferos is playing at tables, according to the old ſong:

Now Gayferos, at tables playing,
Of Meliſendra thinks no more.

And that perſonage who next appears, with a crown on his head and a ſceptre in his hand, is the emperor Charlemagne, the ſuppoſed father of Meliſendra, who, vexed at the indolence and careleſſneſs of his ſon-in-law, comes forth to chide him; and obſerve with what vehemence and keenneſs he ſeems to ſcold; one would imagine he intended to give him half a dozen raps on the pate with his ſceptre; nay, ſome authors ſay, that he actually did beſtow them, ay, and that with very good will: after having ſaid abundance of things concerning the riſk his honour would run, if he did not effect the deliverance of his ſpouſe, he is reported to have added theſe words, "I have ſaid enough, look to it." Behold, gentlemen, how the emperor turns about and walks off, leaving Don Gayferos in a fume, who, in the impatience of his anger, throws away the table and pieces, and calls haſtily for his armour, deſiring his couſin Orlando to lend him his ſword Durindana. Don Orlando will not comply with his requeſt, but offers to attend him, in his difficult enterprize; however, the provoked hero will not accept of his offer; on the contrary, he

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he ſays his own ſingle arm is ſufficient to deliver his wife, even tho' ſhe were concealed in the profoundeſt centre of the earth. So ſaying, he goes in to arm, that he may be able to ſet out with all expedition. Gentlemen, turn your eyes to the tower that appears yonder, and ſuppoſe it one of the towers belonging to the caſtle of Saragoſſa, now called Aljaferia, and that lady who ſtands in the balcony in the Mooriſh dreſs is the peerleſs Meliſendra, who from thence hath often caſt her longing eyes towards the road to France, and conſoled herſelf in her captivity, by thinking on the city of Paris and her valiant lord. Obſerve likewiſe a new incident, the like of which, perhaps, you have never ſeen before: don't you ſee that Moor ſtealing along ſilently and ſoftly, ſtep by ſtep, with his finger on his month, behind Meliſendra: now mind how he prints a kiſs in the very middle of her lips, and with what eagerneſs ſhe ſpits, and wipes them with the ſleeves of her ſhift, lamenting aloud, and tearing, for anger, her beautiful hair, as if it had been guilty of the tranſgreſſion. Behold, now, that venerable Moor in yon gallery; he is Marſilius the king of Sanſuena, who, having perceived the inſolence of the Moor, altho' he was his own relation, and a great favourite, orders him to be apprehended, and carried through the principal ſtreets of the city, with the criers before, and the rods behind, with which he is to receive two hundred ſtripes: and here you ſhall ſee the ſentence executed, almoſt as ſoon as the crime is committed; for, among the Moors, there is no copy of a writ, trial or delay, as in our courts of juſtice."

Here Don Quixote interpoſing, ſaid, with a loud voice, "Boy, boy, follow your ſtory in a right line, without falling into curves and croſſes; for, there is not ſo much proof and counter-proof required to bring truth to light." "Sirrah (cried Mr. Peter, from behind the curtain) none of your vagaries, but follow that gentleman's counſel, which is good and wholeſome: ſing your plain ſong, without counter-points; for, you may ſpin the thread ſo fine as to break it." "I ſhall obey your orders," anſwered the boy, who proceeded, ſaying,

"That there figure a-horſeback, wrapped up in a cloak of Gaſcony, is the very individual Don Gayferos, to whom his own lady, by this time, revenged of the preſumptuous and enamoured Moor, talks with more ſeeming compoſure from the battlements of the tower, ſuppoſing him to be ſome traveller, and between the two paſſeth that whole diſcourſe and converſation, recorded in the ballad, which ſays,

Sir knight, if you to France do go,
For Gayferos enquire:

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together with what follows, which I ſhall not at preſent repeat, becauſe prolixity ingenders diſguſt: let it ſuffice that you ſee how Gayferos diſcovers himſelf, and that we learn from the joyful geſtures of Meliſendra, that ſhe recognizes her huſband; eſpecially as we now ſee her let herſelf down from the balcony, in order to get a-horſeback behind her loving ſpouſe: but, as ill luck would have it, the border of her under-petticoat has caught hold of one of the iron ſpikes of the balcony, and there ſhe hangs dangling, without being able to reach the ground: but, you ſee how compaſſionate heaven brings relief in the moſt preſſing emergencies; for, Don Gayferos comes to her aſſiſtance, and without minding whether or not the rich petticoat may be torn, ſeizes his lady, and, by main force, brings her to the ground; then with one jerk, ſets her upon the crupper of his horſe, aſtride like a man, bidding her hold faſt, and throw her arms around his neck, ſo as to croſs them on his breaſt, that ſhe may be in no danger of falling; for, my lady Meliſendra was not uſed to ride in that manner: you likewiſe perceive how the horſe, by his neighing, expreſſes the ſatisfaction he feels in carrying the valiant and beautiful burthen of his lord and miſtreſs: you ſee how they turn about, and quitting the city, take the road to Paris, with equal eagerneſs and joy. Go in peace, ye peerleſs pair of faithful lovers; may you arrive in ſafety at your deſired country, without fortune's raiſing any obſtruction to your happy journey; and may the eyes of your friends and kindred behold you enjoy in peace all the days of your life, which I hope will exceed the age of Neſtor!" Here Mr. Peter interpoſing again, called aloud, "None of your flouriſhes, ſirrah: ſeek not to entangle yourſelf; for, all affectation is naught." The interpreter, without anſwering a ſyllable, went on in this manner. "There were not wanting ſome idle eyes which nothing can eſcape, and they, perceiving the deſcent and flight of Meliſendra, gave notice of it to king Marſilio, who ſtraight gave orders for ſounding to arms: and behold the hurry and commotion of the city, occaſioned by the ſound of bells that ring in every minoret."

"It cannot be, cried Don Quixote. In what regards the bells, Mr. Peter is guilty of an impropriety; for, the Moors uſe no bells, but attabals or kettle-drums, and a kind of dulcimers, like thoſe belonging to our waits; ſo that the circumſtance of ringing bells in Sanſuenna, is a downright abſurdity." Mr. Peter hearing this obſervation, left off ringing, and anſwered, "Signor Don Quixote, your worſhip muſt not mind ſuch trifles, nor ſeek for that perfection which is not to be found. How many plays do you ſee every day repreſented, full of impropriety and abſurdities? yet they happily run their career, and are heard, not ſimply with applauſe, but

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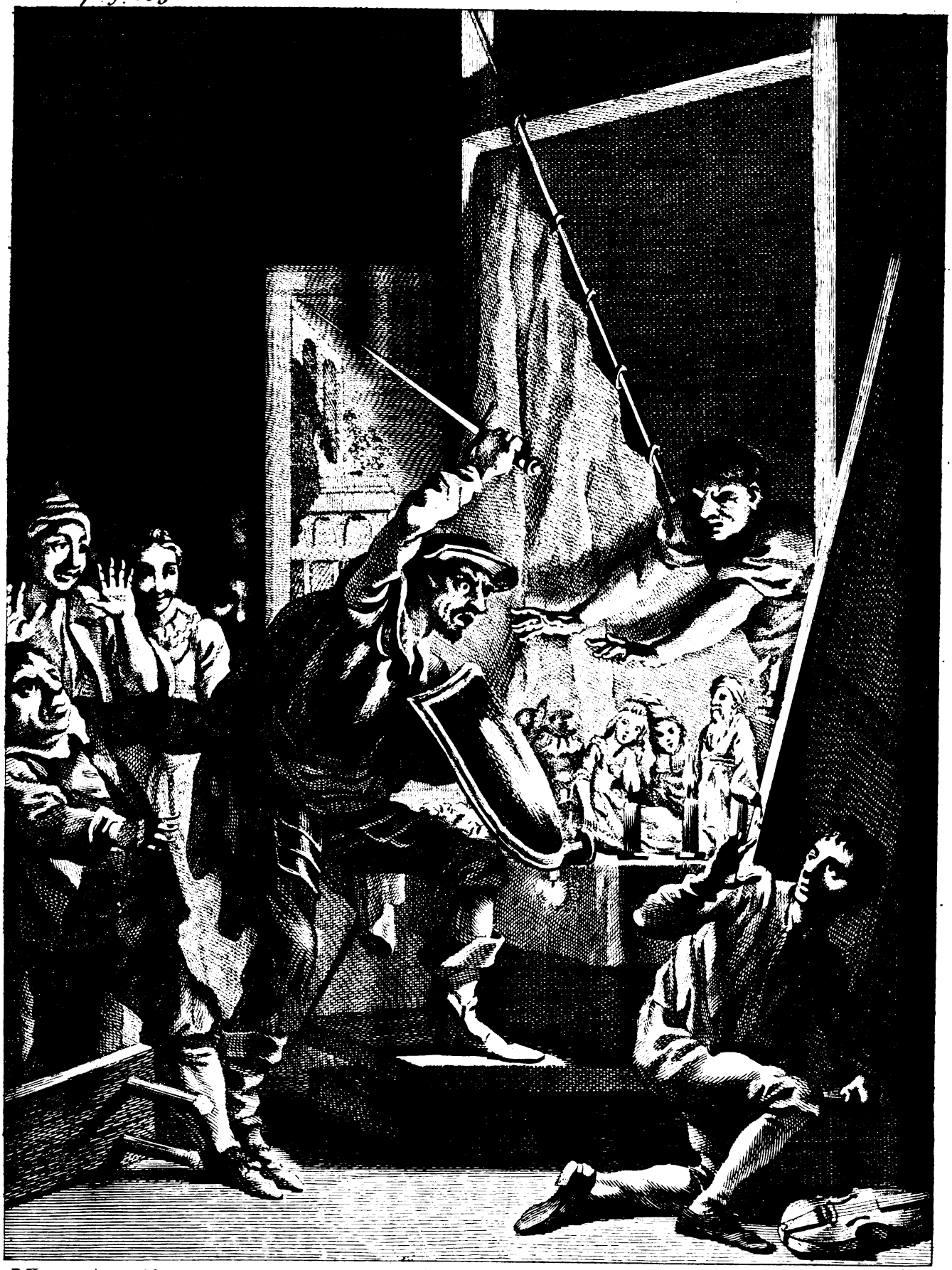

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but even with univerſal admiration. Proceed boy, and let people talk; for, provided I fill my pocket, I don't care if there ſhould be more improprieties than there are atoms in the ſun." "You are in the right," replied the knight; and thus the boy went on:

"Behold what a number of reſplendent cavalry marches out of the city in purſuit of the two catholic lovers: what a ſound of trumpets, tinkling of dulcimers, and rattling of drums and kettle-drums! I am afraid they will overtake and bring them back tied to their horſe's-tail, and that would be a moſt diſmal ſpectacle."

Don Quixote, ſeeing ſuch a number of Moors, and hearing this uproar, thought it was incumbent upon him to aſſiſt the fugitives; and therefore, ſtarting up, he pronounced with a loud voice, "Never while I breathe will I conſent that ſuch an injury ſhould be done in my preſence to a knight ſo famous, daring and enamoured as is Don Gayferos: deſiſt, ye baſe born plebeians; ſeek not to follow and puniſh him, but, face me in battle, if you dare." With theſe words and actions he unſheathed his ſword, and ſpringing up to the puppet-ſhew, began with incredible agility and fury to lay about him among the Mooriſh puppets, demoliſhing ſome, beheading others, maiming this, and hacking that; and in the courſe of this exerciſe, he fetched ſuch a back-ſtroke, that had not Mr. Peter ſtooped and ſquatted down with great expedition, he would have ſliced off his head as eaſily as if it had been made of ginger-bread. This unfortunate ſhew-man exalting his voice, "Hold, for the love of God! ſignor Don Quixote, ſaid he, and take notice, that thoſe whom you overthrow, kill and deſtroy, are not real Moors, but poor, harmleſs, little figures of paſte; conſider, ſinner that I am! you are ruining me, by depriving me of my livelihood." Notwithſtanding this remonſtrance, the knight continued to play away in a perfect ſhower of back-ſtrokes, fore-ſtrokes, outſide and inſide, that fell as thick as hail; ſo that, in leſs than a couple of credos, he brought the whole ſhew to the ground, all the tackle and figures being hewed down, and diſmembred; king Marſilio himſelf ſorely wounded, and the crown, together with the head of the emperor, cleft in twain. The whole audience was involved in confuſion: the ape fled to the roof of the houſe, the ſcholar trembled, the page was ſeized with conſternation, and Sancho Panza himſelf overwhelmed with terror and diſmay, for, as he ſwore after the hurricane ſubſided, he had never before ſeen his maſter in ſuch a frantic rage.

The puppet-ſhew being thus intirely demoliſhed, Don Quixote became a little more compoſed, ſaying, "I wiſh I had here before me, at this very moment, thoſe who either do not, or will not believe that knights-errant

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are of any benefit or ſervice to mankind, that they might ſee what would have become of the worthy Don Gayferos, and the beautiful Meliſendra, had not I been preſent on this occaſion: certainly, by this time, they would have been overtaken by thoſe dogs, who would have done them ſome grievous injury: let knight-errantry, therefore, live and flouriſh above all things upon the face of the earth." "In a happy hour, let it live (cried Mr. Peter in a languid tone) and let me die, who am ſo unfortunate, that I may ſay with king Rodrigo, "Yeſterday I was lord of Spain, and now there is not one battlement I can call my own." Half an hour, yea not half a minute is elapſed, ſince I ſaw myſelf in poſſeſſion of kings and emperors; my ſtables, coffers and bags were filled with an infinite number of horſes, and other gay particulars, and now I find myſelf quite deſolate and abaſed, poor and beggarly, and, which is worſt of all, deprived of my ape, who, in good faith, will make my teeth ſweat, before he returns to me his lawful maſter; and all this misfortune I have ſuffered from the inconſiderate fury of this here Sir knight, who is ſaid to protect orphans, rectify wrongs, and perform other charitable actions, but, in me alone, his generous intention has failed; bleſſed and praiſed be the higheſt heavens above! In a word, the knight of the rueful figure is he by whom I and mine are disfigured and undone."

Sancho Panza melted at this piteous lamentation: "Do not weep, Mr. Peter, ſaid he, do not whine ſo piteouſly, or thoul't break my heart; for, I'd have thee know, my maſter Don Quixote is ſuch a catholic and charitable chriſtian, that provided he be convinced of having done thee wrong, he knows how to make amends, and will ſatisfy and repay thee with double intereſt." "If ſignor Don Quixote, replied the ſhew-man, will make atonement for the deeds by which he has undone me, I ſhall reſt ſatisfied, and his worſhip's conſcience will be at peace; for, that man cannot expect ſalvation who withholds the effects of his neighbour againſt his will, and refuſes to make reſtitution." "You are in the right, ſaid Don Quixote; but, as yet I do not know that I withold any of your effects, Mr. Peter." "How! none of mine? (cried the ſhew-man) and theſe unfortunate remains that lie extended on the hard and barren pavement, were they not thus ſcattered and annihilated by the invincible force of that redoubted arm? to whom but me did their unhappy bodies belong? and with what but them did I procure a comfortable ſubſiſtence?" "Now, cried Don Quixote, I am fully convinced of what I have on divers occaſions believed; namely, that thoſe enchanters, by whom I am perſecuted, take pleaſure in preſenting realities to my view, and then changing and metamorphoſing them into ſuch figures and forms as they chooſe to beſtow:

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ſtow: believe me, gentlemen, to me every thing that has paſſed appeared a true and literal concurrence of real facts; and the figures repreſented, ſeemed to be really and truly the very individual perſons of Meliſendra, Don Gayferos, Marſilio, and Charlemagne: in conſequence of that belief, my wrath was provoked, and, in order to fulfil the function of a knight-errant, I reſolved to favour and aſſiſt the fair fugitive; in the execution of which reſolve, I have done what you ſee. If the exploit has turned out contrary to my expectation, the blame ought not to lie with me, but with thoſe miſcreants by whom I am perſecuted: nevertheleſs, as I have committed an error, although it did not proceed from malice aforethought, I ſtand by my own award condemned in coſts: let Mr. Peter make out his own bill of the figures that are demoliſhed, and I promiſe it ſhall be paid on the ſpot, in good and lawful current coin of this kingdom." The ſhew-man hearing this declaration, made a profound bow, ſaying, " I expected no leſs from the unheard-of chriſtianity of the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, the unflinching auxiliary and ſupport of the whole tribe of needy and forlorn vagabonds: Mr. Landlord, and the great Sancho, ſhall act as moderators and appraiſers between your worſhip and me, with regard to what the injured figures are or might be worth."

The innkeeper and ſquire having undertaken this office, Mr. Peter lifted up the headleſs Marſilio king of Saragoſſa, ſaying, " You ſee how impoſſible it is to reinſtate this king in his former ſituation; and therefore, with ſubmiſſion to better judgments, I think I muſt be allowed four rials and an half, on account of his death and final perdition." The knight deſiring him to proceed, " Then, ſaid he, for this dreadful gaſh from top to bottom (taking up the cloven emperor Charlemagne) I cannot be thought exorbitant, if I demand five rials and a quarter." " That's no ſmall matter," ſaid Sancho. " Nor a great deal too much," replied the landlord. They ſplit the difference, and ſet him down at five rials. " Let him have the whole five and the quarter, ſaid Don Quixote; for, in ſuch a notable misfortune, a quarter more or leſs is a meer trifle: and pray, diſpatch, Mr. Peter, for, it is now ſupper-time, and I begin to feel ſome ſymptoms of a keen appetite." " For that figure without a noſe, and deprived of one eye, which is the beautiful Meliſendra, proceeded Peter, I demand, without the leaſt abatement, two rials and twelve maravedis." " The devil's in't, cried the knight, if Meliſendra is not by this time, with her huſband, at leaſt upon the frontiers of France; for, the horſe on which they were mounted, ſeemed to fly rather than tread the ground; ſo that there is no reaſon for your ſelling me a cat inſtead of a hare, that is, in preſenting

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preſenting me with a noſeleſs Meliſendra, when, in all probability, that lady is now enjoying herſelf at leiſure with her huſband in France. God give every man joy of his own, Mr. Peter, and let us all endeavour to walk tightly and rightly; and now you may proceed." Mr. Peter perceiving Don Quixote beginning to warp and return to his old biaſs, reſolved to be even with him, and with that view, ſaid, "This cannot be Meliſendra, but muſt be one of her waiting-women, for whom I ſhall think myſelf very well payed, and reſt ſatisfied with threſcore maravedis." In the ſame manner did he ſet prices on many other maimed figures; ſo that, after they were moderated by the two arbitrators to the ſatisfaction of both parties, the whole ſum amounted to forty rials and three quarters, which being diſburſed by Sancho, Mr. Peter demanded another brace of rials for the trouble he ſhould have in catching the ape. "Let him have them, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, not for catching the ape, but the juice of the grape *: and I would now give two hundred as a reward to any perſon who would certify that the lady Donna Meliſendra, and her lord Don Gayferos, are now ſafe among their friends in France." "No perſon upon earth can reſolve that queſtion ſooner or better than my ape, replied Mr. Peter; but, the devil himſelf cannot catch him at preſent, tho' I imagine, hunger and affection will compel him to return to me ſometime to-night; and if God will ſend us a new day, we ſhall ſee what can be done." In fine, the hurricane of the puppet-ſhew being quite blown over, the whole company ſupped together in peace and good fellowſhip, at the expence of Don Quixote, who was liberal to exceſs.

Before day-break, the lance and halbert-carrier ſet out for his village, and early in the morning the ſcholar and the page came to take their leave of Don Quixote, the firſt intending to return to his own home, and the other to purſue his journey, for the comfort of which, the knight made him a preſent of half a dozen rials. Mr. Peter, having no inclination to reinvolve himſelf in any ſort of diſpute with Don Quixote, to whoſe diſpoſition he was no ſtranger, aroſe before the ſun, and packing up the remains of his puppets, together with his ape, ſallied forth alſo in queſt of further adventures. The innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, was equally aſtoniſhed at his madneſs and liberality: finally, Sancho paid him handſomely, by his maſter's order, and the two bidding him farewell about eight a clock in the morning, left the inn, and betook themſelves to the road, in which we will leave them, having now a proper opportunity to recount other incidents appertaining and neceſſary to the illuſtration of this famous hiſtory.

* In the original there is a miſerable pun upon the words *Mono* and *Mona*, the firſt of which ſignifies an ape, and the other drunkenneſs.

CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

In which the reader will diſcover who Mr. Peter and his ape were; together with Don Quixote's bad ſucceſs in the braying adventure, which did not at all turn out according to his wiſh and expectation.

CID Hamet, author of this ſublime hiſtory, begins this chapter with theſe words; "I ſwear, as a catholic chriſtian:" and upon this occaſion, the tranſlator obſerves, that Cid Hamet being a Moor, as he certainly was, in ſwearing as a catholic chriſtian means no more than that, as a catholic chriſtian, when he makes oath, ſwears he will ſpeak the truth, and nothing but the truth, in like manner he would adhere to it, as a catholic chriſtian adheres to his oath, in what he intended to write concerning Don Quixote, eſpecially in diſcloſing the myſtery of Mr. Peter, and the fortune-telling ape, whoſe talent attracted the admiration of all that country. He then proceeds to obſerve, that he who has read the firſt part of this hiſtory, cannot but remember that ſame Gines de Paſſamonte, whom, together with his fellow-ſlaves, Don Quixote ſet at liberty near the brown mountain; a benefit for which he was ill-thanked, and worſe requited by that miſchievous and immoral crew. This Gines de Paſſamonte, whom Don Quixote called Gineſillo de Parapilla, was the very thief who ſtole Sancho's Dapple, and as, through the fault of the printers, neither the time nor the manner of that conveyance is deſcribed, in the firſt part of the book, many people aſcribed this error of the preſs to want of memory in the author: but, in ſhort, ſtolen he was by Gines, even while Sancho was ſitting ſleeping on his back, by means of the ſame contrivance and expedient that was uſed by Brunelo, who, while Sacripante lay at Albraca, withdrew his horſe from between his legs; and Sancho afterwards retrieved him, as we have already related. Gines then, afraid of being overtaken by juſtice, that was in queſt of him, to chaſtiſe him for his numberleſs tricks and tranſgreſſions, which were ſo manifold and remarkable as to fill a large volume of his own compoſing, reſolved to remove himſelf into the kingdom of Arragon, to cover his left eye with a patch, and profeſs the occupation of playing puppets, and performing feats of leger-demain, which he underſtood to great perfection: he afterwards happened to fall in company with ſome chriſtians, juſt delivered from bondage in Barbary, of whom he purchaſed that ape, which he taught to leap upon his ſhoulder, at a certain ſignal and whiſper, or ſeem to whiſper in his ear.

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Having ſo far ſucceeded, before he entered any place with his puppet-ſhew and ape, he took care to inform himſelf at the next village, or of any perſon whom he could conveniently pump, of the particular accidents that had happened in that place, with all their circumſtances, which he retained by dint of a tenacious memory. The firſt thing he did, was to repreſent his puppet-ſhew, the ſubject of which he extracted ſometimes from one ſtory, and ſometimes from another; but, it was always full of mirth and entertainment, and well known: and this being ended, he propounded the talents of his ape, telling the audience that he could diſcloſe the paſt and preſent; but, with regard to the future, he practiſed no ſtratagem and addreſs: for every reſponſe he demanded two rials, tho' ſometimes, he afforded them cheaper, juſt as he felt the pulſe of his conſulters; and as he ſometimes came to families, the anecdotes of which he knew, even tho' they would ſpend no money upon queſtions, he would make the ſignal to the ape, and then ſay he had communicated this and that circumſtance, which tallied exactly with what had really happened. By theſe means, he acquired the credit of infallibility, and drew the whole country after him; at other times, as he had abundance of cunning and penetration, he would anſwer in ſuch a manner, that the reſponſes agreed perfectly well with the queſtions; and there being no body to hamper him, by inquiring and ſifting into the bottom of this pretended divination of the monkey, he found means to make monkeys of all his followers, and fill his bags at the ſame time. As ſoon as he entered the inn, he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, and this recognition enabled him to excite the admiration of the knight, ſquire, and all the by-ſtanders: but, his art would have coſt him dear, had Don Quixote lowered his hand a little, when he decapitated king Marſilio, and deſtroyed his whole cavalry, as we have related that adventure in the preceding chapter.

So much for Mr. Peter and his ape: and now, returning to Don Quixote de la Mancha, we muſt obſerve, that after having departed from the inn, he reſolved, in the firſt place, to viſit the banks of the river Ebro, and all the circumjacent country, before he ſhould enter the city of Saragoſſa; as the length of time between this period and the tournaments permitted him to make ſuch an excurſion. With this reſolution, he proceeded in the road, through which he travelled two days, without encountring any thing worth relating, until on the third, as he aſcended a riſing-ground, his ears were ſaluted with a mighty noiſe of kettle-drums, trumpets, and muſkets, which he at firſt imagined might proceed from ſome company of ſoldiers marching that way: in order, therefore, to view them, he ſpurred up Rozinante, and when he reached the top of the riſing-ground, ſaw below;

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as near as he could gueſs, above two hundred men, equipped with different kinds of arms, ſuch as lances, croſs-bows, partiſans, halberts, pikes, a few muſkets, and a great number of targets. He rode down the hill, and drew ſo near this ſquadron, that he could diſtinguiſh their colours, and obſerve their devices, particularly a banner or pendant of white ſattin, in which was painted to the life, an aſs of the ſmall Sardinian breed, with his head raiſed, and his mouth open, and his tongue lolling out, as if in the very act and attitude of braying, and ſurrounded by this motto, in capital letters,

It is no children's play,
When brother bailiffs bray.

From this ſymbol Don Quixote gathered, that thoſe people belonged to the village of Braywick; and this diſcovery he communicated to Sancho, whom he likewiſe made acquainted with the motto of the ſtandard; obſerving, at the ſame time, that he, by whom they were informed of the adventure, had committed a miſtake, in ſaying the brayers were aldermen; for, according to this couplet, they muſt have been bailiffs. To this obſervation, Sancho replied, "Signor, in that circumſtance, there is nothing to be mended; for, thoſe who were aldermen when they brayed, might very well in time come to be bailiffs of the corporation, conſequently they may be mentioned with both titles; eſpecially as it is of ſmall ſignification to the truth of the ſtory, whether the brayers were aldermen or bailiffs, provided they really conjunctly and ſeverally did bray; for, a bailiff is as likely to bray as an alderman."

Finally, conjecturing and underſtanding that the people who were ridiculed, had come forth to fight thoſe who had ridiculed them, and carried the joke beyond the bounds of reaſon and good neighbourhood, Don Quixote approached their line of battle, to the no ſmall chagrin of Sancho, who was never fond of interpoſing on ſuch occaſions; and they were immediately received by the whole ſquadron, who believed the knight was come to eſpouſe their quarrel. Then Don Quixote lifting up his vizor, with graceful eaſe and courteous demeanour, advanced to the ſtandard of the aſs, where he was environed by the chiefs of the army, who gazed at him with that admiration incident to all thoſe who beheld him for the firſt time. The knight perceiving them looking at him ſo attentively, without ſpeaking or aſking any queſtion, reſolved to take advantage of their ſilence, and breaking his own, began in this manner, with an audible voice, "Worthy gentlemen, I beg, in the moſt earneſt manner, that you will not interrupt a diſcourſe I intend to make, until you perceive it be-

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comes inſipid, and diſguſting; in which caſe, I will, upon the leaſt ſign, put a ſeal upon my lips, and a gag upon my tongue."

All the ſpectators aſſured him, he might ſay what he pleaſed, and they would willingly give him the hearing; ſo that, thus licenſed, he proceeded to this effect: "I, gentlemen, am a knight-errant, whoſe exerciſe is that of arms, and whoſe profeſſion is to aſſiſt the needy, and favour thoſe who want favour and protection. Some days ago I was informed of your diſgrace, and the motives which have induced you to arm at every turn, in order to take vengeance on your enemies; and having once and again revolved your affair in my mind, I find that, according to the laws of duel, you are in the wrong to ſuppoſe yourſelves affronted: for, no individual can affront a whole community, unleſs they are accuſed of treaſon by the lump, becauſe the perſon guilty of the ſaid treaſon, is not known, conſequently cannot be challenged by himſelf. Of this practice, we have an inſtance in Don Diego Ordonnez de Lara, who challenged the whole town of Zamorano, becauſe he did not know that Vellido Dolfos alone was the traitor who had ſlain his king; he, therefore, defied the whole body of inhabitants, and to the whole body of them did the anſwer and revenge belong: though, indeed, ſignor Don Diego bordered upon extravagance, and exceeded the bounds of defiance; for, he had not ſufficient reaſon to challenge the dead, the water and the bread, or thoſe who were yet unborn, as well as other minute matters therein ſet forth: but, let that paſs, When choler once is born *, the tongue all curb doth ſcorn—I mean a bridle to reſtrain it. This being the caſe, then, that one ſingle perſon cannot affront an intire kingdom, province, city, ſociety, or corporation, it plainly appears, that you have no juſt cauſe to come forth, in order to take vengeance for that which was not really an affront: for, it would be a good joke indeed, if the inhabitants of a town called Clockwell, ſhould take it in their heads, at every turn, to ſlay every perſon that might aſk, What † i'ſt a clock? Or if the cheeſemongers, fruiterers, whalebone-ſellers, ſoapboilers, and thoſe of other names and appellations that are in the mouth of every boy, and hackneyed among the vulgar; I ſay, it would ſurely be a good joke, if all thoſe people, who are diſtinguiſhed by their different callings, ſhould be aſhamed and incenſed at ſuch ſimple provocations, and be always making ſacbuts of their ſwords, in every trifling quarrel: no, no; God neither likes, nor will he ſuffer ſuch

* Literally, 'When choler quits the mother, the tongue has then no father.'

† I have ventured to deviate a little from the preciſe meaning of the original, which the reader will own to be very inſipid, when he reads the literal tranſlation: "For, it would be good, if the inhabitants of the town of Reloxa, (ſignifying a watch or clock) ſhould, at every turn, ſlay thoſe that call them ſo."

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unjuſtifiable revenge. Prudent men, and well-ordered commonwealths, ought to take up arms, unſheath their ſwords, and riſque their perſons, lives and fortunes, for four cauſes only. Firſtly, to defend the catholic faith; Secondly, in ſelf-defence, which is juſtified by the laws of God and nature; Thirdly, in behalf of one's honour, family and fortune; And fourthly, in the ſervice of his majeſty, when he is engaged in a juſt war: and if we would add a fifth cauſe, (which indeed, ought to be ranked as the ſecond) it is the defence of one's country. To theſe five cauſes, may be annexed ſome others, both juſt and reaſonable, which may oblige us to have recourſe to arms: but, to take them up for childiſh trifles, and things that are rather ſubjects of laughter and diverſion than of ſerious revenge, ſeems to denote a total defect of reaſon and diſcretion; eſpecially as unjuſt vengeance (and ſurely no vengeance can be juſt) is diametrically oppoſite to that holy law we profeſs, by which we are enjoined to do good to our enemies, and love thoſe by whom we are abhorred: a command which, tho' ſeemingly difficult, is not really hard to be obſerved, except by thoſe who have leſs of God than of this world, and more of the fleſh than of the ſpirit; for, Jeſus Chriſt, the true God and true man, who never lied, who neither was nor is capable of falſehood, as being our eternal lawgiver, tells us, that his yoke is eaſy, and his burden is light: therefore, he would not impoſe a command which we could not poſſibly fulfil; and conſequently, good gentlemen, you are obliged by laws divine and human, to be appeaſed."

At this period, Sancho ſaid within himſelf, "The devil run away with me, if this maſter of mine is not a downright thologiſter! at leaſt, if he is not, no two eggs were ever more alike." Don Quixote having taken breath a little, and finding his audience ſtill attentive, was inclined to proſecute his harrangue, and would certainly have purſued the ſubject, had not he been prevented by the archneſs of Sancho, who during his maſter's pauſe, took it in hand, ſaying, "My maſter, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who, at one time, went by the name of the knight of the rueful countenance, but is at preſent called the knight of the lions, is a very learned gentleman, that underſtands Latin and Caſtilian like a perfect batchelor of arts. In all his ſermons and exhortations, he proceeds like a very able ſoldier, as having all the laws and ordinances of what you call duel, at his finger's end: therefore, you have no more to do but let yourſelves be guided by his counſel; and if you go wrong, the blame ſhall lie upon my ſhoulders; eſpecially, as he hath already told you, that it is meer madneſs to be angry without any cauſe but that of a man's braying. I remember, when I was a boy, I brayed whenſoever and whereſo-

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ever I pleaſed, without lett or moleſtation; ay, and ſo prettily and naturally, that I was always anſwered by all the aſſes of the common; yet, for all that, I did not ceaſe to be the ſon of my parents, who were moſt worthy people; and tho', for this talent, I was envied by more than enow of the graveſt folks in the pariſh, I valued not their envy two farthings: and that you may ſee I ſpeak nothing but the truth, wait a little and give me the hearing, for the art of braying is like that of ſwimming, which, when once learned, is never forgot."

So ſaying, he clapped his fingers to his noſtrils, and began to bray ſo ſtoutly, that all the neighbouring vallies re-echoed the ſound. But, one of thoſe who ſtood next him, ſuppoſing the ſquire made himſelf merry at their expence, lifted up a pole that was in his hand, and beſtowed it upon him with ſuch good will, that Sancho, in ſpite of all his efforts, came to the ground.

Don Quixote ſeeing his ſquire ſo roughly handled, attacked the aggreſſor lance in hand; but, ſuch a number of people interpoſed, that he found it impoſſible to take vengeance: on the contrary, perceiving a cloud of ſtones ready to pour upon him, and being threatened by a vaſt number of preſented croſs-bows and muſkets, he wheeled Rozinante about, and galloped off as faſt as the ſteed could carry him; recommending himſelf heartily to the protection of God, that he might be delivered from that danger; and in the apprehenſion that ſome ball would enter at his ſhoulders, and make its exit through his breaſt, he held in his breath at every ſtep, in order to know whether or not he was wounded. But, thoſe who compoſed the ſquadron, being ſatisfied with his flight, did not ſhoot after him; and as for Sancho, they laid him acroſs upon his beaſt, as ſoon as he recovered the uſe of his ſenſes, and allowed him to follow his maſter: not that he was able to manage the aſs; but, Dapple followed the footſteps of Rozinante, from whom he could not bear to be parted, tho' but for a moment. The knight having rode a good way, turned his horſe's head, and ſeeing Sancho following, waited for his coming up, as he perceived no body attempted to purſue him.

The warriors of Braywick kept their ground till night, and as their adverſaries did not think proper to give them battle, returned to their own town, with joy and ſatisfacton; and had they known the ancient cuſtom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy on the ſpot.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XI.

Of things related by Benengeli, which he who reads them attentively, will know.

WHEN a brave man flies, he muſt have diſcovered ſome odds or foul play; and it is the buſineſs of prudent captains, to reſerve themſelves for better occaſions. This maxim was verified in Don Quixote, who, by giving way to popular fury, and the evil intention of that incenſed ſquadron, took to his heels, and, without paying the leaſt regard to Sancho, or the danger in which he left him, moved off to ſuch a diſtance as he judged ſufficient for his own ſecurity. He was followed by Sancho lying acroſs the aſs, as we have already obſerved, who, by that time he was brought up to his maſter, had juſt recovered the uſe of his ſenſes, and fell from Dapple at the feet of Rozinante, all battered and bruiſed, and in an agony of pain.

The knight diſmounting to ſearch his wounds, no ſooner perceived he was ſound from head to foot, than he thus accoſted him in angry tone: "In evil hour, you muſt underſtand braying, ſirrah! Where did you learn it was convenient to talk of halters in the houſe of a man that was hanged? To the tenor of braying, what baſs could you expect but the baſting of a cudgel? You have reaſon to thank God that, inſtead of receiving a benediction with a pole, you have not been croſſed with a ſcymitar." "I am at preſent in no condition to anſwer, ſaid Sancho; for, methinks I talk through my ſhoulders; let us mount and depart from this place, and I ſhall make an end of my braying; though I ſhall never be weary of telling as how knights-errant run away, and leave their honeſt ſquires beaten to chaff and pounded to cinders, in the power of their enemies." "There is a wide difference between flying and retreating, anſwered Don Quixote; for you muſt know, Sancho, that valour which is not founded on the baſe of diſcretion, is termed temerity or raſhneſs; and the atchievements of a raſh perſon ought to be aſcribed rather to good fortune than courage. I own, therefore, I have retreated, but not fled, and in ſo doing have imitated a great number of valiant chiefs, who reſerved themſelves for more dignified occaſions: and of theſe inſtances hiſtories are full, but I omit rehearſing them at preſent, becauſe the recital would be of no advantage to thee, or entertainment to myſelf."

By this time Sancho, being ſet upon his aſs again by Don Quixote, who likewiſe mounted Rozinante, they jogged along ſoftly, in order to ſhelter.

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ſhelter themſelves in a grove that appeared at the diſtance of a quarter of a league; and the ſquire every now and then heaving up a moſt profound ah! accompanied with piteous groans, his maſter deſired to know the cauſe of ſuch bitter ejaculations. To which queſtion the ſquire replied, that from the extremity of his rump to the top of his head, he felt ſuch intolerable pain as was like to deprive him of his ſenſes. The cauſe of that pain, ſaid Don Quixote, muſt doubtleſs be this; as the pole or ſtaff by which you have ſuffered was long and large, it extended over thy whole back, comprehending all thoſe parts that now give you pain; and if it had reached ſtill farther, the pain would have been more extenſive." "'Fore God, cried Sancho, your worſhip has taken me out of a huge uncertainty, and reſolved the doubt in delicate terms. Body o'me! was the cauſe of my pain ſo myſterious, that there was a neceſſity for telling me, I feel pain in thoſe parts that were cudgelled? Had my ſhins ached, there might have been ſome reaſon for gueſſing at the cauſe of their aching; but, ſurely there is no great witchcraft required to tell me that my back aches, becauſe it was croſſed with a quarter-ſtaff. In good faith! ſir maſter of mine, Our neighbour's care hangs by a hair. Every day I ſee more and more how the land lies, and how little I have to expect from keeping your worſhip's company; for, if you left me to be cudgelled at this time, we ſhall, upon a hundred different occaſions, return to our late blankettings and other ſuch toys; and though this misfortune has fallen upon my ſhoulders, the next may light upon my eyes. Abundantly better ſhould I have done, but, I am ſuch a barbarian, that in all the days of my life, I never did well; I ſay again, abundantly better ſhould I have done, had I returned to my houſe, my wife, and my children, and maintained and brought them up with what Providence ſhould pleaſe to beſtow; rather than lag after your worſhip in this manner, through roadleſs roads and pathleſs paths, drinking bad liquor and eating worſe food; then when I come to ſleep, "Brother ſquire, meaſure out ſeven feet of ground; and if you chooſe to be more at your eaſe, take as much more, for the ſaddle is in your own hand, and lay yourſelf out to your heart's deſire." Would to God I could ſee the firſt man who meddled with knight-errantry burnt to a cinder; at leaſt the firſt booby who choſe to be ſquire to ſuch wiſeacres as all former knights-errant muſt have been. Of the preſent, I ſay nothing; as your worſhip is one of the number, I hold them in reſpect, becauſe I am ſenſible, that in ſpeeching and underſtanding, you know a point more than the devil himſelf."

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" I would venture to lay a good wager, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, that now while you are permitted to ſpeak without the leaſt hindrance, you feel no pain in any part of your body. Proceed, child, and out with every thing that comes into your head, or tarries at your tongue's end; for, provided you are free from pain, I ſhall convert into pleaſure that diſguſt which proceeds from your folly and impertinence; and if you are ſo much bent upon returning to your houſe, your wife and your family, God will not ſuffer me to oppoſe your reſolution. You have ſome of my money in your hands; recollect how long it is ſince we ſet out on this my third ſally; then reckon what you might and ſhould have earned monthly, and be your own paymaſter." " When I worked for Thomas Carraſco, father of Batchelor Sampſon, who is your worſhip's acquaintance, anſwered Sancho, I earned two ducats a month, beſides my victuals: with your worſhip I know not what I can earn, though well I know that the ſquire of a knight-errant has a much more troubleſome office than that of a farmer's ſervant; for, in fact, we who ſerve huſbandmen, let us work never ſo hard through the day, and happen what will, have a hot ſupper out of the pot at night, and lie in a good bed, which I have never enjoyed ſince I have been in your worſhip's ſervice, except for that ſhort ſpace of time that we ſtayed in the houſe of Don Diego de Miranda; and bating the good chear I found among the ſcum of Camacho's kettle, and my eating, drinking and ſleeping at the habitation of Baſilius, all the reſt of the time I have ſlept on the hard ground, under the cope of heaven, expoſed to what you call the inclemencies of the weather, living upon cheeſe-parings and cruſts of bread, and drinking cold water, ſometimes from the brooks and ſometimes from the ſprings we met with in the by-places through which we travelled."

" Allowing, ſaid Don Quixote, that all you have mentioned is true, how much more do you think I ought to give you than that which you received from Thomas Carraſco?" " With the addition of two rials a month, replied Sancho, I ſhall think myſelf well paid, that is, with regard to my wages; but, as to ſome ſatisfaction for your worſhip's word and promiſe of making me governor of an iſland, methinks it would be but fair and honeſt to add ſix rials more; and then, altogether, will come to thirty." " Very well reckoned, anſwered the knight; now, according to the tale of wages you have mentioned, calculate fairly and exactly what I am indebted to you, for the five and twenty days that are elapſed ſince our departure from our own village, and, as I ſaid before, be your own paymaſter." " Body o'me! cried Sancho, your worſhip is quite

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quite out in your reckoning; for, in regard to the promiſe of the iſland, we muſt compute from the day in which your honour made the ſaid promiſe to this bleſſed hour." "How long then, has that ſame promiſe been made?" ſaid Don Quixote. "If my memory does not fail me, anſwered the ſquire, it muſt be above twenty years, a few days over or under." Here, the knight ſlapping his forehead with his hand, began to laugh heartily, ſaying, "Why my ſtay in the Sierra Morena, with the whole courſe of our peregrinations, has ſcarce employed two months; and wilt thou ſay I have promiſed thee that iſland theſe twenty years? Now I perceive thy intention is to keep, in lieu of wages, all my money that is in thy hands; and, if that be the caſe, and thou really lookeſt upon it with an eye of deſire, I give thee the whole ſum from this moment, and much good may it do thee; for, provided I find myſelf rid of ſuch a wretched ſquire, I ſhall think myſelf happy, though poor and pennyleſs. But, tell me, thou prevaricator of all the ſquirely ordinances of chivalry! where haſt thou ſeen or read that any ſquire of a knight-errant ever preſumed to bargain with his maſter, touching a certain monthly ſalary for his ſervice? Launch out, launch out, you ruffian, vagabond and hobgoblin, for ſuch you are, launch out, I ſay, into the Mare magnum of hiſtory; and if you find that any ſquire ever attempted to ſay or even to think what thou haſt here uttered, I will give thee leave to nail the paſſage on my forehead, and pinch the ſign of the four nipples on my face, by way of additional mortification. Turn, immediately, the reins or the halter of your aſs, and return to your houſe, your wife and your family; for, one ſtep farther thou ſhalt not travel with me. O bread ill-beſtowed! O promiſe miſapplied! O wretch that ſavoureſt more of the beaſt than of the man! At this juncture, when I was on the eve of raiſing thee to ſuch a ſtation as would have ennobled thee, even in ſpite of thy wife, thou ſeek'ſt to leave me! Now, thou art going away, when I had firmly and unalterably reſolved to make thee lord of the beſt iſland in the univerſe! In a word, as thou thyſelf haſt obſerved upon other occaſions, An aſs's mouth was not made for honey, &c. An aſs thou art, an aſs wilt thou be, ay, and thou wilt die like an aſs, when the courſe of thy life is finiſhed; for, I am convinced that thy days will reach their utmoſt period, before thou ſhalt learn and know what a beaſt thou art."

Sancho looked woefully at his maſter, while he poured forth theſe reproaches, from which the ſquire felt ſuch compunction, that the tears ſtarted in his eyes, and he replied in a faint, whimpering tone, "My good maſter, I confeſs that, in order to be really and truly an aſs, I want nothing

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nothing but a tail, which, if your worſhip will furniſh me with, I ſhall think it well beſtowed, and ſerve you as a beaſt of burthen all the days of my life. Good your worſhip, forgive and look upon my green years with compaſſion; and conſider that I know very little; and if I ſpeak a great deal of nonſenſe, it does not proceed from malice but infirmity; and thoſe who ſin and kiſs the rod, find favour in the ſight of God." "I ſhould have been ſurpriſed, Sancho, ſaid the knight, if thou hadſt not ſeaſoned thy diſcourſe with ſome proverbial expreſſion. Well, then, for the preſent, I forgive thee, in hope of thy amendment, and on condition that thou wilt not henceforward betray ſuch a ſordid and ſelfiſh diſpoſition, but, endeavour to enlarge thy heart, fortify and encourage thy mind, to wait the accompliſhment of my promiſes, which, though it may not ſpeedily happen, is nevertheleſs far from being impoſſible." Sancho ſaid he would do his endeavour, and follow his advice, even tho' he ſhould gather ſtrength from feebleneſs.

Then they betook themſelves to the covert of the grove, where the knight accommodated himſelf at the root of an elm, and the ſquire retreated to the foot of a beech; for, theſe and other ſuch trees never want feet, though they are always deſtitute of hands. Sancho paſſed the night in great trouble; for the cold air augmented the pain of his bruiſes; whereas, Don Quixote amuſed himſelf with his inceſſant meditations. Nevertheleſs, both maſter and man gave way to the operations of ſleep, and at the approach of morn, proſecuted their way to the banks of the renowned Ebro, where they were involved in an adventure that will be recounted in the ſucceeding chapter.

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CHAP. XII.

Of the famous adventure of the inchanted bark.

BY dint of travelling at a very deliberate pace, for the ſpace of two days after they quitted the grove, Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at the river Ebro, the ſight of which afforded infinite pleaſure to the knight, who eagerly contemplated the amenity of its banks, the tranſparency of its water, the tranquillity of its courſe, and the abundance of its cryſtal ſtream, the joyous proſpect of which renewed in his remembrance a thouſand amorous thoughts that chiefly turned upon what he had ſeen in the cave of Monteſinos; for, although maſter Peter's ape had declared, that part of thoſe circumſtances was true, and part of them falſe, he inclined more to the belief that they were altogether real, while Sancho, on the contrary, looked upon the whole detail as one continued lie.

As they jogged on in this manner, their view was ſaluted by a ſmall boat, without oars, or any other tackle, cloſe to the bank, and made faſt to a tree that grew on the bank; and Don Quixote looking around him, without perceiving any living ſoul, alighted immediately from Rozinante, commmanding Sancho to quit the back of Dapple, and tie both beaſts ſecurely to the trunk of a poplar or willow that grew upon the ſpot. When the ſquire deſired to know the cauſe of this ſudden deſcent and ligation, "You muſt know, Sancho, ſaid the knight, that this veſſel is here on purpoſe, without a poſſibility of any other deſign, to call and invite me to embark, that I may be conveyed to the ſuccour of ſome knight or other neceſſitous perſonage of high degree, who muſt certainly be involved in ſome dire diſaſter; for, this is the very ſpirit of books of chivalry, and the practice of thoſe inchanters concerning whom they treat, who, when any knight in diſtreſs cannot be delivered by their art, but ſolely by the proweſs of another errant, though perhaps at the diſtance of two or three thouſand leagues or more, they ſnatch him up in a cloud, or provide him with a veſſel, in which he embarks, and in the twinkling of an eye he is tranſported either through the air, or by ſea to the place where his aſſiſtance is required: this bark, therefore, O Sancho, is brought hither for the like purpoſe, as ſure as it is now day; and before the day be ſpent, take and ſecure Dapple and Rozinante together, and let us commit ourſelves to the direction of God; for, even the

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the barefooted carmelites ſhall not diſſuade me from embarking." "Since that is the caſe, anſwered Sancho, and your worſhip is reſolved, at every turn, to plunge into theſe (I know not whether I ſhould call them, mad) vagaries, I have nothing to do but bow and obey, according to the proverb, If you obey the commands of your lord, you may ſit as a gueſt at his board. Nevertheleſs, in order to diſburthen my conſcience, I muſt give your worſhip notice, that in my opinion this ſame bark has nothing to do with enchanted people, but belongs to ſome fiſhermen of this river, in which they catch the beſt ſhads in the world."

This remonſtrance was made, while he tied the cattle, which he could not leave to the protection of inchanters, without being grieved to the very ſoul. But, the knight exhorted him to baniſh his anxiety on account of the animals, which would be carefully maintained and protected by the ſame ſage deſtined to tranſport their riders through roads and regions of ſuch longitude." "I do not underſtand what you mean by logickhood, ſaid the ſquire; for, I never heard ſuch a word before, in the whole courſe of my life." "By longitude, I mean length, anſwered the knight, but, I do not at all wonder that thou ſhouldſt not underſtand the word; for, thou art not obliged to be acquainted with the Latin tongue, like ſome arrogant people who pretend to knowledge of which they are intirely ignorant." "The beaſts are now ſecured, ſaid Sancho, what is next to be done?" "What! replied Don Quixote, but to croſs ourſelves and weigh anchor, I mean, to embark and cut the rope by which the veſſel is made faſt."

So ſaying, he leaped on board, whither he was followed by Sancho, and the faſtening being cut, the boat edged gently off from the bank. The ſquire ſeeing himſelf about two fathoms from the ſhore, began to tremble, in the apprehenſion of periſhing; but nothing gave him more pain than hearing Dapple raiſe his voice, and ſeeing Rozinante ſtruggle for his freedom. "Now Dapple, ſaid he to his maſter, brays for grief at our departure; and Rozinante ſtrives to get looſe, that he may throw himſelf into the water and ſwim after us! Farewel, my dearly beloved friends, peace be with you, and may the madneſs that parts us be converted and undeceived, that we may be reſtored to your agreeable company."

Then he began to weep ſo bitterly, that the knight, exclaimed in a tone of rage and vexation: "Of what art thou afraid, cowardly miſcreant? wherefore doſt thou weep, thou heart of butter? who perſecutes, who moleſts thee, thou ſoul of a garret-mouſe? or what wants doſt thou ſuffer, beggarly wretch, rolling as thou art in the very bowels of abun-

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dance? art thou peradventure, travelling barefoot over the Riphean mountains? No: ſeated like an archduke upon a convenient bench, thou art ſoftly conveyed by the gentle current of this delicious river, from which, in a little time, we ſhall launch into the wide extended ocean: but, indeed, we muſt have already entered the open ſea, ay, and ſailed at leaſt ſeven or eight hundred leagues; and if I had here an aſtrolabe to take the elevation of the pole, I would tell thee exactly what way we have made; though, either I have little ſkill, or we have already paſſed, or will paſs, in a very little time, the equinoctial line, that divides the globe into two equal parts." "And how far ſhall we have gone when we come to that ſame line your worſhip mentions?" ſaid Sancho. "A great way, replied the knight; for, of three hundred and ſixty degrees, comprehending the whole terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolemy, who was the greateſt coſmographer ever known, we ſhall have traverſed one half when we reach the equinoctial line." "'Fore God! cried Sancho, your worſhip has brought a ſet of rare witneſſes to prove the truth of what you ſay. Copulation and Kiſs-me-gaffer, with the addition of Tool-i'me, or ſome ſuch name*."

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's blunders, upon the computation of the coſmographer Ptolemy, adding, "You muſt know, Sancho, that one of the ſigns by which thoſe who embark at Cadiz for the Eaſt-Indies know they have paſſed the equinoctial, is the total deſtruction of vermin among the paſſengers and ſeamen; ſo that not one louſe remains alive, or can be had in the whole ſhip, even though you ſhould give its weight in gold; thou mayeſt therefore ſlip thy hand along thy thigh, Sancho, and if thou canſt catch any thing alive, our doubt will be reſolved; but, if there is nothing to be found, we muſt certainly have paſſed the line." "I can hardly believe it, anſwered the ſquire! but, however, I will do as your worſhip deſires; though there is no neceſſity for trying thoſe experiments; for, I can ſee with my own eyes, that we have not moved five yards from the bank, no, nor have we driven two yards below the cattle; for, there ſtand Rozinante and Dapple, in the very ſpot where they were left; and taking aim as I do now, I vow to God, we do not move or go at the pace of a piſmire." "Sancho, ſaid the knight, perform the inveſtigation I have mentioned, and give thyſelf no trouble about any other circumſtance; for, thou doſt not know

* As it is altogether impoſſible, in a tranſlation, literally to preſerve the low humour ariſing from blunders upon words or ſounds, I have been obliged to ſubſtitute an equivalent jingle, in the room of *Puto*, *Gaſo* and *Meon*, which are Spaniſh words ſignifying a *whore*, a *catamite* and a *piſs-a bed*: ſo that Sancho, deceived by the affinity of theſe ſounds to *Computo*, *Coſmographo* and *Ptolomeo*, thought he had reaſon to ſay his maſter had produced a fair ſet of evidences.

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the meaning of colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, eccliptics, poles, ſolſtices, equinoxes, planets, conſtellations, points and meaſures that compoſe the ſpheres celeſtial and terreſtrial. Wert thou acquainted with theſe, or even a part of them, thou would diſtinctly perceive what parallels we have croſſed, what ſigns we have ſeen, and what conſtellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us. I therefore repeat my requeſt, that thou wouldſt examine and go a fiſhing upon thyſelf; for, I am perſuaded thou art clean and ſmooth as a ſheet of white paper."

Sancho, in compliance with his deſire, ſlipped down his hand ſoftly, and felt about his left ham; then raiſing his head, and looking at his maſter, "Either the experiment is falſe, ſaid he; or, we have not reached the place your worſhip mentioned, by many leagues." "What! ſaid the knight, haſt thou found ſomething!" "Ay, more than one ſomething, anſwered the ſquire;" who ſnapped his fingers, and afterwards waſhed them in the river, along the current of which the boat glided ſoftly, without the aſſiſtance of any ſecret power, or concealed inchanter, being conveyed by nothing but the ſtream, which then ran with a ſmooth and gentle courſe.

In this manner they proceeded, when they diſcovered ſome large mills, built in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no ſooner perceived, than he addreſſed himſelf to Sancho, in an exalted voice. "Behold, my friend, yonder appears the city, caſtle or fortreſs that contains ſome oppreſſed knight-errant, queen, infanta or princeſs in diſtreſs, for whoſe relief I am brought hither." "What the devil does your worſhip mean by a city, fortreſs or caſtle! cried the ſquire; don't you ſee theſe are mills built in the river, for grinding wheat?" "Peace, Sancho, replied the knight, although they appear to be mills, they are in reality edifices of a very different nature: I have already told thee, that all things are transformed and changed by the power of enchantment; I do not mean, that they are really changed in any circumſtance but appearance, as we have been taught by woeful experience, in the transformation of Dulcinea the ſole refuge of my hope."

By this time, the boat being ſucked into the middle of the ſtream, ſo as to move conſiderably faſter than at firſt, was perceived by the millers, who ſeeing it advancing to the indraught of the wheels, came ſuddenly out in a body, with long poles to ſtop its motion; and as their faces and cloaths were bepowdered with meal, they made a frightful figure, while they exclaimed with great vociferation, "You devils of men! where are you going? are you mad, to come and drown yourſelves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels?".

Don

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Don Quixote hearing this addreſs, " Did not I tell thee, Sancho, ſaid he, that we had arrived at the ſcene in which I muſt exert the proweſs of mine arm. Behold, what felons and aſſaſſins come forth to try my valour; behold what a number of hobgoblins range themſelves againſt me; behold, I ſay, what horrid phyſiognomies appear to ſcare and overawe us; but, you ſhall preſently ſee what will happen, ye ruffians." Then, ſtarting up, he began to threaten and revile them, exclaiming aloud, " Ye ſcum, ye ſcoundrels, ill-intentioned and worſe-adviſed, releaſe, I charge you, and reſtore to the full fruition of freedom, the perſon whom ye keep confined and oppreſſed in that fortreſs or jail, let him be high or low, or of what rank and quality ſoever he may be; for, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwiſe intituled the knight of the lions, deſtined by the appointment of heaven above, to bring this adventure to an happy iſſue."

So ſaying, he unſheathed his ſword and brandiſhed it in the air, in defiance of the millers, who hearing this rhapſody without underſtanding it, began to employ their poles, in order to turn aſide the boat, which by this time had entered the current and canal of the wheels. As for Sancho, he fell upon his knees, and prayed devoutly that heaven would deliver him from ſuch imminent danger; and his deliverance was accordingly effected by the alertneſs and dexterity of the millers, who puſhed back the boat with their poles; yet, not without overſetting the veſſel; ſo as that the knight and his ſquire were ſouſed over head and ears in the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he could ſwim like a gooſe; nevertheleſs, the weight of his armour ſunk him twice to the bottom, and had not the millers thrown themſelves into the river, and weighed them up by main ſtrength, it might have been ſaid, Here Troy once ſtood. *"

They were no ſooner dragged aſhore, rather drenched than dead of drought, than the ſquire humbling himſelf upon his knees, again claſping his hands and lifting up his eyes to heaven, uttered a very fervent petition to God, that he might be from thenceforward delivered from the frantic projects and mad attempts of his maſter. This ejaculation was ſcarce finiſhed, when they were joined by the fiſhermen who were owners of the boat which was cruſhed to pieces by the mill-wheels; and they perceiving the wreck, began to ſtrip Sancho, and demand indemnification of his maſter, who, with great tranquillity, as if nothing at all had hap-

* In alluſion to the Speech that Virgil puts in the mouth of *Panthus Othryades*, who ſays to Æneas,

——— fuit Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum!

pened,

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pened, told the millers and fiſhermen, that he would pay for the bark with the utmoſt chearfulneſs, on condition that they would releaſe, without ranſom or ſecurity, the perſon or perſons whom they detained in durance and oppreſſion, within that caſtle.

" What does the madman mean by perſons and caſtles, anſwered one of the millers, wouldſt thou carry off the cuſtomers that bring griſt to our mills, forſooth?" " Enough, ſaid Don Quixote within himſelf. I might as well preach to the deſart, as attempt, by intreaties, to prevail upon ſuch miſcreants to do any virtuous action. In this adventure there muſt certainly be two powerful inchanters engaged on oppoſite ſides, one of whom baffles the deſigns of the other; by one I was provided with a bark, and his antagoniſt overturned me in the water. Lord mend us! the world is nothing but a continual warfare of oppoſite machinations and deceit; for my own part, I can do no more." Then raiſing his voice, and fixing his eyes upon the mills, " Friends, cried he, whoſoever you are who lie confined within that priſon, forgive me, that for my misfortune, as well as yours, it is not in my power to extricate you from your diſtreſs; for ſome other knight the adventure muſt be reſerved." Having pronounced this apoſtrophe, he compounded with the fiſhermen, for whoſe boat he paid fifty rials, which Sancho diſburſed with great reluctance, ſaying, " Two ſuch boatfuls will ſink our whole ſtock to the bottom."

The fiſhermen and millers gazed with admiration at thoſe two figures, ſo different in appearance from other men; and as they could by no means underſtand the meaning and tendency of Don Quixote's diſcourſe, and the queſtions he aſked, they looked upon them as madmen, and went away. The millers retreated to their mills, the fiſhermen betook themſelves to their cottage; the knight and ſquire, like beaſts, returned to their beaſts: and thus ended the adventure of the inchanted bark.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIII.

Of what paſſed between Don Quixote and a fair huntreſs.

IN a melancholy plight did the knight and ſquire reach the place where their cattle ſtood; indeed they were both ſufficiently out of humour, eſpecially Sancho, who was cut to the ſoul by the incroachment upon their capital, which to him was as precious as the apple of his eye. At length they mounted, in the moſt profound ſilence, and departed from the banks of that famous river, Don Quixote buried as it were amidſt the meditations of his love, and Sancho immerſed in thoſe of his preferment, which, at that time, ſeemed to be at a weary diſtance; for, maugre all his ſimplicity and folly, he could eaſily perceive that all, or the greateſt part, of his maſter's actions, proceeded from frenzy and diſtraction: he therefore reſolved to take an opportunity of retreating abruptly to his own houſe, without expoſtulation, or the ceremony of taking leave. But fortune ordained that things ſhould fall out quite contrary to his apprehenſions.

Next day at ſun-ſet, as they came out of a wood, Don Quixote extending his view over a delightful green meadow, perceived ſome people at the farther end of it; and as he proceeded, ſaw they were hawkers; approaching ſtill nearer, he obſerved among them a gay lady, mounted upon a palfrey or beautiful pad as white as the driven ſnow, adorned with green furniture and a ſaddle of ſilver: the lady was likewiſe dreſſed in a rich habit of the ſame colour, as fine as finery itſelf. On her left-hand ſhe carried a hawk, a circumſtance from which the knight concluded ſhe was ſome lady of high rank, and miſtreſs of all the reſt; nor was he miſtaken. On this ſuppoſition, therefore, he ſaid to his ſquire, "Make haſte, ſon Sancho, go and tell that lady of the palfrey and hawk, that I, the knight of the lions, ſend my reſpects to her exceeding beauty; and that, with her good leave, I will go and pay my compliments in perſon, and make her a tender of my ſervice to the utmoſt of my power, in whatever ſhe ſhall pleaſe to command: but, keep a guard upon your tongue, Sancho, and beware of thruſting in ſome of your proverbs, while you deliver my embaſſy." "To be ſure, you have found me a deadly thruſter, anſwered the ſquire, that you give me ſuch warning, as if this were the firſt time in my life, that I have carried embaſſies to ladies of high rank and augmentation. "Except that which you carried to the lady Dulcinea, ſaid the knight, I do not know that ever

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ever you carried another, at leaſt while in my ſervice." "That's true, replied Sancho, but a good paymaſter never wants bail; and a dinner is eaſily got, where there is plenty of meat for the pot: what I mean is, that there is no occaſion to tell me or advertiſe me of any thing; for, I am never out, and have a ſort of a ſmack of every thing." "I believe it, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, go in peace, and God be your guide."

The ſquire ſetting out accordingly, at a good rate, and ſpurring Dapple beyond his natural pace, came up with the fair huntreſs; then alighting and kneeling before her, "Beautiful lady, ſaid he, yonder knight, called the knight of the lions, is my maſter, and I am his ſquire, known at my own home by the name of Sancho Panza; and that ſame knight of the lions, tho' formerly of the rueful countenance, ſends me to beg your grandeur would be pleaſed to allow him purpoſely, courteouſly, and conſentingly, to come and gratify his deſire, which is no other, as he ſays, and I believe, than to ſerve your exalted beauty and hawkingſhip; and in ſo doing, your excellency will do a thing that will redound to your own advantage, and from which he will receive the moſt notorious honour and ſatisfaction."

"Worthy ſquire, replied the lady, aſſuredly you have delivered your embaſſy with all the circumſtances that ſuch embaſſies require: pray, riſe, for it is not reaſonable, that the ſquire of ſuch a great knight as he of the rueful countenance, whoſe character is well known in theſe parts, ſhould remain in that poſture: riſe, friend, and go tell your maſter, that he ſhall be extremely welcome to command the ſervices of me and the duke my huſband, at our country-houſe in the neighbourhood." Sancho aroſe, equally aſtoniſhed at the beauty, good-breeding and affability of this worthy lady; but, he was ſtill more ſurpriſed at what ſhe ſaid concerning the well-known character of the knight of the rueful countenance; for, if ſhe did not give him the appellation of the lions, it was becauſe he had but lately aſſumed that epithet. "Pray, tell me, brother ſquire, ſaid the dutcheſs, (whoſe title is not known) is not your maſter the perſon whoſe hiſtory is printed under the name of the ſage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, who profeſſes himſelf the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboſo?" "The very ſame, my lady, anſwered Sancho, and I myſelf am that very ſquire of his who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that hiſtory, by the name of Sancho Panza, unleſs they have changed me in the cradle, I mean in the preſs." "I am extremely glad to hear it, replied the dutcheſs: go, brother Sancho, and tell your maſter, that he is well met, and welcome to my eſtate; and that nothing could give me more pleaſure than his arrival."

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Sancho, in an exceſs of joy, occaſioned by this agreeable anſwer, returned, and recounted to his maſter all that this lady of rank had ſaid, extolling to the ſkies, in his ruſtic phraſe, her exceeding beauty, good-humour and politeneſs. The knight choſe one of his genteeleſt attitudes, fixed himſelf well in his ſtirrups, adjuſted his vizor, quickened Rozinante, and with an agreeable air, advanced to pay his reſpects to the dutcheſs, who, while he approached, cauſed her huſband to be called, and communicated the curious embaſſy. As they had read the firſt part of the hiſtory, from which they learned the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, they waited with infinite pleaſure, and the moſt eager deſire of being acquainted with the original, fully determined to gratify his humour in every thing, and treat him all the time he ſhould ſtay with them, as a real knight-errant; that is, with all the ceremonies deſcribed in thoſe books of chivalry they had read, and to which, indeed, they were greatly attached. Mean while, Don Quixote approaching with his beaver up, made a motion to alight, and Sancho made haſte to hold the ſtirrup; but, he was ſo unfortunate, that in diſmounting from Dapple, he ſlipped his foot through the nooſe of the ſtirrup-rope, in ſuch a manner, that he could not poſſibly diſentangle himſelf, but continued hanging with his face and part of his body on the ground. The knight, who never alighted without his aſſiſtance, imagining that Sancho, as uſual, held the ſtirrup, threw himſelf off with a ſwing, and the ſaddle, which muſt have been very ill girted, and he, came to the ground together; not without great diſgrace, and a thouſand curſes, which he muttered between his teeth, againſt the unfortunate Sancho, whoſe leg was ſtill in the ſtocks.

The duke ſeeing their diſtreſs, ordered his huntſman to aſſiſt the knight and ſquire; and they lifted up Don Quixote, who was very much bruiſed by the fall; nevertheleſs, he advanced as well as he could, with a limping pace, and kneeled before this noble pair: but the duke would by no means allow him to remain in that poſture; on the contrary, alighting from his horſe, he ran to embrace the knight, ſaying, "I am heartily ſorry, Sir knight of the rueful countenance, that the firſt time you touch my ground, you ſhould be ſo unlucky; but, the careleſſneſs of ſquires is often the cauſe of greater misfortunes." "This accident, valiant prince, replied Don Quixote, cannot poſſibly be deemed a misfortune, though I had been plunged into the profound abyſs; for, even from thence ſhould I have been raiſed and extricated by the glory of ſeeing your grace. My ſquire, whom God confound, is more ready at untying his tongue, in order to utter malicious inſinuations, than at tying and ſecuring the girth of a ſaddle: but, whether fallen or exalted, afoot or on horſeback, I ſhall always

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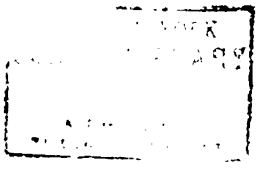

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ways be devoted to your ſervice, and that of my lady dutcheſs, your grace's worthy conſort, the dignified queen of beauty, and univerſal princeſs of politeneſs." "Softly, my good ſignor Don Quixote de la Mancha, ſaid the duke, where my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo reigns, no other beauty deſerves applauſe."

By this time, Sancho Panza had diſentangled himſelf and come up, and interpoſing in the diſcourſe, before his maſter could make any reply, "It cannot be denied, ſaid he, but muſt always be affirmed, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo is extremely beautiful: but the hare ſtarts where ſhe is leaſt expected; for, I have heard it ſaid, that the power called nature, is like a potter, who, if he can make one beautiful veſſel, can in like manner make two, three, ay, and an hundred: this I obſerve, becauſe, in good faith, my lady dutcheſs comes not a whit behind my lady miſtreſs Donna Dulcinea del Toboſo." Don Quixote turning to the dutcheſs, "Your grace muſt know, ſaid he, that no knight-errant upon earth has ſuch a prattling and freeſpoken ſquire as mine; and he will certainly verify my words, if your highneſs ſhall be pleaſed to make uſe of my ſervice for a few days." "I have the better opinion of honeſt Sancho, for his being freeſpoken, anſwered the dutcheſs, that is a ſign of his diſcretion; for, pleaſantry and wit, ſignor Don Quixote, as your worſhip very well knows, do not love to dwell in a reſerved diſpoſition; and therefore, ſince honeſt Sancho is frank and freeſpoken, I from henceforth ſet him down as a man of diſcretion." "And loquacity," added the knight. "So much the better, ſaid the duke, for a great deal of wit cannot be expreſſed in a few words; and that we may not ſpend more time in them, come, renowned knight of the rueful countenance—" "Of the lions, your highneſs muſt call him, cried Sancho; the rueful countenance is no more." "Of the lions let it be then, continued the duke; I ſay, come, Sir knight of the lions, to a caſtle I have in this neighbourhood, where you ſhall meet with that reception which is due to a perſon of your fame and character, and that reſpect which I and the dutcheſs always pay to the knights-errant who favour us with their company."

By this time Sancho, having replaced and ſecured Rozinante's ſaddle, Don Quixote beſtrode that famous ſteed, and the duke mounting a beautiful courſer, they rode towards the caſtle, on each ſide of the dutcheſs, who deſired Sancho to keep cloſe to her; for, ſhe took infinite pleaſure in hearing his conceits. Indeed the ſquire did not need intreaty, but mingling among the three, made a fourth in the converſation, to the unſpeakable ſatisfaction of their graces, who thought themſelves extremely fortu-

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nate in having an opportunity of entertaining, at their caſtle, ſuch a knight-errant, and ſuch an erring ſquire.

CHAP. XIV.

Which treats of manifold important ſubjects.

SANCHO rejoiced exceedingly at ſeeing himſelf, as he thought, a favourite with the dutcheſs; for, being a ſtaunch wellwiſher to good cheer, he imagined he ſhould find the ſame abundance in the caſtle, which prevailed in the houſes of Don Diego and Baſilius, and always took by the forelock every occaſion of living at his eaſe. The hiſtory then relates, that before they reached the caſtle or pleaſure-houſe, the duke riding on before, directed his ſervants how to behave to Don Quixote, who no ſooner arrived at the gate with the dutcheſs, than two lacquies or grooms came forth, clad in long trailing morning gowns of fine crimſon ſattin, and lifting him off, ſaid, without being heard or perceived "Your highneſs muſt go and help my lady dutcheſs to diſmount." The knight took the hint, and a diſpute of compliments paſſed between them on the ſubject; but, at length the obſtinacy of the dutcheſs prevailed; for, ſhe would not quit her palfrey, or alight, except in the arms of the duke, ſaying ſhe was not worthy to load ſuch an excellent knight with ſuch an uſeleſs burden: at laſt, the duke came out to perform the office, and when they entered the court-yard, they were met by two beautiful damſels, who threw a mantle of the fineſt ſcarlet over Don Quixote's ſhoulders, and the corridores were inſtantly crowded with ſervants of both ſexes, who exclaimed aloud, "Welcome, thou flower and cream of knights-errant;" while all, or the greateſt part of them, emptied bottles of ſweet water upon him, and their graces, to the admiration of Don Quixote, who now, for the firſt time, was ſure and ſatisfied of his being a real, and not a fantaſtic knight-errant, becauſe he ſaw himſelf treated as the knights of former ages, whoſe hiſtories he had read.

Sancho quitted Dapple, and betaking himſelf to the dutcheſs, entered the caſtle, where, however, his conſcience upbraiding him, for having left his beaſt alone, he made up to a reverend duenna, who with others, had come out to receive the dutcheſs, and accoſting her in a ſoft voice, "Signora Gonçalez, ſaid he, or what's your name, madam?" "My name is Duenna Rodriguez de Grijalva, anſwered the gentlewoman, what are your com-

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commands, brother? "I wiſh you would do me the favour, good madam, replied the ſquire, to go to the caſtle-gate, where you will find a dapple aſs of mine, and be ſo good as either to ſend or lead him to the ſtable; for, the poor creature is a little timorous, and cannot bear to be alone, by any manner of means." "If the maſter be as wiſe as the man, cried the duenna, we have brought our pigs to a fine market; get you gone, brother, with a vengeance to you, and thoſe who brought you hither, and take care of your aſs with your own hands: the duennas of this houſe are not uſed to ſuch employment." "But, for all that, ſaid Sancho, I have heard my maſter, who is a perfect mine of hiſtory, tell as how, when Lancelot came from Britain, ladies tended his own perſon, and duennas took care of his horſe: now, with reſpect to my aſs, I declare I would not exchange him for ſignor Lancelot's courſer." "Heark ye, friend, replied the duenna, if you are a jack-pudding, keep your jokes for a proper place, where they may turn to account: from me you'll get nothing but a fig for them." "Very well, ſaid the ſquire, I'll anſwer for its ripeneſs: your ladyſhip won't loſe your game by a ſhort reckoning." "You whoreſon, cried the duenna, in a violent rage, whether I am old or not, I muſt render an account to God, and not to ſuch a garlic-eating raſcal as you."

This addreſs ſhe pronounced in ſuch an audible voice, that ſhe was overheard by the dutcheſs, who, turning about, and ſeeing her woman in ſuch wrath and trepidation, aſked, with whom ſhe was in ſuch paſſion? "With this honeſt fellow here, anſwered the duenna, who has earneſtly deſired me to go and houſe an aſs of his, that ſtands at the caſtle-gate, telling me forſooth, as an example, that the ſame employment was undertaken by ſome ladies, who took care of one Lancelot, while the duennas looked after his horſe; and to crown the compliment, he tells me I am old." "I, myſelf, ſaid the dutcheſs, would conſtrue that into the greateſt affront that could be given: take notice, friend Sancho, that Donna Rodriguez is in the prime of her youth; and that the veil ſhe wears is more for authority and cuſtom, than on account of her years." "Accurſed be thoſe I have to live, cried the ſquire, if I ſpoke to her for that reaſon; but, only for the great affection I bear to my aſs, whom I thought I could not recommend to a more charitable perſon than Signora Donna Rodriguez." Don Quixote overhearing all that paſſed, "Is that proper diſcourſe for this place, Sancho?" ſaid he. "Signor, replied the ſquire, every man muſt ſpeak of his wants where he finds them: here I thought of Dapple, and here I talked of him; and if he had come into my head in the ſtable, there too he ſhould have been honourably mentioned." Here the duke interpoſing, "Sancho is very much

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much in the right, ſaid he, and muſt not be blamed for what he has ſaid: Dapple ſhall have no more to do but aſk and have as much provender as he can eat; ſo that Sancho may be quite eaſy in that reſpect, for, his beaſt ſhall be treated like his own perſon."

This converſation, which was extremely agreeable to all except Don Quixote, brought them to the top of the ſtair-caſe, and the knight being conducted into an apartment, hung with the richeſt tiſſue and brocard, was unarmed, and attended by ſix ſprightly damſels well inſtructed by the duke and dutcheſs in the particulars of behaviour which they were to obſerve towards Don Quixote, in order to convince him that he was treated in all reſpects like a knight-errant. Thus diſarmed, he remained in his ſtrait breeches and ſhamoy doublet, ſo long, ſo lank, ſo lean, with his lanthorn jaws kiſſing each other, that, if the damſels had not been very careful in preſerving their gravity, according to the preciſe orders they had received, they muſt certainly have burſt with laughing at ſight of ſuch an uncouth figure. They deſired he would allow them to undreſs and ſhift him; but he would not aſſent to this propoſal, ſaying that knights-errant ought to be as remarkable for decency as for valour: he therefore bade them deliver the ſhirt to Sancho, with whom, ſhutting himſelf up in a chamber, furniſhed with a magnificent bed, he was immediately undreſſed and ſhifted. Then being alone with his ſquire, "Tell me, ſaid he, thou modern buffoon and ancient blockhead! was it thy province to diſhonour and affront a venerable duenna, ſo worthy of reverence and reſpect! Was that a time to think of Dapple? or could'ſt thou imagine thoſe noble perſons would neglect the cattle belonging to gueſts whom they treated with ſuch elegance? For the love of God, Sancho, ſet a guard upon thy tongue, and behave ſo as that people may not diſcover, by the thread, the coarſe country web of which thou art woven: conſider, ſinner as thou art, that the maſter is reſpected in proportion to the diſcretion and good breeding of his ſervants; and this is one of the great advantages which noblemen have over people of inferior rank: do'ſt thou not conſider, thou plague to thyſelf, and vexation to me! that if they perceive thee to be a baſe bred clown or blundering fool, they will take me for ſome cheating impoſtor or knight of the poſt! No, no, Sancho, ſhun and avoid thoſe inconveniencies; for, he who ſets up for a merry-andrew, falls at the firſt ſtumble into a diſgraced buffoon: bridle thy tongue, therefore, conſider and ruminate well, before the words iſſue from thy mouth; and remember that we are now arrived at a place from whence, by the favour of God, and the valour of mine arm, we ſhall depart, bettered three, nay five-fold, both in fortune and in fame." Sancho

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cho promiſed, with repeated aſſurances, that he would rather ſtitch up his mouth, or bite off his tongue, than utter one word that ſhould not be pat to the purpoſe, and well conſidered, according to his command; and that he might make himſelf perfectly eaſy on that ſcore; for, by him it ſhould never be diſcovered who they were.

Don Quixote having dreſſed himſelf, girded on his ſword, thrown the ſcarlet mantle over his ſhoulders, and covered his head with a cap of green velvet, which he received from the damſels, came forth thus equipped, into the great hall, where he found the maidens placed in two equal rows, furniſhed with the implements for hands-waſhing, which they adminiſtred with profound reſpect and abundance of ceremony: then came the major-domo, attended by twelve pages, to conduct him to the table where their graces waited for him; he was accordingly ſurrounded by theſe domeſtics, and led with great pomp and majeſty into another hall, in which appeared a table nobly decorated, with four covers. The duke and dutcheſs came to the door to receive him, attended by one of thoſe grave eccleſiaſtics who govern the families of noblemen; who being of no birth themſelves, know not how to direct thoſe who are; who ſeek to meaſure the grandeur of the great by the narrowneſs of their own ſouls, and in attempting to make their pupils oeconomiſts, convert them into downright miſers: ſuch, I ſay, was the grave clergyman who came out to receive Don Quixote, with the duke and dutcheſs. After a thouſand courteous compliments, they walked on each ſide of him to the table, where the duke complimented him with the upper end, and tho' he refuſed that honour, they importuned him ſo much, that he was obliged to comply; the clergyman ſitting oppoſite to him, and the duke and dutcheſs taking their places at the ſides.

Sancho, who was preſent at all this ceremony, being confounded and aſtoniſhed at the honours which were paid to his maſter, and perceiving the formality and intreaties that paſſed between his grace and Don Quixote, about ſitting at the head of the table, intruded himſelf as uſual, into the diſcourſe, ſaying, "With your honour's leave, I'll tell you a ſtory of what happened in our village, with reſpect to the upper-hand in ſitting."

Scarce had he pronounced theſe words, when the knight began to tremble with apprehenſion, that he was going to utter ſome abſurdity; but, the ſquire ſeeing and underſtanding the cauſe of his maſter's trepidation, "Signor, ſaid he, your worſhip needs not be afraid that I ſhall miſbehave, or ſay ſomething that is not to the matter in hand; for, I have not forgot the advice I juſt now received from your worſhip, about ſpeaking a little or a great deal, to the purpoſe, and not to the purpoſe." "I know nothing

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nothing at all of the matter, anſwered the knight; ſay what thou wilt, ſo thou ſayeſt it quickly." "Well then, replied Sancho, what I am going to ſay, is ſo true, that my maſter Don Quixote here preſent, would not ſuffer me to tell a lie." "As for me, ſaid Don Quixote, you may lie as much as you pleaſe, without let or moleſtation: but, I adviſe you to conſider well what you are about to ſay." "I have it ſo well conſidered and reconſidered, that I am as ſafe as he that has the repique in hand, as will appear in the performance." "Your graces will do well, ſaid Don Quixote, to order the ſervants to turn out this madman, who will commit a thouſand blunders." "By the life of the duke! cried the dutcheſs, I will not part with my good friend Sancho, for whom I have a very great reſpect, becauſe I know him to be a perſon of wit and pleaſantry." "Pleaſant may all the days of your holineſs be, for your good opinion of my deſerts, ſaid the ſquire; tho' God knows, they are but ſlender enough: however, my ſtory is this:

There was an invitation given by a gentleman of our town, who was both rich and well born, as being come of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married to Donna Meneia de Quinones, daughter of Don Alonzo de Maranon, knight of the order of St. Jago, who was drowned in the Herradura, and occaſioned a quarrel ſome years ago in our village, in which, if I am not miſtaken, my maſter Don Quixote was concerned; but, this I know, mad Tom, the ſon of old Balvaſtro the blackſmith was hurt on that occaſion: now, Sir maſter of mine, is not this God's truth; ſpeak upon your worſhip's honour, that theſe noble perſons may not look upon me as a chattering liar." "Hitherto, ſaid the clergyman, I take you to be a chatterer rather than a liar; but, I know not what I ſhall take you for in the ſequel." "Thou haſt produced ſo many witneſſes and tokens, replied the knight, that I cannot but ſay thy ſtory looks like truth: proceed, however, and ſhorten thy tale, for, thou art in the way of lengthening it out for the ſpace of two whole days." "He ſhall not ſhorten it, ſaid the dutcheſs, if he conſults my entertainment; but on the contrary, tell it in his own way, tho' it ſhould not be finiſhed in ſix days; for, ſhould it hold out ſo long, they will be ſome of the pleaſanteſt I ever paſſed."

"Well then, my maſters, proceeded Sancho, that ſame gentleman, whom I know as well as I know theſe two hands, for, it is not above a bow-ſhot from his houſe to mine, invited a farmer, who though not rich, was a very honeſt man." "Diſpatch, brother, cried the prieſt, interpoſing, for, at this rate, your ſtory will reach to the other world." "It will hardly go half as far, an it pleaſe God," anſwered the ſquire, who thus pro-

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proceeded. " So, as I was ſaying, the farmer going to the houſe of the gentleman-inviter, who is now dead, God reſt his ſoul! by the ſame token, they ſay he died like an angel; for my own part, I was not preſent at his death, having gone a reaping to Tembleque." " As you hope to live, ſon, cried the eccleſiaſtic, return quickly from Tembleque, and finiſh your ſtory, without ſtaying to inter the gentleman, unleſs you have a mind to bury us all?" " Well, to come to the point, replied Sancho; when the two came to be ſeated at table. Methinks I ſee them now more than ever." The duke and dutcheſs were infinitely pleaſed with the diſguſt which the reverend eccleſiaſtic expreſſed at the tedious and circumſtantial manner in which the ſquire related his ſtory, while Don Quixote was almoſt conſumed by ſhame and indignation. " I ſay, moreover, reſumed Sancho, that the two, as I have already obſerved, coming to ſit down at the table, the farmer obſtinately refuſed to take the upper end, according to the deſire of the entertainer; while the gentleman on the other hand as obſtinately inſiſted upon his compliance, alledging that he ought to be maſter in his own houſe; but, the farmer who piqued himſelf upon his politeneſs and good-breeding, ſtill perſiſted in his refuſal, until the gentleman growing angry, took him by the ſhoulders and thruſt him into the ſeat, ſaying, " Know, Mr. Chaffthreſher, that whereſoever I ſit, I ſhall always be at the head of the table." Now this is my tale, and I really believe it was brought in pretty pat to the purpoſe."

Don Quixote's brown face was ſpeckled with a thouſand different colours, at this recital; and their graces reſtrained their laughter, that he might not grow quite outrageous at the ſarcaſtic inſinuation of his ſquire. To change the diſcourſe, therefore, and prevent Sancho from uttering other ſuch dangerous conceits, the dutcheſs addreſſing herſelf to the knight, aſked, when he had heard from the lady Dulcinea? and if he had lately ſent her any preſents from the great number of giants and robbers whom he muſt have vanquiſhed? To this interrogation the knight replied, " My misfortunes, madam, though they had a beginning, will never have an end. Giants I have vanquiſhed; felons and robbers I have ſent; but, where muſt they find her, enchanted and transformed as ſhe is, into the moſt homely country wench that can be imagined!" " This I know, ſaid Sancho Panza: to me ſhe ſeemed the moſt beautiful creature in the whole world; at leaſt, in point of nimbleneſs and leaping, ſhe would get the better of a profeſſed rope-dancer; in good faith! my lady dutcheſs, ſhe ſkipped from the ground upon her aſs, like a perfect cat." " What! have you ſeen her enchanted, Sancho?" ſaid the duke. " How! I ſeen her? replied the ſquire: who the devil but I was

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the firſt that fell upon the plot of the inchantment; to be ſure ſhe is as much enchanted as my father."

The eccleſiaſtic hearing them talk of giants, felons and inchantments, began to imagine that this muſt be the Don Quixote de la Mancha whoſe hiſtory the duke took ſuch delight in reading, that he had often reprehended his grace for being ſo mad as to read ſuch nonſenſe; and being now confirmed in his ſuſpicion, he ſaid to the duke, in a very choleric tone, "Signor, your excellency is accountable to heaven for the actions of that poor man. That Don Quixote or Don Driveller, or what's his name, would not, I imagine, be ſuch a fool, if your excellency did not adminiſter fuel and encouragement to his madneſs and folly." Then addreſſing himſelf to the knight, "And, pray Mr. Wiſeacre, ſaid he, who has ſtuffed your brain with the ridiculous conceit of your being a knight-errant, conquering giants and apprehending robbers? Return, in good hour (for in good hour I adviſe you) return to your own houſe, educate your children, if you have any, take care of your own concerns, and leave off ſtrolling about the country, ſucking the wind, and expoſing yourſelf to the laughter of thoſe who do, and thoſe who do not, know your infirmity. Where, in evil hour, did you find that there are, or ever were, knights-errant? Where did you ever ſee giants in Spain, caitiffs in La Mancha, or enchanted Dulcineas, with all that tribe of abſurdities that are recounted as your adventures."

Don Quixote, who liſtened attentively to the diſcourſe of this venerable perſon, no ſooner perceived he had left off ſpeaking, than forgetting the reſpect he owed to the duke and dutcheſs, he ſtarted up, and with an ireful aſpect and glowing viſage, replied——But the reply deſerves a chapter for itſelf.

CHAP.

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F. Hayman inv. et del.

C. Grignion sculp.

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CHAP. XV.

Containing Don Quixote's reply to his reprover; with other ſerious and diverting incidents.

DON Quixote ſtarting up and trembling from head to foot, like quickſilver, thus accoſted the eccleſiaſtic, with an eager, yet faultring tongue: "The place and preſence in which I am, and the reſpect which I always had and ſtill have for the function you profeſs, withhold and tie up the hands of my juſt reſentment: for theſe reaſons, as well as becauſe I know what all the world knows, that gownmen and women make uſe of no weapons but their tongues, I will, with mine, fairly engage your reverence, of whom I might have expected good advice, rather than infamous reproach, as wholſome and well-meant reproof requires far other circumſtances, and ought to be conveyed in gentler terms: at leaſt, a rebuke in public, delivered with ſuch aſperity, has exceeded all the bounds of chriſtian reprehenſion, the beginning of which ought to be mild rather than ſevere; nor is it juſt to call the delinquent, in plain terms, a wiſeacre and a fool, without knowing the nature of the fault for which he is reprehenſible. But, pray, tell me, reverend ſignor, for which of the abſurdities you have noted in my behaviour, do you condemn and reproach me, bidding me return to my own houſe, to take care of my family, my wife and children, without knowing whether I have either wife or children? What then! is there nothing required but to enter a houſe at random, in order to lead the maſter by the noſe; and ſhall a narrow-minded pedant, on the ſtrength of having taught a few pupils to read Latin, though he has ſeen no more of the world than what may be contained in twenty or thirty leagues of diſtrict, preſume abruptly, without permiſſion, to give laws to chivalry, and judge of knights-errant? Is it a vain undertaking then, or is the time miſpent, which we employ in travelling about the world, not in queſt of its delights, but its adverſities, by which good men aſcend the throne of immortality? Had I been counted a fool by knights, or people of faſhion, birth and generoſity, I ſhould have deemed myſelf irreparably affronted; but my being regarded as a madman, by bookworms who never entered or trod the paths of chivalry, I value not a farthing: a knight I am, and a knight I ſhall diē, according to the pleaſure of the Almighty. Some chooſe the ſpacious field of proud ambition; others take that of baſe and ſervile adulation; a third ſet follow the paths of deceitful hypocriſy; and a fourth

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proceed in that of true religion; but I, by the influence of my ſtars, purſue the narrow track of knight-errantry, for the exerciſe of which, I undervalue fortune in the chace of honour. I have aſſiſted the aggrieved, redreſſed wrongs, chaſtiſed the inſolent, overcome giants, and overthrown hobgoblins. I am enamoured, for no other reaſon but becauſe it is neceſſary that knights-errant ſhould be in love; and this being the caſe, I am not a vicious libertine, but a chaſte platonic admirer. My intention I always direct to a worthy aim, namely, to do good unto all men, and harm to no creature. Whether or not he who thinks, acts and ſpeaks in this manner, deſerves to be called a fool, let your graces determine."

"Well argued, maſter! cried Sancho; 'Fore God! your worſhip needs ſay no more in behalf of your own character; for, there is no more to be ſaid, thought, or inſiſted upon; eſpecially, as that gentleman denies, and he certainly has denied, that there either are, or ever were knight-errants in this world; ſo that he knows nothing at all of the matter!" "Brother, replied the prieſt, belike you are that Sancho Panza to whom they ſay your maſter has promiſed an iſland?" "Yes, I am, ſaid the ſquire, and I hope I deſerve it as well as another. I am one of whom you may ſay, Keep good company, and you'll learn good manners, and, I aſk not where you was hatched, but where you was watched. And again, Well ſheltered ſhall he be, who leans againſt a ſturdy tree. Now I have leaned againſt a good maſter, and accompanied him many months, and will learn to be juſt ſuch another as himſelf; and if God pleaſes, and he live and I live, he will not want governments to give, nor I iſlands to govern." "No ſurely, friend Sancho, ſaid the duke, for I myſelf, in the name of ſignor Don Quixote, will confer upon you the government of an odd iſland, and that not inconſiderable, which is in my poſſeſſion." "Fall upon your knees, Sancho, cried Don Quixote, and kiſs his excellency's feet, for the honour he has done you." Sancho did as he was deſired; and the eccleſiaſtic no ſooner ſaw the ceremony performed, than he roſe from table in a violent paſſion, ſaying, "By the habit which I wear, I affirm, that your excellency is as mad as theſe poor ſinners; what wonder that they ſhould be frantic, when people who are in their ſenſes, canonize their frenzy? Your excellency may enjoy their company by yourſelf; for, while they remain in this houſe, I ſhall ſtay in my own, and excuſe myſelf from reproving what I cannot remedy." Without further ſpeech, or eating another mouthful, he went away abruptly, in ſpite of all that their graces could ſay to detain him. Indeed, the duke ſaid not much; for, he was hindered by the laughter

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laughter which the prieſt's impertinent indignation had produced; however, as ſoon as he could reſume his gravity, he addreſſed himſelf to Don Quixote, in theſe words:

" Sir knight of the lions, your worſhip has made ſuch an ample reply, that nothing further remains to be done, by way of ſatisfaction, for that, which though it may ſeem an affront, falls by no means under that denomination; for, neither the female ſex, nor the clergy, can give affronts, as your worſhip ſo very well knows." " Undoubtedly, anſwered the knight, and the reaſon is, becauſe thoſe perſons who cannot receive, are not capable of giving, an affront. Women, children and eccleſiaſtics, as they cannot defend themſelves when attacked, ſo, neither can they be affronted; for there is this difference between an injury and affront, as your excellency well knows: an affront comes from a perſon who is capable of giving an affront, and when it is given, maintains it; whereas an injury may come from any quarter, unattended by an affront. For example, a man walking careleſly in the ſtreet, is aſſaulted and cudgelled by ten armed perſons, againſt whom he draws his ſword, and behaves like a man of honour; but, he is overpowered by the number of his antagoniſts, and prevented from executing his intention, which is to revenge the wrong: this man is injured not affronted. A truth which we will confirm by another example. A man comes and ſtrikes another, whoſe back is turned, and then betakes himſelf to his heels; and the other purſues, though he cannot overtake the fugitive: the man ſo ſtruck, received an injury but no affront, becauſe an affront ought to be maintained. If he who gave the blow, though it was done by ſtealth, in a cowardly manner, had drawn his ſword and ſtood facing the enemy, he who received the blow would have been both injured and affronted; injured, becauſe he was ſurprized, and affronted, becauſe he who gave the blow, maintained it by keeping his ground. And therefore, according to the punctilios of honour, I may be injured but not affronted; for, women and children do not feel thoſe things; they can neither fly nor ſtand their ground: and the ſame rule holds good with thoſe who are conſecrated to the ſervice of religion. Now theſe three claſſes of mankind are deſtitute of offenſive and defenſive weapons; and though nature obliges them to ſtand in their own defence, yet they can offend no body: and albeit I juſt now ſaid I might be injured, I now affirm it cannot be in any ſhape; for, he who cannot receive, much leſs can he give an affront. For which reaſons, I ought not to reſent, nor do I reſent the reproaches of that honeſt man; I only wiſh he had ſtayed a little, until I ſhould have convinced him of his error, in thinking and ſaying, there never

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never were, nor are, knights-errant upon the face of the earth; an aſſeveration which might have turned to his prejudice, had it been overheard by Amadis, or any one of his infinite progeny." "I'll take my corporal oath, cried Sancho, that they would have given a backſtroke that would have laid him open from top to toe, like a pomegranate or ripe melon: they were a rare ſet to endure ſuch tickling. By my holidame! I am well aſſured, that if Reynaldos of Montalvan had heard this manikin's diſcourſe, he would have given him ſuch a ſlap in the mouth, that he ſhould not have ſpoke another word in three long years. No, no: let him meddle with them, and he'll ſee how well he'll eſcape out of their clutches." The dutcheſs had well nigh died with laughing at this ſpeech of Sancho, who, in her ſentiment, was a more diverting madman than his maſter, and a great many people at that time were of the ſame way of thinking.

Finally, Don Quixote was appeaſed, ſupper ended, and the cloth being taken away, in came four damſels, one of them with a ſilver ewer, another with a flaſk of the ſame metal, a third with a couple of very fine, white towels over her arm, and a fourth with her arms bare up to the elbow, and in her white hands, for, doubtleſs they were white, a waſhball of Neapolitan ſoap. She who carried the ewer, approaching with a genteel carriage and modeſt aſſurance, thruſt it under the beard of Don Quixote, who, without ſpeaking one word, wondered at this ceremony; from which he concluded, that it was the cuſtom of the country to waſh beards, inſtead of hands: he therefore ſtretched out his chin, as far as he could, and immediately the flaſk began to rain: the damſel with the ſoap-ball, lathered him with great expedition, raiſing flakes of ſnow, (for the ſuds were as white) not only upon the beard, but alſo over the whole face of the obedient knight, inſomuch, that he was obliged to ſhut his eyes in their defence; while the duke and dutcheſs, who were not in the ſecret, ſat impatiently waiting to ſee the iſſue of this ablution. The young ſhe-barber having raiſed the lather as high as her hand, pretended the water was ſpent, and bade the damſel of the flaſk go for a freſh ſupply, and ſignor Don Quixote would have patience till her return. He accordingly waited with patience, exhibiting the ſtrangeſt and moſt ludicrous figure that ever was conceived, to the view of numerous ſpectators, who ſeeing half a yard of neck more than moderately brown, two eyes ſhut, and his beard covered with lather, had need of great diſcretion to reſtrain their laughter, and it was a wonder they could ſmother it at any rate. As for the damſels concerned in the joke, they kept their eyes fixed on the ground, without daring to look at the duke and

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and dutcheſs, who were at once agitated by mirth and indignation; and did not know, whether they ſhould reſolve upon chaſtiſing their preſumption, or rewarding them for the pleaſure they received in ſeeing the knight in ſuch an attitude. At length the damſel returning with more water, they finiſhed the ablution of Don Quixote; then ſhe who carried the towels having wiped and dried him with great compoſure, all four at once made a moſt profound curtſie, and were going away. But, the duke fearing the knight would ſmell the joke, called to the damſel of the ewer, ſaying, "Come hither, and waſh me too, and be ſure you have water enough." The girl being very handy and acute, obeyed without heſitation, placed the ewer under his grace's chin, and when he was well waſhed, lathered, wiped and dried, they dropped their curtſies and retired. It was afterwards known, the duke had ſworn within himſelf, that if they ſhould have refuſed to ſerve him in that manner, he would have chaſtiſed them for their aſſurance; but they prudently ſcaped a ſcouring, by ſcouring his grace.

Sancho having attentively conſidered this ceremony of cleanſing, "God's mercy! ſaid he within himſelf, is it the cuſtom in this country to waſh the ſquire's beard as well as the knight's? for God and my own conſcience knows, I have need of ſuch purification; and if they would give me the touch of a razor, the benefit would ſtill be the greater." "What is that you mutter, Sancho?" ſaid the dutcheſs. "I ſay, my lady, anſwered the ſquire, I have always heard it ſaid, that in the courts of other princes, when the cloth is taken away, water for the hands is brought in, but not ſuds for the beard; ſo that the longer we live, the more we learn: yet it is alſo obſerved, that he who lives much time will bear much misfortune; though to undergo ſuch a purification as this may paſs for a pleaſure rather than a toil." "Give yourſelf no concern, friend Sancho, ſaid the dutcheſs, for, I will order my maids not only to waſh, but alſo to lay you a bucking, ſhould it be neceſſary." "I ſhall be ſatisfied with the lathering of my beard, replied the ſquire, at leaſt for the preſent; and God will ordain what is to happen in the ſequel." The dutcheſs turning to the major-domo, "Remember, ſaid ſhe, what honeſt Sancho deſires, and gratify his inclination with the utmoſt punctuality." This domeſtic promiſed that ſignor Sancho ſhould be obeyed in all things; and returning to ſupper with the ſquire, left their graces and Don Quixote ſitting at the table, diſcourſing on many and various ſubjects, though all of them related to chivalry and the exerciſe of arms.

The dutcheſs intreated the knight, who ſeemed to poſſeſs ſuch a tenacious memory, to delineate and deſcribe the beauty and deportment of the

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the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, who, ſhe concluded from what fame had proclaimed of her charms, muſt be the faireſt creature, not only in the whole world, but even in La Mancha. Don Quixote ſighing at her grace's requeſt. " If, ſaid he, I could take out my heart, and lay it before your highneſs, in a plate upon this table, I ſhould ſave my tongue the trouble of ſaying what is almoſt inconceivable, for in it your excellency would ſee her picture at full length: but, why ſhould I now attempt to delineate and deſcribe circumſtantially the particular charms of the peerleſs Dulcinea? A burthen worthy of other ſhoulders than mine, and a taſk which ought to employ the pencils of Parrhaſius, Timanthes, and Apelles, together with the chiſſel of Lyſippus, to exhibit her image on canvas, braſs and marble, as well as the Ciceronian and Demoſthenian eloquence to ſound her praiſe." " What does ſignor Don Quixote mean by Demoſthenian, ſaid the dutcheſs, which is a word I never heard before in the whole courſe of my life." " Demoſthenian eloquence, anſwered the knight, has the ſame ſignification as the eloquence of Demoſthenes, and Ciceronian means that of Cicero; for theſe two were the greateſt orators in the whole world." " Certainly, ſaid the duke, and you expoſed yourſelf by ſuch an interrogation: nevertheleſs, ſignor Don Quixote would give us infinite pleaſure, could he be prevailed upon to deſcribe that beauty which, even in a ſcratch or rough draught, would certainly appear ſuch as might excite envy in the moſt beautiful women of the creation." " I would aſſuredly comply with your grace's deſire, replied the knight, were not her idea blotted from my remembrance, by the misfortune which hath lately befallen her; a misfortune which induces me to bewail rather than deſcribe her; for, your highneſs muſt obſerve, that when I went ſome time ago, to kiſs her hands and receive her benediction, conſent, and licenſe, for this my third ſally, I found her quite otherwiſe than I expected: I found her inchanted and transformed from a princeſs into a country wench, from beauty into deformity, from an angel into a demon, from a delicious perfume into a peſtilential vapour, from the pink of compliment into the moſt clowniſh dialect, from light into darkneſs, from a ſedate young lady into a ruſtic romp, and finally, from Dulcinea del Toboſo into a *Sayago drab." " God protect us! (cried the duke with a loud voice) who can have done ſuch miſchief to the world, in robbing it of that beauty by which it was delighted, that good humour by which it was entertained, and that modeſty which did it honour?" " Who? anſwered the knight, who could

* Sayago is a diſtrict in the kingdom of Leon, the inhabitants of which were extremely poor, and very meanly cloathed.

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it be but one of the malignant and envious tribe of enchanters, by whom I am perſecuted? That accurſed race, brought into the world on purpoſe to obſcure and annihilate the exploits of the good, and to illuſtrate and extol the deeds of the wicked. Perſecuted I have been by enchanters, perſecuted I am by enchanters, and enchanters will perſecute me, until I and all my lofty feats of chivalry are plunged into the abyſs of oblivion: nay, they injure and wound me in that part where they know my feeling is moſt acute; for, to deprive a knight-errant of his miſtreſs, is to rob him of the eyes with which he ſees, the ſun by which he is enlightened, and the ſupport by which he is maintained: I have many times ſaid, and now I repeat the obſervation, that a knight-errant, without a miſtreſs, is like a tree without leaves, a building without cement, and a ſhadow without the ſubſtance by which it is produced."

"There is no more to be ſaid, replied the dutcheſs: nevertheleſs, if we are to believe the hiſtory of ſignor Don Quixote, which has lately been uſhered into the world, with the general applauſe of the different nations that compoſe it, we muſt conclude (if I right remember) that your worſhip never ſaw the lady Dulcinea, and that there is no ſuch perſon in being; but that it is only a fantaſtical miſtreſs, begot and born in your imagination, which hath decked her with all the graces and perfection that fancy could conceive." "Much may be ſaid on that ſubject, anſwered Don Quixote: God knows whether or not there is ſuch a perſon as Dulcinea in the world, whether ſhe is fantaſtical or not fantaſtical; for, theſe things are not to be too nicely inveſtigated: for my own part, I neither begat nor bore my miſtreſs, altho' I contemplate her with that admiration which is due to a lady, in whom are concentered thoſe qualities that ought to render her renowned throughout the whole world, ſuch as beauty without blemiſh, gravity without pride, tenderneſs with chaſtity, affability from courteſy, courteſy from good-breeding; and finally, dignity from birth, becauſe nobleneſs of blood reflects an additional ſplendour upon beauty, and ſhews it to greater perfection than that which we find among the faireſt of thoſe who are meanly born." "Your obſervation is extremely juſt, ſaid the duke: but, ſignor Don Quixote muſt give me leave to mention what the hiſtory of his adventures, which I have read, obliges me to declare; namely, that tho' we grant there may be a Dulcinea, either in or out of Toboſo; and that ſhe may be beautiful to exceſs, as your worſhip has deſcribed her; yet, in reſpect to pedigree, ſhe is by no means on a footing with the Orianas, the Alaſtrajareas, and the Madaſimas, together with the reſt of that claſs, which occurs ſo often in thoſe hiſtories that are ſo familiar to your worſhip."

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" To that obſervation I can anſwer, ſaid the knight, that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own works; that good qualities ennoble the blood, and that a virtuous perſon of low deſcent ought to be more eſteemed than a vicious man of high degree; eſpecially as Dulcinea poſſeſſes qualifications which may raiſe her to the throne of a crowned and ſceptred queen; for, the merit of a virtuous and beautiful woman is ſufficient to work ſtill greater miracles, and virtually, tho' not formally, contains within itſelf ſtill greater advantages." " Signor Don Quixote, ſaid the dutcheſs, every thing you ſay is ſpoken with deliberation, and, according to the proverb, you proceed with the plummet in your hand: henceforth, I ſhall firmly believe, and make my whole family, even the duke himſelf, ſhould there be occaſion, believe, that Dulcinea is living at this day in Toboſo; that ſhe is beautiful, high born, and in all reſpects worthy to be ſerved and admired by ſuch a knight as ſignor Don Quixote; and that is the higheſt compliment that can be beſtowed. But I cannot help forming a ſcruple, and entertaining a kind of grudge againſt Sancho Panza: the ſcruple ariſes from a particular of the hiſtory, importing, that the ſaid Sancho, found the lady Dulcinea winnowing a ſack of wheat when he carried a letter to her from your worſhip, by the ſame token it is ſaid to have been red wheat; a circumſtance that makes me doubt the nobleneſs of her pedigree."

To this remark Don Quixote replied, " Madam, your highneſs muſt know, that all or the greateſt part of the incidents that happen to me, deviate from the ordinary limits of thoſe adventures which occur to other knights-errant, either conducted by the inſcrutable will of deſtiny, or effected by the malice of ſome envious enchanter: and it is a circumſtance well known of all or the greateſt part of renowned knights-errant, that one poſſeſſed the virtue of being proof againſt enchantment, another of being invulnerable, which was the caſe of the famous Orlando, one of the twelve peers of France, who, as it is recorded, could not be wounded in any other place but the ſole of his left foot, and even there, with no other weapon than the point of a large pin; ſo that Bernardo del Carpio, who ſlew him at the battle of Ronſcevalles, perceiving that he could make no impreſſion upon him with ſteel, lifted him off the ground, and ſtrangled him between his arms, in imitation of the manner in which Hercules deſtroyed Anteon, that ferocious giant ſaid to be the ſon of Earth. What I would infer from what I have ſaid, is, that I too may have ſome of theſe virtues centered in my perſon, tho' not that of being invulnerable; for, I have been frequently convinced by experience, that my fleſh is very tender, and by no means impenetrable: nor that of being proof againſt enchantment;

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chantment; for, I once found myſelf cooped up in a cage, in which the whole world would not have had ſtrength enough to incloſe me, without the additional power of enchantment: but, ſince I freed myſelf from that confinement, I am apt to believe that no other will ever interrupt the courſe of my adventures; and therefore, thoſe enchanters ſeeing that their wicked arts will not take effect upon my own perſon, revenge themſelves on thoſe things to which my affection is chiefly attached, and endeavour to deprive me of life, by perſecuting that of Dulcinea, for whom alone I live. I therefore am perſuaded, that when my ſquire delivered my meſſage, they had converted her into a coarſe country wench, employed in ſuch a mean exerciſe as that of winnowing wheat: but, I have already ſaid, that it could not be red wheat, nor indeed any ſort of wheat, but oriental pearls; and as a proof of this aſſeveration, I muſt tell your highneſſes, that when I lately went to Toboſo, I could by no means find Dulcinea's palace; and the day following, while my ſquire Sancho beheld her in her own figure, which is the faireſt in the whole world, to me ſhe ſeemed a ruſtic and homely country wench, without any thing ſenſible in her converſation; whereas ſhe is in fact the very pink of diſcretion and good ſenſe. Now, ſince I myſelf neither am, nor, in all probability, can be inchanted, ſhe is the perſon inchanted, offended, changed, perverted and transformed, and in her my enemies have taken vengeance upon me; ſo that, for her, I ſhall live in perpetual affliction, until I ſee her reſtored to her former ſtate: all this I have obſerved, that no body may ſcruple about what Sancho ſaid of her ſifting and winnowing; for, ſince they have transformed her in my view, no wonder they ſhould change her form, in his. Dulcinea is a perſon of birth and faſhion, one of the genteel families of Toboſo, which are very numerous, ancient and noble, and certainly no ſmall part of theſe qualifications falls to the ſhare of the peerleſs Dulcinea, on whoſe account the place of her nativity will become famous and renowned, in future ages, as Troy is become famous by Helen, and Spain by Cava, tho' with a better title and nobler fame. On the other hand, I muſt inform your graces, that Sancho Panza is one of the moſt pleaſant ſquires that ever ſerved a knight-errant: ſometimes his ſimplicity is ſo arch, that, to conſider whether he is more fool or wag, yields abundance of pleaſure; he has roguery enough to paſs for a knave, and abſurdities ſufficient to confirm him a fool; he doubts every thing, and believes every thing; and often, when I think he is going to diſcharge nonſenſe, he will utter apothegms that will raiſe him to the ſkies: in a word, I would not exchange him for any other ſquire, even with a city to boot; and therefore I am in doubt whether or not it will be expedient to ſend

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him to that government which your grace has been ſo good as to beſtow upon him; although I can perceive in him a certain aptitude for ſuch an office: ſo that, when his underſtanding is a very little poliſhed, he will agree with any government, like the king with his cuſtoms; for, we know by repeated experience, that great talents and learning are not neceſſary in a governor, as there are an hundred at leaſt, who govern like jerfaulcons, tho' they can hardly read their mother tongue: provided their intention is righteous, and their deſire to do juſtice, they will never want counſellors to direct them in every tranſaction, like your military governors, who being illiterate themſelves, never decide without the advice of an aſſeſſor. I ſhall adviſe him corruption to eſchew, but never quit his due: and inculcate ſome other ſmall matters that are in my head, which, in proceſs of time, may redound to his own intereſt, as well as to the advantage of the iſland under his command."

Thus far the converſation had proceeded between their graces and Don Quixote, when they heard a number of people talking, and a great noiſe in the palace, and preſently Sancho entered the hall in a fright, tucked with a diſhclout by way of bib, and followed by ſeveral boys, or rather ſcullions, and other ſmall gentry, one of whom brought a tray full of water, which, by its colour and filth, appeared to be diſh-waſhings, purſuing and perſecuting the poor ſquire, and ſtruggling to thruſt it under his chin, while another, with the ſame earneſtneſs, endeavoured to lather his beard. "What is the matter, fellows? cried the dutcheſs, what is the matter? what deſigns have you upon that worthy gentleman, hah! don't you conſider he is governor elect?" To this apoſtrophe the barber-ſcullion replied, "The gentleman won't ſuffer himſelf to be waſhed, according to the cuſtom and manner practiſed upon my lord duke and his own maſter." "Yes, I will, cried Sancho (in a violent paſſion) but, it muſt be with whiter towels, clearer ſuds, and cleaner hands; for, ſurely there is not ſuch a difference between me and my maſter, as that he ſhould be waſhed with angel water, and I drenched with devil's lye. The cuſtoms of different countries, and the faſhions of princely courts, are no further good than as they are agreeable; but this here cuſtom of lathering, is worſe than the exerciſe of diſciplinants *. My beard is clean enough, and needs no ſuch ſcrubbing; and if any man pretends to lather me, or

* In Spain and Italy there is, upon every Holy Thurſday, a proceſſion of diſciplinants, or people who do penance in ſackcloth, carrying a flambeau in one hand, and in the other a ſcourge, with which they belabour their own ſhoulders, in ſuch a manner, that the very ſtreet is ſometimes coloured with their blood. Some of theſe diſciplinants, however, are meer hypocrites, who, under their ſackcloth, wear womens ſtays, buff jackets, and even plates of tin; ſo that they are often detected from the ſound of the ſtroke: and at Rome nothing is more common, than to hear the people who accompany theſe devotees, call out, according to the report of the application, *Guippone di Buffalo! Buſti di Donna!* and *Corrazini di Latta!*

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touch a hair of my head, (my beard I mean) ſaving this honourable preſence, I'll drive my fiſt in his ſcull; for, theſe ceremonies of ſoap-ſcouring look rather like making game than making welcome." The dutcheſs was ready to burſt with laughing at the rage and remonſtrance of Sancho: but, Don Quixote was not extremely well pleaſed, to ſee his ſquire tucked up with ſuch a dirty cloth, and ſurrounded with ſo many ſons of the kitchen: he therefore, making a low bow to the duke and dutcheſs, by way of aſking their permiſſion to ſpeak, thus addreſſed himſelf to the ſcullions, in a ſolemn tone: "So ho, you gentlemen cavaliers, I deſire your worſhips will let the young man alone, and return to the place from whence you came, or go whitherſoever you pleaſe: my ſquire is as cleanly as another, and thoſe trays are as unfit for him as a narrow-necked bottle: take my advice therefore, and let him alone; for, neither he nor I underſtand ſuch impertinent jokes." Here Sancho taking the word out of his maſter's mouth, proceeded, ſaying, "No, no, let them perform their clumſy joke, which I ſhall bear as ſure as it is now night: let them fetch a comb, or what they will, to curry this beard, and if they catch any thing that ſhould give offence to cleanlineſs, they ſhall ſhear me againſt the hair."

At this period, the dutcheſs ſtill laughing, "Sancho Panza, ſaid ſhe, is certainly in the right in all that he has ſaid, and will be in the right in all that he ſhall ſay; he is already clean enough, and as he obſerves, has no occaſion to be waſhed; and if he does not like the cuſtom of the place, he ſhall follow his own * inclination: beſides, you miniſters of cleanlineſs have been extremely remiſs and negligent, not to ſay preſumptuous, in bringing to ſuch a perſonage and ſuch a beard, trays and wooden troughs, and diſhclouts, inſtead of ewers and golden baſons, and towels of the fineſt holland: but, the caſe is, you are baſe-born miſcreants, and, like caitiffs as you are, cannot forbear ſhewing the grudge you bear to the ſquires of knights-errant." The whole ſcullion-miniſtry, as well as the major-domo, who came in with them, believed her grace was actually in earneſt, and ſneaked away in great ſhame and confuſion, after having untied the diſhclout from the neck of Sancho, who ſeeing himſelf delivered from that imminent danger, went and fell upon his knees before the dutcheſs, ſaying, "From great ladies great benefits are expected; and this that I have now received from your grace, I can in no other ſhape repay, than in wiſhing I were dubbed a knight-errant, that I might ſpend all the days of my life in the ſervice of ſuch a noble and exalted lady: a

* *Su alma en Su Palma.* The original expreſſion literally ſignifies "His ſoul is in his hand," *i. e.* He is at his own diſcretion.

peaſant

peaſant I am, and Sancho Panza by name, with a wife and family, and ſerve in quality of a ſquire; and if in any of theſe reſpects I can ſerve your highneſs, I ſhall be more ſpeedy in obeying than your grace in laying your commands." "Sancho, replied the dutcheſs, it plainly appears that you have learned politeneſs in the ſchool of courteſy itſelf: I ſay, it plainly appears, that you have been bred up at the feet of Don Quixote, who is the cream of compliment, and flower of ceremony, or, as you term it, Sarah-money: long life and proſperity to ſuch a maſter and ſuch a pupil; one the north-pole of knight-errantry, and the other the very ſtar of ſquiriſh fidelity. Riſe, friend Sancho, and I will remunerate your politeneſs, by prevailing upon my lord duke to perform his promiſe of the government, with all poſſible diſpatch."

Here the converſation being broke off, the knight retired to take his afternoon's * nap, and the dutcheſs deſired Sancho, if he was not very much diſpoſed to ſleep, to go and paſs the evening with her and her women, in a very cool and pleaſant apartment. Sancho told her, that altho' it was really his cuſtom to ſleep for four or five hours every afternoon, in the heat of ſummer, yet, for the ſatisfaction of her grace's goodneſs, he would that day ſtrive with all his might to keep himſelf awake, and obey her commands in all things: he accordingly attended her ſteps; while the duke gave freſh directions for treating Don Quixote as a real knight-errant, without deviating one tittle from the ſtile in which the ancient knights are ſaid to have been entertained.

* In Spain, the people always retire after dinner, and ſleep till ſix a clock, whence, the afternoon's nap is called *Sieſta*.

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THE

LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS

Of the Sage Hidalgo

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Of the pleaſant converſation that paſſed between the dutcheſs, her women, and Sancho Panza; worthy to be read and remembered.

THE hiſtory then relates, that Sancho did not ſleep that afternoon, but, according to his promiſe, went, eating all the way, into the apartment of the dutcheſs, who took great delight in hearing his converſation, and deſired him to ſit cloſe by her on a joint-ſtool, tho' the ſquire, out of pure good-breeding, begged to be excuſed: but, her grace told him, he ſhould ſit as a governor, and ſpeak as a ſquire, for, in both capacities, he deſerved the individual ſeat of the champion Cid Ruy Dias.

Sancho ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, obeyed and took his place, ſurrounded by all the damſels and duennas, who liſtened with profound ſilence and attention. Nevertheleſs, the dutcheſs was the firſt who began the diſcourſe, ſaying, "Now that we are by ourſelves, unheard by any body, I muſt intreat Mr. governor, to reſolve certain doubts of mine, produced from the printed hiſtory of the great Don Quixote; one of which doubts is this: as honeſt Sancho never ſaw Dulcinea, I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, nor conveyed to her the letter of ſignor Don Quixote, which remained with the memorandum-book in Sierra Morena, how durſt he feign an anſwer, and pretend that he found her winnowing wheat, a circum-

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cumſtance altogether ridiculous and untrue, ſo much to the prejudice of the peerleſs Dulcinea's reputation, and ſo ill-becoming the ſtation and fidelity of a truſty ſquire?"

Without making any immediate anſwer to this interrogation, Sancho roſe from his ſeat, and moving ſoftly on his tiptoes, with his body bent, and a finger on his lips, examined the whole apartment, lifting up and looking behind the tapeſtry; and this ſcrutiny being made, returned to his ſtool, and replied, "Now my lady dutcheſs, that I am aſſured there is no ſkulker liſtening, and that we are not overheard by any but this good company, I will, without fear or trembling, anſwer all the queſtions of your grace; and firſt and foremoſt, I will own I look upon my maſter Don Quixote as an incurable madman; although ſometimes he ſays things, which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all who hear them, are ſo ſenſible and well directed, that even Satan himſelf could not mend them: nevertheleſs, I am really and truly, and without any ſcruple, fully perſuaded within myſelf, that he is downright diſtracted. Now, as I am poſſeſſed with this notion, I venture to make him believe any ſtory, without either head or tail, like that of the anſwer to his letter, and another trick that I played him ſix or eight days ago, which is not yet recorded in the hiſtory; I mean the enchantment of Donna Dulcinea, which I palmed upon him, tho' it was a tale as wild and uncertain as the hills of Ubeda *."

The dutcheſs deſired he would recount that enchantment or deception; and he accordingly related it exactly as it happened, to the no ſmall entertainment of the hearers; but when he was about to proceed in his diſcourſe, her grace interpoſing, ſaid, "From this recital of honeſt Sancho, a ſcruple has ſtarted in my mind, and whiſpers me in the ear, ſince Don Quixote de la Mancha is ſo lunatic, crazy and mad, and his ſquire Sancho Panza, who knows his infirmity, nevertheleſs ſerves and follows him, and even depends upon his vain promiſes; the ſaid ſquire muſt, without all doubt, be more crazy and mad than his maſter: and if this be the caſe, as it certainly is, it would be no great ſign of wiſdom in you, my lady dutcheſs, to beſtow an iſland on ſuch a governor; for, how will he be able to govern other people, who cannot govern himſelf?"

"Fore God! my lady, cried the ſquire, your ſcruple ſtarts in the right place: and I beg your ladyſhip will let it ſpeak out in its own way; for,

* This is an expreſſion proverbially applied to any ſtory that is vague, inconſiſtent, or of dubious authority; for, the hills of Ubeda make an extenſive chain, the different parts of which are differently denominated, from the different countries or diſtricts thro' which it extends; ſo that the whole is not eaſily aſcertained.

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I know it ſpeaks truth. Had I been wiſe, I ſhould have left my maſter long ago; but this was my fate and my miſventure: I cannot do otherwiſe; but follow him I muſt: we are of the ſame town; I have eaten his bread; I have an affection for him; he returns my love, and has given me his colts; but, above all, I am conſtant and faithful, and therefore nothing can poſſibly part us but the ſexton's ſhovel. If your highneſs does not chooſe to perform your promiſe of the iſland, God made me of a leſs matter, and perhaps your refuſal may turn out to the eaſe of my conſcience, for maugre all my madneſs, I underſtand the proverb that ſays, The piſmire found wings to her ſorrow: and mayhap Sancho the ſquire may get ſooner to heaven than governor Sancho; there's as good bread baked here as in France; and by night all cats are grey; and ſure the man his lot may rue who has not broke his faſt by two; between man and man the maw cannot differ a ſpan; and as the ſaying is, With hay or with ſtraw we'll fill up the craw; the little birds of the field have God for their ſteward and ſhield; four yards of coarſe Cuenca ſtuff are warmer than as much of fine Segovia ſerge; when we leave this world and are laid in the ground, the Lord goes in as narrow a path as his labourer; and the pope's body takes up no more room than the ſexton's; for, though the one be higher than the other, when we go to the pit, we muſt lie ſnug, and make it fit; or we ſhall be obliged to find room, though ſcanty is the tomb; and ſo good night. Wherefore, I ſay again, if your grace will not give me the iſland, becauſe I'm a fool, I ſhall be ſo wiſe as not to break my heart at the diſappointment; and I have often heard, that the devil ſkulks behind the croſs; it is not all gold that glitters; and that from his oxen, his yokes and his ploughs, Bamba the huſbandman was raiſed to the throne of Spain; and that from his riches, paſtime and embroidery, Rodorigo was taken to be devoured by ſerpents, if the rhimes of old ballads do not lie."

Here Donna Rodriguez the duenna, who was one of the hearers, interpoſing, "Wherefore, ſhould they lie? ſaid ſhe, for the ballad ſays as how they thruſt king Rodorigo all alive into a tomb full of toads, lizards and ſnakes, and two days after, he was heard to cry with a weak and doleful voice, "Now they eat me! now they gnaw the part in which I ſinned ſo heinouſly!" And therefore the gentleman is in the right to ſay he would rather be an huſbandman than a king, to be devoured by vermin."

The dutcheſs could neither help laughing at the ſimplicity of her duenna, nor admiring the diſcourſe and proverbs of Sancho, to whom ſhe replied, "Honeſt Sancho very well knows, whatſoever a knight pro-

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miſes muſt be fulfilled, even though it ſhould coſt him his life; now, my lord and huſband the duke, though no errant, is nevertheleſs a knight; and therefore will perform his promiſe of the iſland, in ſpight of all the envy and malice of the world: let Sancho, then, be of good chear; for, when he leaſt thinks of the matter, he will ſee himſelf ſeated in the ſaddle of his iſland and dominion, and graſp his government, which he would not exchange for one of ſuperfine brocade; but, I charge him to mind how he governs his vaſſals, who, I give him notice, are all people of honeſt parents and approved loyalty."

" With reſpect to their being happy under my government, ſaid the ſquire, you need not give me any thing in charge; for, I am naturally charitable and compaſſionate towards the poor; and from him who can knead and bake, it is not eaſy to ſteal a cake. By my ſalvation, they ſhall not paſs falſe dice upon me! I am an old dog, not to be taken in with, *Come hither, poor Tray. I know how to ſnuff my peepers upon proper occaſions; nor will I conſent to walk with cobwebs in my eyes; for I know where the ſhoe pinches. This I obſerve, becauſe the righteous ſhall always have the benefit of my heart and hand, but the wicked ſhall have neither foot nor footing. In my opinion, every governor muſt have a beginning in the art and myſtery of government, and perhaps, in a fortnight's adminiſtration, I ſhall lick my fingers after the office, and know as much of the matter as I do of day-labour, to which I was bred."

" Sancho, ſaid the dutcheſs, you are certainly in the right; for no man was ever a ſcholar at his birth; and biſhops are made of men, and not of blocks. But to return to our former diſcourſe about the inchantment of the lady Dulcinea; I take it for an abſolute certainty, and not a bare aſſeveration, that Sancho's ſcheme of deceiving his maſter, and making him believe that the country-wench was Dulcinea, whom the knight could not know, becauſe ſhe was inchanted: I ſay, this ſcheme was altogether the invention of one of thoſe inchanters who perſecute Don Quixote; for, I know from very good authority, that the village-maiden who ſkipped upon the aſs, was really and truly the individual Dulcinea del Toboſo; and that Sancho, in thinking himſelf the deceiver, was in fact the perſon deceived: a truth of which we ought no more to doubt, than of things we never ſaw; for ſignor Sancho Panza muſt know, that here alſo we have friendly inchanters, who, out of real regard, impart to us every thing that paſſes, truly and diſtinctly, with-

* In the original, And thoroughly underſtand *Tus, Tus*; which is an expreſſion in Spain, to wheedle a cur.

out

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out circumlocution or deceit; and therefore, Sancho may believe me, when I affirm, that the jumping wench was and is Dulcinea del Toboſo, who is as much inchanted as the mother that bore her; and when we dream of no ſuch thing, we ſhall ſee her in her own ſhape, and then Sancho will be undeceived."

" There is nothing more likely, cried the ſquire; and now I am apt to believe my maſter's account of the cave of Monteſinos, where he ſaw my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, dreſſed in the ſame manner which I deſcribed, when I enchanted her for my own amuſement. Now, the whole affair muſt have been quite the reverſe, as your ladyſhip obſerves; for it cannot be ſuppoſed that my ignorant pate could contrive, in an inſtant, ſuch an ingenious ſtratagem; nor can I think my maſter ſuch a fool as, upon my weak and meagre perſuaſion, to believe ſuch an improbable device; but, for all that, my lady, your goodneſs ought not to take me for an evil-minded perſon, ſeeing a blockhead, like me, is not obliged to bore into the deſigns and knavery of abominable inchanters. I contrived the ſcheme, in order to eſcape the diſpleaſure of my maſter Don Quixote, and not with any deſign to do him hurt; and if it has turned out otherwiſe, there's a judge in heaven who knows the heart." " Very true, anſwered the dutcheſs; but, tell me now, Sancho, the ſtory of the cave of Monteſinos, which I ſhall be extremely glad to hear."

Then Sancho Panza recounted every circumſtance of that adventure, as it hath been already related; and her grace having heard the whole, " From this incident, ſaid ſhe, we may infer, that ſince the great Don Quixote ſays he beheld in that place the ſame country-wench whom Sancho ſaw in the neighbourhood of Toboſo, it could be no other than Dulcinea, and that the inchanters of this country are very officious, and extremely curious." " This I will venture to ſay, replied Panza, that if my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo is really inchanted, 'tis her own loſs, and that it is no buſineſs of mine to enter the liſts with my maſter's enemies, who are certainly both wicked and numerous. True it is, ſhe I ſaw was a country wench, for ſuch I took her, and ſuch I judged her to be. If that was Dulcinea, it ought not to be laid to my charge, nor am I to be blackened for that reaſon; yet I muſt be lugged in at every bawdy-houſe bench, with Sancho ſaid this; Sancho did that; Sancho went and Sancho came; as if Sancho were juſt ſuch as they would pleaſe to make him, and not the very ſame Sancho Panza who has already travelled all the world over in books, as I have been informed by Sam'on Carraſco, who is, at leaſt, a batcheleering perſon of Salamanca; and ſuch people cannot tell an untruth, except when it comes into their heads,

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or will turn to their account; wherefore, nobody has any right to meddle with me; and ſeeing I live in good repute, and I have heard my maſter ſay, a good name is better than tuns of wealth, even ſhove me into this government, and they ſhall ſee marvellous things; for, he who has been a good ſquire will never become a bad governor."

" All that honeſt Sancho has uttered, ſaid the dutcheſs, is Catonian wiſdom, or at leaſt, the very eſſence of Michael * Verino, Florentibus occidit annis. In a word, to ſpeak in his own ſtile, A good drinker is often found under a ruſty cloak." " In ſober truth, my lady, anſwered Sancho, I never in my life drank out of malice; from thirſt I might, for, I have not the leaſt ſpice of hypocriſy in my belly; I drink when I chooſe it, and even when I would rather be excuſed, becauſe I am deſired ſo to do, that I may not ſeem ſhy or ill-bred; for, ſure he muſt have an heart of marble who can refuſe to pledge a friend, for though I put on my ſhoes, I will not defile them; eſpecially, as the ſquires of knights-errant uſually drink water, as they are always ſtrolling through foreſts, woods and meadows, and over rocks and mountains, without finding the ſmalleſt charity of wine, even though one ſhould offer to purchaſe it with an eye." " I believe what you ſay, anſwered the dutcheſs: at preſent Sancho may go to reſt; and we ſhall afterwards talk more at large upon theſe ſubjects, and take order that with all convenient diſpatch he may be, to uſe his own words, ſhoved into that ſame government."

Sancho kiſſed hands again, and begged her grace would be ſo good as to give directions about the entertainment of Dapple, who was the light of his eyes. When ſhe aſked, what he meant by Dapple; " My aſs, replied the ſquire, whom, rather than uſe the vulgar term, I call Dapple: when I firſt came to the caſtle, I deſired madam Duenna here to take care of him; and truly, ſhe was as much affronted as if I had called her ugly and old; though I think it would be more natural and proper for duennas to look after cattle, than to regulate rooms of ſtate. God's my life! what a ſpite a gentleman of our town had to theſe waiting gentlewomen." " He muſt be ſome ill-bred clown, ſaid Donna Rodriguez the duenna; for had he been a gentleman of birth, he would have exalted them above the horns of the moon." " Enough, for the preſent, reſumed the dutcheſs: hold your tongue, Donna Rodriguez, and let ſignor Panza make himſelf perfectly eaſy, and leave me to take ſpecial care of Dapple, whom, as being a moveable appertaining to Sancho, I will place above the apple of mine eye." " The ſtable is a place

* A young Florentine, of great genius, who died in the ſeventeenth year of his age, and was lamented by all the poets of his time.

good

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good enough for him, anſwered the ſquire; for, neither he nor I are worthy of being placed for one moment above the apple of your highneſs's eye; and I will as ſoon conſent to his being diſpoſed of in that manner, as I would to drive a dagger in my breaſt; for, although, as my maſter ſays, in point of courteſy, one ought to loſe the game by a card too much, rather than by a card too little; in reſpect to aſſes and the apple of an eye, one ought to proceed cautiouſly with the compaſs in his hand, and meaſure as he goes."

"Sancho may conduct him to his government, ſaid the dutcheſs, and there entertain him to his heart's content; nay, even infranchiſe him from all labour." "Your grace, my lady dutcheſs, needs not think much of that, replied the ſquire; for, I have ſeen more than one or two aſſes go to governments; and therefore it will be no new practice if I carry Dapple to mine."

This remark renewed the laughter and ſatisfaction of the dutcheſs, who having diſmiſſed him to his repoſe, went to communicate the converſation to the duke; and this noble couple contrived and gave directions about the execution of a pleaſant joke upon Don Quixote, which ſhould turn out a famous incident, and be conformable in all reſpects to the ſtile of chivalry; in which they invented a number, with ſuch propriety and diſcretion, that they are counted the beſt adventures contained in this important hiſtory.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

Which gives an account of the information received, touching the means for diſenchanting the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo; one of the moſt renowned adventures of this book.

GREAT was the ſatisfaction which the duke and dutcheſs received from the converſation of Don Quixote aud Sancho Panza; and being confirmed in their deſign of practiſing ſome jokes, which ſhould bear a faint ſhadow and appearance of adventures, they took the hint for a very extraordinary contrivance, from the knight's account of what had happened to him in the cave of Monteſinos: but, what moſtly excited the admiration of the dutcheſs, was the amazing ſimplicity of Sancho, who was by this time brought to believe, as an infallible truth, the inchantment of Dulcinea, though he himſelf was the only inchanter and projector of that whole ſtratagem. Their graces having given directions to their ſervants touching the execution of the ſcheme they had laid, at the end of ſix days they went forth to hunt the wild boar, with as great an apparatus of hunters and ſpearmen as uſed to attend the king in perſon. Don Quixote was preſented with an hunting ſuit, and Sancho received another of ſuperfine green cloth; but, the knight excuſed himſelf from accepting the preſent, obſerving that, in a few days, he ſhould be obliged to reſume the rugged exerciſe of arms, and therefore could not encumber himſelf with baggage and wardrobes; as for the ſquire, he took that which was offered to him, without ſcruple, intending to ſell it with the firſt opportunity.

On the morning of the appointed day, Don Quixote armed himſelf at all points, Sancho put on his green ſuit, and mounting Dapple, which he would not exchange for the beſt ſteed in the ſtable, mingled among the troop of hunters: the dutcheſs came forth, very gaily capariſoned, and the knight, out of pure courteſy and good breeding, would have held the reins of her palfrey; but the duke would not conſent to his performing ſuch an office. At length they arrived at a wood, between two very high mountains, where, the diſpoſition being made, the toils ſet, and the people diſtributed in their different poſts, the hunt began with a vaſt noiſe of hollowing and crying; and nothing could be diſtinctly heard for the barking of the dogs and the ſound of the horns. The dutcheſs alighted, and with a pointed boar-ſpear in her hand, took poſt in

in a place through which ſhe knew the wild beaſts were uſed to come; the duke and Don Quixote likewiſe diſmounting, poſted themſelves on each ſide of her grace, while Sancho ſtayed in the rear, without parting from Dapple, whom he durſt not quit, leſt ſome misfortune ſhould happen to that darling beaſt.

Scarce had they ſet foot on ground, and taken their ſtations, ſupported by a number of ſervants, when they beheld a monſtrous boar, baited by the dogs and purſued by the hunters, running towards them, gnaſhing his teeth and tuſks, and foaming at the mouth. The knight no ſooner perceived this ſavage, than bracing his ſhield and unſheathing his ſword, he advanced to receive him; while the duke did the ſame with his boar-ſpear; but, the dutcheſs would have been the foremoſt of the three, had ſhe not been reſtrained by her lord. Sancho alone, ſeeing this furious animal, forſook his friend Dapple, and running full ſpeed, in order to climb a lofty oak, found his endeavour altogether ineffectual; for, having ſurmounted one half of the aſcent, the branch on which he ſtood ſtruggling to gain the top, unfortunately gave way, and in falling, he was caught by another ſtump of the tree, ſo that he hung dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground; then perceiving that his green ſuit was torn, and ſuppoſing that if the wild boar ſhould come up, he would be able to ſeize him as he hung, he began to utter ſuch doleful cries, and roar ſo hideouſly for aſſiſtance, that all thoſe who heard his clamour, without ſeeing his ſituation, actually believed he was in the jaws of ſome ſavage beaſt. At length the tuſky boar being pierced and killed by the number of ſpears that oppoſed him, Don Quixote turned about his head, in conſequence of Sancho's cries, by which he recognized his faithful ſquire, whom he ſaw hanging from the oak, with his head downwards, and hard by he perceived Dapple, who did not forſake him in his calamity: and Cid Hamet obſerves, that he very ſeldom ſaw Sancho without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho, ſuch was the friendſhip and fidelity ſubſiſting between them. Don Quixote immediately advanced and unhooked Sancho, who finding himſelf delivered, and fairly placed upon firm ground, examined the rent in his hunting-ſuit, which grieved him to the ſoul; for, in that dreſs he thought he had obtained an invaluable inheritance.

About this time they laid the mighty boar acroſs a ſumpter-mule, and covering him with ſprigs of myrtle and roſemary, carried him in triumph, as the ſpoils of victory, to a large field-tent, pitched in the middle of the wood, where they found the cloth ready laid, and the table furniſhed with ſuch a grand and ſumptuous entertainment as well beſpoke the

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the wealth and magnificence of the founder. Sancho preſenting to the dutcheſs the ſkirts of his torn ſuit, "if, ſaid he, this had been hare or ſparrow-hunting, my coat would have been ſecure from this unlucky accident; for my own part, I do not know what pleaſure there is in attacking an animal, which, if he can once faſten his tuſks on you, will certainly deprive you of life. I remember to have heard people ſing an old ballad that ſays,

May bears upon thy carcaſe feed,
As erſt on Fabila they did.

"That was a Gothic king, ſaid Don Quixote, who, in going to the chace, was devoured by a bear." "That is the very thing, I ſay, replied the ſquire; I would not have kings and noblemen run themſelves into ſuch dangers, for the enjoyment of a diverſion, which, in my opinion, hardly deſerves the name, as it conſiſts in murdering a poor beaſt that never committed any crime." "There, Sancho, you are miſtaken, ſaid the duke, for, the exerciſe of hunting wild beaſts is, of all others, the moſt neceſſary and ſuitable to kings and noblemen. The chace is a picture of war, comprehending ſchemes, feints and ſtratagems for taking advantage of the enemy; by this we are enabled to endure extreme cold and exceſſive heat, to contemn eaſe and undervalue ſleep; our bodies acquire ſtrength, and our limbs agility: in a word, it is an exerciſe that affords pleaſure to numbers, and does prejudice to none; and what renders it ſuperior to all others is, that it cannot be enjoyed by every body, like all the other kinds of ſport, except hawking, which is alſo peculiar to ſovereigns and perſons of rank: you muſt therefore alter your opinion, Sancho, and when you are governor, employ yourſelf in the chace, which you will find of incredible * ſervice." "Surely, that cannot be, anſwered the ſquire; a good governor will ſtay at home, as if he had a broken bone. It would look rarely indeed, if, when people fatigued with a journey, come to viſit him upon buſineſs, he ſhould be taking his diverſion upon the hills; in that caſe the government would go to wreck. In good faith, my lord, ſuch paſtime is more proper for idle folks, who have nothing elſe to do, than for governors: I intend, God willing, to amuſe myſelf with a game at cards at Eaſter, and with nine-pins on Sundays and holidays; for, as to theſe chaces or caſes, they neither ſuit my condition nor agree with my conſcience." "God grant Sancho may behave as he ſays he will, replied the duke; but, there is a wide difference between ſaying and doing." "Let it be as wide as it

* Literally, And you ſhall ſee it will be worth a loaf that will ſerve an hundred.

pleaſes,

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pleaſes, cried Sancho. A good paymaſter needs no pawn; God's bleſſing is better than early riſing; and the belly is carried by the feet, and not the feet by the belly: I mean that, with God's aſſiſtance, and a righteous intention, I ſhall certainly be able to govern like any goſhawk; ay, ay, let them thruſt their fingers in my mouth, and they ſhall ſee whether or no I can bite."

"The curſe of God, and all his ſaints, light on thee, accurſed babbler! cried Don Quixote: will the day never come, as I have often ſaid, when I ſhall hear thee ſpeak ſenſibly and diſtinctly, without lugging in old ſaws? My lord and lady dutcheſs, I intreat your graces to let that madman alone; otherwiſe he will grind your ſouls, not between two but two thouſand proverbs, dragged in as much to the purpoſe and as ſeaſonably as I wiſh God may give him health, or me protection, if I deſire to hear them." "The proverbs of Sancho Panza, ſaid the dutcheſs, tho' more in number than thoſe of the Greek commentator, are not the leſs to be eſteemed for the conciſeneſs of the apophthegms. I can ſafely ſay for myſelf, that they give me much more pleaſure than I ſhould receive from others, tho' better culled, and more ſuitable to the occaſion."

In the midſt of this and other ſuch ſavoury converſation, they quitted the tent, to examine ſome ſnares they had laid; in which amuſement the day ſoon elapſed, and was ſucceeded by the night, which did not appear ſo ſerene and compoſed as it might have been expected at that ſeaſon of the year, which was midſummer, but along with it came a certain *darkneſs viſible*, which greatly aſſiſted the deſign of the duke and dutcheſs. When the night therefore began to fall, a little after the twilight, all of a ſudden the four quarters of the wood ſeemed to be on fire, and here and there, and every where, they heard an infinite number of cornets and other warlike inſtruments, as if a great number of cavalry had been marching through the wood: ſo that the light of the flames, and the ſound of thoſe warlike inſtruments, dazzled and aſtoniſhed the eyes and ears of the by-ſtanders, and indeed of all the people in the wood. This noiſe was ſucceeded by innumerable *Lelilles*, or cries uſed by the Moors in battle; the trumpets and clarions exalted their brazen throats, the drums rattled, and the fifes reſounded all together, in ſuch a continued and alarming concert, that the man muſt have been utterly devoid of all ſenſe who did not loſe it in conſequence of ſuch confuſion and uproar. The duke was confounded, the dutcheſs amazed, Don Quixote aſtoniſhed, Sancho Panza affrighted; and, finally, even thoſe who were let into the ſecret, ſeemed to be ſeized with conſternation, which produced among them a moſt dreary ſilence.

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During this pauſe, came a poſtilion dreſſed like a devil, and, inſtead of a cornet, blew an unmeaſurable horn, which yielded an hoarſe and dreadful ſound. "Holla! brother courier, cried the duke, who are you? where are you going? and what martial people are thoſe that ſeem to march acroſs the wood?" To theſe interrogations the courier replied, in a diſmal, hollow tone: "I am the devil, going in queſt of Don Quixote de la Mancha: thoſe who follow are ſix troops of inchanters, who bring, upon a triumphant car, the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, accompanied by the gallant Francis Monteſinos, to inſtruct Don Quixote in a certain method for diſinchanting the ſaid lady Dulcinea." "If you were the devil, anſwer'd the duke, as you ſay you are, and your figure ſeems to declare, you would have diſtinguiſhed that ſame knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who now ſtands before you." "'Fore God! and upon my conſcience! cried the devil, I did not think of that: for, my thoughts are ſo much diſtracted by different avocations, that I had forgot the principal aim of my coming." "Without doubt, ſaid Sancho, that devil muſt be an honeſt man, and a good chriſtian, otherwiſe he would not ſwear 'fore God! and on my conſcience! Now am I fully convinced that there muſt be ſome worthy people even in hell."

Then the courier, without alighting, fixed his eyes upon Don Quixote, and pronounced: "To thee, the knight of the lions (and would I might ſee thee in their clutches) am I ſent by the unfortunate, tho' valiant knight, Monteſinos, who commanded me to deſire, in his name, that thou wouldſt wait on the very ſpot where I ſhould find thee, becauſe he brings along with him one Dulcinea del Toboſo, in order to communicate what will be neceſſary towards her diſinchantment: and as this meſſage was the ſole cauſe of my coming, there is no cauſe that requires my longer ſtay. Devils like me be with thee, and good angels guard that noble pair." So ſaying, he ſounded his dreadful horn, and rode off, without waiting for the leaſt reply.

This addreſs renewed the aſtoniſhment of all preſent, eſpecially of Sancho and Don Quixote: of Sancho, becauſe, in deſpite of truth, he ſaw they were reſolved that Dulcinea ſhould be inchanted; and of Don Quixote, becauſe he could not be certain of the truth of what happened to him in the cave of Monteſinos. While he was rapt in theſe meditations, the duke accoſted him, ſaying, "Signor Don Quixote, do you intend to wait?" "Wherefore not? replied the knight, here will I wait, courageous and intrepid, tho' all hell ſhould come to aſſault me." "Then for my part, cried Sancho, if I ſee another devil, and hear another horn like that which paſſed, I ſhould as ſoon wait here as in Flanders."

About

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About this time, the night being more advanced, a number of lights began to gleam through the wood, like the dry exhalations of the earth that glide through the air, and are miſtaken by ignorant people for ſhooting ſtars: their ears were likewiſe invaded by a frightful ſound, like that occaſioned by the maſſy wheels of waggons drawn by oxen; an harſh and grating noiſe, from which the very bears and wolves (if any chance to be in the way) are ſaid to fly with terror. This uproar was ſucceeded by another more terrible than all the reſt; for, all at once, at the four corners of the wood, there really ſeemed to be four encounters or battles: in one place was heard the horrid din of cannon; in another a vaſt number of muſkets were fired; here reſounded the cries of the combatants; there the mooriſh *Lelilles* were repeated with vaſt vociferation. In a word, the cornets, horns, bugles, clarions, trumpets, drums, artillery and muſketry, and above all, the diſmal noiſe of the cars, formed all together, ſuch a confuſed and horrible concert, that Don Quixote was obliged to recollect his whole courage, in order to bear it without emotion: but, Sancho's heart died within him, and down he came in a ſwoon upon the train of the dutcheſs, who received him as he fell, and, with marks of great concern, ordered her ſervants to throw water in his face: in conſequence of this application he recovered, juſt as one of the waggons with the creaking wheels came up to the place where they ſtood. It was drawn by four lazy oxen wholly covered with black trappings, with a large lighted taper tied to each horn, and in the waggon was raiſed a lofty ſeat, on which ſat a venerable old man with a beard as white as ſnow itſelf, that flowed down below his middle, and a large looſe garment of black buckram: for, the waggons being ſtuck full of lights, it was eaſy to obſerve and diſtinguiſh every thing that it contained. It was conducted by two ugly devils clad alſo in buckram, with ſuch hideous features, that Sancho no ſooner ſaw them than he ſhut his eyes, that they might not again encounter ſuch frightful objects. This carriage being come up, the venerable ſenior roſe up from his lofty ſeat, and pronounced aloud, "I am the ſage Lirgandeo." He ſaid no more; and the waggon poceeded. Another carriage followed in the ſame manner, with another old man inthroned, who ordering the waggon to ſtop, ſaid, with a voice as ſolemn as the firſt, "I am the ſage Alquife, the great friend of Urganda the unknown." And ſo the carriage proceeded. Then a third approached in the ſame ſtile: but, he who poſſeſſed this throne, inſtead of being old like the others, was a robuſt man of a very diſagreeable aſpect, who riſing from his ſeat, like the other two, exclaimed in a more hoarſe and diabolical tone, "I am the inchanter Arcalaus, the mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and

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his whole race." And ſo the carriage paſſed on: but, when they had proceeded a little way, the three waggons halted; then ceaſed the diſmal creaking of the wheels, and no other ſound was heard but that of an agreeable, muſical concert, which rejoiced the heart of Sancho, who took it as a good omen, and in that perſuaſion ſaid to the dutcheſs, from whom he had not budged an hair's breadth, "My lady dutcheſs, where there is muſic there can be no harm." "As little ſhould we expect any harm where there is light and illumination," anſwered the dutcheſs. "And yet, replied the ſquire, we may be eaſily burnt by ſuch torches and bonfires as theſe, notwithſtanding all the light and illumination they produce: but, muſick is always a ſign of joy and feaſting." "Time will ſhew," ſaid Don Quixote, who overheard the converſation; and he ſaid well, as will appear in the following chapter.

CHAP. III.

Being a continuation of what was imparted to Don Quixote, touching the means for diſinchanting Dulcinea; with an account of other ſurprizing incidents.

MOVING to the ſound of this agreeable muſic, came one of thoſe carriages called triumphal cars, drawn by ſix grey mules covered with white linen, and upon each was mounted a * penitent of light, clad in black, with a large lighted wax taper in his hand. The car was twice, nay thrice as large as the carriages which had paſſed, and the tops and ſides were occupied by twelve other penitents as white as ſnow, with their lighted tapers: a ſight that excited equal terror and ſurpriſe. And, ſeated on a lofty throne, appeared a nymph habited in robes of ſilver tiſſue, beſpangled with innumerable leaves of gold brocard; ſo that her dreſs, if not rich, was extremely gaudy: her face was covered with a delicate and tranſparent veil of fine tiffany, the rumples of which could not conceal the beauteous features of a young lady; and the number of lights enabled the ſpectators to diſtinguiſh her charms and her age, which ſeemed to be turned of ſeventeen but under twenty. Cloſe by her appeared a figure clad in what is called a robe of ſtate, that reached to his feet; and his head was muffled in a black veil. The cart had no ſooner come oppoſite to the duke and dutcheſs, and Don Quixote, than the muſic of the waits, the harps, and lutes, ceaſed all at once; then this figure riſing, threw

* *Diſciplinante de Luz*, is a cant phraſe, applied to thoſe who are expoſed to public ſhame.

aſide

aſide his robe, and, taking off the veil, diſcloſed to view the horrible and uncarnate form of death; at ſight of which Don Quixote was ſtartled, Sancho overwhelmed with fear, and the duke and dutcheſs exhibited ſome affected marks of conſternation.

This living death ſtanding upright, began, with a languid voice and tongue but half awake, to rehearſe the following addreſs.

I Merlin am, by hiſtories bely'd,
That repreſent the devil as my ſire:
A falſhood ſanction'd by the lapſe of time.
I am the prince of magic, in whoſe breaſt
The Zoroaſtric ſcience lies intomb'd:
The rival of invidious Time, whoſe wings
Still ſeek to ſhade and darken all exploits
Atchiev'd by the illuſtrious errant knights,
For whom my friendſhip glows and ever glow'd.

Tho' all my fellows of th' inchanting tribe,
The magi and magicians, ever nurs'd
A diſpoſition barbarous and harſh,
Mine ſtill was tender, gentle, and humane,
A friend to all the various race of man.
In the profoundeſt caves of gloomy Dis,
Where my induſtrious ſpirit was employ'd
In forming myſtic characters and ſpells,
Mine ears were wounded with the wailing cries
Of fam'd Dulcinêa that matchleſs fair.

I learn'd her ſtrange inchantment, and condol'd
Her transformation from a gentle nymph
To the vile figure of a ruſtic wench.
An hundred thouſand volumes I perus'd,
Fraught with the dark and diabolic art,
Then in the horrible and ghaſtly trunk
Of this dry ſkeleton my ſoul enclos'd:
And now I come on purpoſe to impart
An eaſy remedy for her miſhap.

O thou! the glory of all knights who wear
Impervious coats of mail and adamant:

Thou

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Thou light and lanthorn, path and north and guide
Of all who quit the drouſy joys of ſloth,
And ſtarting from the lazy down, embrace
Th' intolerable uſe and exerciſe
Of rude, unwieldy, ſanguinary arms:
To thee I ſpeak, great chief whoſe valiant deeds
So far tranſcend the loudeſt blaſt of fame.

Quixote, for courage and diſcretion fam'd,
La Mancha's mirrour and the ſtar of Spain,
In order to recover and reſtore
Thy peerleſs miſtreſs to her former ſtate,
Sancho, thy faithful ſquire, muſt undergo
Three thouſand and three hundred ſtripes, apply'd
To his poſteriors, paſſively expos'd;
And he himſelf muſt wield the pliant ſcourge,
And ſtart, and ſmart, and tingle with the pain.
Thus ſtands th' irrevocable doom, pronounc'd
By the fell authors of her dire miſchance,
And on this errand, gentles, am I come.

"I vow to God! cried Sancho at this period, not to mention three thouſand, I will as ſoon give myſelf three ſtabs with a dagger as three ſingle ſtripes with a ſcourge. Now devil take ſuch ways of diſinchanting. I cannot conceive what my buttocks have to do with inchantments. Before God! if ſignor Merlin can find no other method for diſinchanting my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſhe may e'en go inchanted to her grave." "Heark ye, Don Garlick-eating ruſtic, ſaid Don Quixote, I ſhall take and tie you to a tree, naked as your mother bore you, and not to mention three thouſand three hundred, give you ſix thouſand ſix hundred laſhes ſo well laid on, that three thouſand three hundred twitches ſhall not pull them off; and anſwer me not a ſyllable, or I will tear thy ſoul from thy body."

Merlin hearing this declaration, "Not ſo, neither, ſaid he: the laſhes to be received by honeſt Sancho muſt be voluntary, not upon compulſion, and at his own leiſure; for, there is no time fixed for the final execution: nevertheleſs he is ſo far indulged, that he may be quit for one half of the ſtripes, provided he will allow the other half to be inflicted by another hand, tho' it may chance to be a little weighty." "No man's hand ſhall touch my fleſh; neither another's, nor my own, nor weighty nor unweighed. What a plague! did I forſooth, bring my lady Dulcinea into

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into the world, that my backside must suffer for the transgression of her eyes? My master, indeed, who is a part of her, and is continually calling her his life, his soul, his sustenance and support, may, and ought to lash himself for her sake, and take with all dispatch the necessary steps for her disinchantment; but, for me to scourge my own body, I denounce it."

Scarce had Sancho uttered this remonstrance, when the embroidered nymph who sat by Merlin's spirit, rising up, took off her transparent veil, and discloſing a face which to all the spectators seemed more than exceedingly beautiful, addressed herself in these words, directly to Sancho Panza, with a masculine assurance and a voice that was not extremely melodious, "O! ill-conditioned squire! thou soul of a pitcher, heart of cork, and bowels of flinty peebles; had'st thou been commanded, thou nose-flaying catif, to throw thyself down from a lofty tower; had'st thou been desired, thou enemy of human species, to swallow a dozen of toads, twice the number of lizzards, and three dozen of snakes; hadst thou been urged to murder thy wife and children with some sharp and ruthless scymitar, it would not have been strange to see thee shy and fearful; but, to make such objections to three thousand three hundred stripes, which there is scarce a naughty boy that does not receive every month, astounds, astonishes and affrights the compassionate bowels of all this audience, as well as of all those who shall hear it in the future course of time. Turn, O miserabe, hard-hearted, animal! turn, I say, thy mulish goggle eyes upon these balls of mine that emulate the glittering stars, and see how they weep thread by thread and skein by skein, creating trenches, paths and furrows through the delightful meadows of my cheeks. Wilt thou not relent, thou crafty and malicious monster, at seeing me in the flower of my age (for I am still in my teens, being no more than ninteen, which is one year short of twenty) consume and pine within the bark of an homely rustic wench? in which form if I do not now appear, it is owing to the particular favour of signor Merlin, who has indulged me so far, that my beauty might melt thy savage heart; for, the tears of afflicted beauty soften rocks to cotton, and transform tygers into gentle lambs. Chastise, chastise, obdurate beast, that brawny beef of thine; arrouse that slothful spirit which inclines thee to nothing but to gorge and regorge thy voracious maw, and set at liberty the sleekness of my skin, the gentleness of my condition, and the beauty of my face: and if for my sake thou wilt not mollify thyself, and listen to any reasonable terms, at least relent in favour of that poor knight who stands forlorn at thy elbow; I mean, thy master, whose soul I now can see traversed in his throat, not above ten fingers breadth from his lips, waiting for nothing but thy kind or rigorous reply,

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reply, in conſequence of which it will either leap out of his mouth or retire to his ſtomach."

Don Quixote hearing theſe words, felt his throat, and turning to the duke, "By heaven! my lord, ſaid he, Dulcinea has ſpoke truth; for, here do I feel my ſoul traverſed in my throat, like the nut of a croſs-bow." When the dutcheſs aſked what Sancho ſaid to that circumſtance, "I ſay, replied the ſquire, what I have ſaid already, that the whipping I denounce." "You muſt call it renounce, ſaid the duke, and not denounce." "I would your grace would let me alone, anſwered Sancho: this is no time for me to mind niceties and letters, more or leſs; for, I am ſo confounded at thoſe ſtripes which I am to receive, or execute upon myſelf, that I neither know what I am ſaying or doing: yet, I ſhould be glad to know where my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo learned that manner of aſking favours. She comes to deſire me to tear open my fleſh with a horſe-whip, and calls me ſoul of a pitcher, obdurate beaſt, and a whole rigmarole of villainous names, which the devil may ſuffer for me! What a plague, is my fleſh made of braſs? or is it any thing to me, whether ſhe is diſinchanted or no? What baſkets of white linnen, ſhirts, caps and ſocks (tho' I wear none) does ſhe bring to ſoften me? Nothing but abuſe upon abuſe; without remembring the proverb, that ſays, An aſs loaded with gold will ſkip over a mountain. A generous gift the rock will rift. We muſt fervently pray, and hammer away. I will give thee, is good; but, Here take it, is better. Then, my maſter, who ought to lead me fair and ſoftly by the hand, and perſuade me with gentle words to whip myſelf into wool and carded cotton, declares, forſooth, that if he ſhould once take me in hand, he will tye me naked to a tree, and double the allowance of ſtripes. Theſe angry gentlemen ought to conſider it is not only a ſquire, but a governor whom they deſire to flog himſelf; as if it was no more than drinking after cherries. Let them learn; let them learn, with a vengeance, how to intreat and beg with good breeding; for, all ſeaſons are not the ſame; and a man is not always in good humour: here am I ready to burſt with vexation to ſee the rent in my green coat; and they muſt needs come and deſire me to whip myſelf with good will, when God knows, I am as far from doing it with good will, as I am from turning *Turk."

"Nevertheleſs, friend Sancho, ſaid the duke, if your heart does not become ſofter than a ripe fig, you ſhall finger no government of mine. It would be a fine ſcheme indeed, if I ſhould ſend to my iſlanders, a cruel, flinty-hearted governor, who would not melt at the tears of damſels in

* Literally, *Cacique*, which was the appellation given to Indian princes.

affliction;

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affliction; nor at the intreaties of wise, imperious, ancient sages and inchanters. In a word, Sancho, you must either consent to whip yourself or be whipped, or lay aside all thoughts of being a governor." "My good lord, replied the squire, will not they give me two days to consider and determine what will be for the best?" "By no means, cried Merlin: on this very spot, and this very instant, the business must be discussed; otherwise Dulcinea will return to the cave of Montesinos, and the appearance of a country-wench; whereas, if you comply, she will, in her present form, be transported to the Elysian fields, where she must reside until the number of the stripes be accomplished."

"Go to, honest Sancho, said the dutchess, pluck up your spirits, and behave like a grateful squire that has eaten the bread of signor Don Quixote, who is intitled to the service and acknowledgements of us all, by his amiable disposition and sublime chivalry. Say aye, my son, to this same flagellation, and let the devil fetch the devil: leave fear to the coward; for, a stout heart quails misfortune, as you very well know."

To these exhortations Sancho made no reply; but, addressing himself to Merlin, with his usual extravagance, "Good, your worship, pray tell me, signor Merlin, the meaning of one thing. A certain courier devil came here with a message to my master, from signor Montesinos, desiring him to stay in this place, until he should come up; for, he would teach him a way to disinchant my lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and hitherto we have seen no such person." To this interrogation Merlin replied, "That devil, friend Sancho, is an ignorant blockhead, and a very great knave. I sent him hither in quest of your master; not with a message from Montesinos, but from myself; for, Montesinos is still in his cave, planning, or rather expecting his disinchantment, the worst of which is still to come; but, if he owes you any thing, or you have any business to transact with him, I will bring you face to face wherever you shall appoint. In the mean time, dispatch, and give your consent to this discipline, which, I assure you, will greatly redound to the advantage both of your soul and body: to your soul, from the charity of the undertaking, and to your body, as I know you are of a florid complexion, and will be the better for losing a little blood."

"What a number of leeches have we got in this world! said Sancho, the very inchanters are physicians; but, since every body says so, although I cannot perceive it myself, I am content to give myself three thousand three hundred lashes, on condition that I may give them when and where I shall think proper, without being confined to any certain time, or rate of allowance; and I will endeavour to discharge the debt as soon as pos-

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ſible, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſince, contrary to my former belief, ſhe appears to be really beautiful. I likewiſe covenant that I ſhall not be obliged to fetch blood with the ſcourge, and that in caſe I ſhould chance to be whipped by the officers * of juſtice, every laſh ſo received, ſhall enter into the tale: Item, leſt I ſhould commit a miſtake in the number, ſignor Merlin, who knows every thing, ſhall take care to reckon them, and give me to underſtand, how far I have fallen ſhort, or exceeded the appointed ſcore." "There will be no occaſion to appriſe you of the overplus, ſaid Merlin; for, as ſoon as the number ſhall be completed, the lady Dulcinea will be diſinchanted, and come, out of pure gratitude, to return thanks, and even a recompence, to the charitable Sancho, for his good work. You need not, therefore, make any ſcruple about the ſuperplus or the deficiency; nor will heaven allow me to defraud any perſon, even of a ſingle hair." "A God's name, then, cried Sancho, I conſent in my tribulation: I ſay, I accept of the penance on the conditions aforeſaid."

Scarce had Sancho pronounced theſe laſt words, when the muſic of the waits began to play again, and an infinite number of muſkets was diſcharged, while Don Quixote, hanging about Sancho's neck, imprinted a world of kiſſes on his cheeks and forehead: the duke and dutcheſs, and all the by-ſtanders, expreſſed the utmoſt pleaſure, the car began to move, and the beauteous Dulcinea, in paſſing, bowed to their graces, and made a profound curtſie to Sancho.

About this time, the chearful ſmiling morn advanced; the flowrets of the field, with heads erect, diffuſed their fragrance; and the liquid cryſtal of the rills, brawling among the variegated pebbles, went ſliding on to pay its tribute to the rivers, that waited to receive their cuſtomary dues: the joyous earth, the ſplended firmament, the buxom air, and light unclouded; each ſingly, and altogether joined, prognoſticated plainly, that the day which trod upon Aurora's ſkirts, would be ſerene and fair. The duke and dutcheſs, extremely well ſatisfied with the chace, as well as with the ingenious and fortunate execution of their deſign, returned to the caſtle, with full intention to perform the ſequel of their jeſt; than which no real adventure could have given them more delight.

* The other tranſlators have interpreted *Moſqueo* into a fly flap, which is, undoubtedly, one of its meanings; but, as it likewiſe ſignifies flagellation at the cart's tail, I have taken it in this laſt acceptation, which, I think, heightens the humour of the paſſage.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

Which gives an account of the perilous and inconceivable adventure of the afflicted Duenna, alias the counteſs Trifaldi; together with a letter which Sancho Panza wrote to his wife Tereſa Panza.

THE duke's ſteward was a man of humour and ingenuity, who acted the part of Merlin, and adjuſted all the apparatus of the foregoing adventure; for, he compoſed the verſes, and directed a page to repreſent Dulcinea: finally, under the auſpices of his lord and lady, he projected another of the moſt agreeable and ſtrange fancy, that could poſſibly be conceived.

Next day, the dutcheſs aſking Sancho if he had begun the taſk of the penance which he was to undergo for the diſinchantment of Dulcinea, he anſwered in the affirmative, and ſaid, he had that ſame night given himſelf five laſhes: but, when ſhe inquired about the inſtrument with which they were inflicted, he owned they were applied with his hand. "That is rather clapping than laſhing, replied her grace; and, I take it for granted, the ſage Merlin will not be content with ſuch delicacy; it will be abſolutely neceſſary that honeſt Sancho ſhould make a ſcourge of briars, or uſe a ſwitch that will make him feel it; for, learning is not acquired without pain, and the liberty of ſuch an high-born lady as Dulcinea is not to be purchaſed for a trifle." To this remonſtrance Sancho replied, "I wiſh your grace would lend me ſome convenient whip, or ragged rope's end, which would do the buſineſs without giving me a great deal of pain; for, I would have your grace to know that, although I am a labouring man, my fleſh has more of the cotton than the matt weed in it; and there is no reaſon that I ſhould deſtroy myſelf for another's advantage." "In good time be it, anſwered the dutcheſs; tomorrow morning, I will give you a ſcourge that will fit you to an hair, and agree as well with the tenderneſs of your fleſh, as if it was its own brother."

This affair being adjuſted, "My lady, ſaid Sancho Panza, your highneſs muſt know, I have writ a letter to my wife Tereſa Panza, giving an account of all that hath befallen me ſince we parted: here it is in my boſom, and wants nothing but a ſuperſcription. I wiſh your grace, in your great underſtanding, would read it; for, in my mind, it ſmacks of the governor; I mean, of the manner in which governors ought to write."

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"And, who was the inditer?" ſaid the dutcheſs. "Who ſhould indite it, ſinner that I am, but myſelf," anſwered the ſquire. "Did you likewiſe write it, yourſelf?" replied her grace. "I did not ſo much as think of any ſuch matter, ſaid Sancho; for, the truth is, I can neither read nor write, tho' I know very well how to ſet my mark." "Let us ſee this epiſtle, quoth the dutcheſs, in which, I dare ſay, you have diſplayed the quality and extent of your underſtanding."

Then Sancho pulling an open letter from his boſom, the dutcheſs took and read it to this effect.

Sancho's Letter to his wife Tereſa Panza.

"IF I have been finely laſhed, I have been well mounted; if I have obtained a good government, it has coſt me a good whipping. This, Tereſa, thou wilt not now underſtand, but ſhalt learn ſome other opportunity. Know, Tereſa, I am determined thou ſhalt ride in a coach, which is a reſolution pat to the purpoſe; for, any other way of travelling is fit for none but cats. A governor's lady you ſhall be, and I would fain ſee the beſt of them tread upon thy heels. I have ſent thee a green hunting-ſuit, which was a preſent from my lady dutcheſs. Make it up into a petticoat and jacket for our daughter. My maſter Don Quixote, as I have heard in this country, is a ſenſible madman and a diverting fool, and I myſelf am nothing ſhort of him in theſe reſpects. We have been in the cave of Monteſinos, and the ſage Merlin has pitched upon me to diſinchant the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, who in your parts is called Aldonza Lorenzo: with three thouſand three hundred ſtripes, lacking five, which I am to give myſelf, ſhe will be as much diſinchanted as the mother that bore her. Thou ſhalt not mention a ſyllable of this to any perſon whatſoever; for, if you go to ſeek advice about your own concerns, one will ſay it is white, and another ſwear 'tis black.

A few days hence I ſhall ſet out for my government, whither I go with a moſt outrageous deſire of getting money; and, I am told, this is the caſe with all new governors. I will feel the pulſe of it, and give thee notice whether or no thou ſhalt come and live with me.

Dapple is in good health, and ſends his moſt hearty commendations: I believe I ſhall not forſake him, even if they ſhould make me the grand Turk. My lady dutcheſs kiſſes thy hands a thouſand times; return the compliment with two thouſand; for, as my maſter ſays, Nothing is ſo reaſonable and cheap as good manners. It has not pleaſed God that I ſhould ſtumble upon another portmanteau with a hundred crowns, as heretofore; but,

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but, let that give thee no uneaſineſs, my dear Tereſa, for, he is ſafe who has good cards to play; and what is amiſs will come out in the waſhing of this ſame government. One thing, I own, gives me great concern: I am told that if once I taſte it, I ſhall be apt to eat my fingers; and ſhould that be the caſe, it will be no cheap bargain; tho' the lame and the paralytic enjoy a ſort of canonry, in the alms they receive. Wherefore, one way or another, thou wilt certainly be rich and fortunate. The Lord make thee ſo, as he very well may, and preſerve for thy ſervice thy huſband the governor

From the Duke's-caſtle, July 20, 1614. SANCHO PANZA.

The dutcheſs having read the letter to an end, "In two circumſtances, ſaid ſhe, the honeſt governor is a little out of the way. Firſt, in ſaying or inſinuating, that the government was beſtowed upon him, in return for the ſtripes he muſt undergo; whereas, he knows and cannot deny, that when my lord duke promiſed him the iſland, no body thought of any ſuch thing as ſtripes in the world: ſecondly, he diſcovers an avaritious diſpoſition, and I ſhould not like to ſee him a ſkin-flint; for, greedineſs burſts the bag, and a covetous governor will do very ungoverned juſtice." I did not write with that intention, anſwered the ſquire: and if your ladyſhip thinks this is not a proper letter, there is nothing to do but tear it and write another, which perhaps will be ſtill worſe, if it be left to my own num-ſcull." "No, no, cried the dutcheſs, this will do very well, and muſt be ſhewn to the duke."

Accordingly, repairing to a garden, where they were to dine that day, ſhe communicated Sancho's epiſtle to the duke, who peruſed it with infinite pleaſure. Here they went to dinner, and after the cloth was taken away, and they had entertained themſelves a good while with the ſavory converſation of Sancho, their ears were ſuddenly invaded with the diſmal ſound of a fife, and a hoarſe unbraced drum: all the company were ſtartled at this confuſed, martial and melancholy muſick, eſpecially Don Quixote, whoſe emotion would not allow him to ſit quiet. With regard to Sancho, all that can be ſaid is, that he was driven by fear to his uſual ſhelter, the ſide or ſkirts of the dutcheſs: for, the ſound they heard was really and truly horrible and dreary. In the midſt of this confuſion and ſurpriſe, which took hold on all preſent, they ſaw two men enter the garden, in mourning-cloaks ſo large and long that they trailed upon the ground. Theſe figures were employed in beating two large drums, which

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which were likewiſe covered with black, and they were accompanied by a fifer as black and diſmal as themſelves, and followed by a perſonage of gigantic ſtature, rolled, rather than clothed with a caſſoc of the blackeſt hue, furniſhed with a train of an unmeaſurable length. Over this caſſoc, his body was girded and croſſed with a broad black belt, from which depended an immenſe ſcymiter, with hilt and ſheath of the ſame ſable colour. His face was covered with a black, tranſparent veil, through which appeared a huge and buſhy beard as white as ſnow; and in walking he kept time to the ſound of the drums, with great gravity and compoſure. In a word, his tallneſs, his demeanour, his melancholy dreſs and his attendants, were ſufficient to ſurpriſe, and did ſurpriſe, all thoſe who beheld him, without knowing the nature of the ſcheme. With the ſaid ſolemnity of perſonification he advanced in order to kneel before the duke, who, with the reſt of the company, received him ſtanding! But, his grace would by no means hear his addreſs until he roſe. The prodigious ſpectre complied with his deſire and ſtood upright; then unveiling his face, and diſplaying the largeſt, whiteſt, thickeſt, and moſt ſtupendous beard that ever human eyes beheld, he fixed his eyes upon the duke, and in a grave, ſonorous voice, extracted and diſcharged from his ample and dilated cheſt, pronounced, "Moſt high and mighty prince, I am Trifaldin of the ſnowy beard, ſquire to the counteſs Trifaldi, otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of the afflicted duenna: from her I bring a meſſage to your grace, requeſting that your magnificence would be pleaſed to give her leave and opportunity to enter and declare in perſon, her miſhap, which is the ſtrangeſt and the neweſt, that ever the moſt hapleſs imagination could conceive: and firſt of all, ſhe wants to know if the valiant and invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, now reſides within your caſtle; for, in queſt of him, ſhe is come a foot and faſting, from the kingdom of Candaya to theſe your territories: a circumſtance which might and ought to be deemed a miracle, or at leaſt effected by the power of inchantment. She is now at the gate of this fortreſs or pleaſure-houſe, and only waits for your permiſſion to come in."

So ſaying, he hemmed, and with both hands ſtroaking his beard from top to bottom, waited with great compoſure for the duke's reply, which was this: "Worthy ſquire Trifaldin of the ſnowy beard, many days are paſſed ſince we have been appriſed of the misfortune of my lady counteſs Trifaldi, on whom the inchanters have intailed the epithet of the afflicted duenna; well may you, ſtupendous ſquire, deſire her to come in; and here is the valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, from whoſe generous diſpoſition ſhe may ſecurely promiſe herſelf all manner of aid and protection;

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protection; and you may likewiſe give her to underſtand, in my name, that if my aſſiſtance be neceſſary, it ſhall not be wanting; for, I think myſelf obliged to grant it, as being a knight, to which title is annexed and belongs that maxim of aſſiſting the fair ſex with all our might, eſpecially widowed, reduced, and afflicted duennas like her ladyſhip." Trifaldin hearing this declaration, bent his knee to the ground, and making a ſignal to the fifer and drums to repeat the ſame notes and reſume the ſame pace with which they entered, he retired from the garden, leaving the whole company aſtoniſhed at his preſence and deportment.

Then the duke turning to Don Quixote, "In a word, renowned knight, ſaid he, it is not in the power of all the clouds of ignorance and malice to conceal or obſcure the light of valour and of virtue. This obſervation I make, becauſe your excellency has been ſcarce ſix days in this caſtle, when the melancholy and afflicted come in queſt of you from the moſt diſtant and ſequeſtred countries, not in coaches or on dromedaries, but a foot and faſting, confident of finding in that moſt valiant arm, the remedy and cure of their toils and misfortunes: thanks to your illuſtrious exploits, which pervade and encircle the whole habitable globe.". "My lord duke, replied the knight, I wiſh that ſame pious eccleſiaſtic was here at preſent: he, who at your grace's table, the other day, expreſſed ſo much ill will and ſuch an inveterate grudge to knights-errant, that he might ſee with his own eyes whether or not ſuch knights are of any ſervice in this world, or, at leaſt, be fully convinced that the diſtreſſed and diſconſolate, overwhelmed with extraordinary woes and enormous misfortunes, do not go for redreſs to the houſes of learned men, to the manſions of pariſh prieſts, nor to the knight who never dreamed of going beyond the limits of his own eſtate; nor to the idle courtier who would rather inquire about news, that he might have the pleaſure of repeating and retaling them, than endeavour to perform actions and exploits for others to perpetuate and record: the redreſs of grievances, the ſupport of the neceſſitous, the protection of damſels, and the conſolation of widows, are found in no ſet of people more than in knights-errant: that I am one of theſe, I return infinite thanks to heaven, and ſhall chearfully undergo whatever danger and diſgrace may befall me in the courſe of ſuch an honourable exerciſe. Let this duenna approach, and beg what boon ſhe ſhall deſire, I will commit her cauſe to the ſtrength of my arm and the intrepid reſolution of my aſpiring ſoul."

CHAP.

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CHAP. V.

In which is continued the famous adventure of the afflicted duenna.

THE duke and dutcheſs were exeeedingly rejoiced to ſee Don Quixote's behaviour correſpond ſo well with their deſign. And Sancho interpoſing, "I wiſh, ſaid he, this madam duenna may not throw ſome ſtumbling-block in the way of my government; for, I have heard an apothecary of Toledo, who talked like any goldfinch, obſerve that nothing good could happen where duennas interfered. Lord help us! what a ſpite that ſame apothecary had to the whole tribe; from whence I conclude, that ſeeing duennas of all qualities and degrees whatſoever, are offenſive and impertinent, what muſt thoſe be who are afflicted, which they ſay is the caſe with this * Trifaldis or three tailed-counteſs? for, in my country, ſkirts and tails, and tails and ſkirts, are the ſame thing." "Hold your tongue, friend Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote: this lady who is come in queſt of me from remote countries, cannot be one of thoſe to whom the apothecary alluded, eſpecially as ſhe is a counteſs; and when ladies of that rank ſerve as duennas, it muſt be under queens and empreſſes; for, in their own houſes they are honoured with the title of ladyſhip, and have other duennas in their ſervice."

To this remark Donna Rodriguez, who was preſent, replied, "My lady dutcheſs has duennas in her ſervice, who might have been counteſſes, had it pleaſed fortune; but, the law's meaſure is the king's pleaſure: and let no body ſpeak diſreſpectfully of duennas, eſpecially of thoſe who are ancient and maidens; for, although I am not of that claſs, I can eaſily perceive and comprehend the advantage a maiden duenna has over one that is a widow: and he that undertakes to ſhear us, will have no eaſy taſk to perform." "And yet for all that, replied Sancho, if my barber's word may be taken, you duennas require ſo much to be ſhorn that—— You had better not ſtir the porridge tho' it ſtick to the pot." "The ſquires are always our enemies, anſwered Donna Rodriguez: they are imps of the antichamber, who are every minute making a jeſt of us; and except when they are at prayers, which is not often the caſe, their whole time is ſpent in back-biting, diſinterring our bones and interring our reputation. But, let me tell thoſe moving blocks, that in ſpite of all they can do, we will live in the world, ay, in noble families, tho' we ſhould die of hunger, and cloath

* *Faldas*, in Spaniſh, ſignifies ſkirts.

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our delicate or indelicate bodies with a black ſhroud, as they cover or ſhade a dunghill with tapeſtry, on a day of proceſſion. In good faith! if I were allowed, and the time required it, I could demonſtrate not only to thoſe who are now preſent, but likewiſe to the whole world, that there is no kind of virtue which does not center in a duenna." "I believe there is reaſon, and a great deal of reaſon, in what the worthy Donna Rodriguez obſerves, ſaid the dutcheſs; but, ſhe muſt wait for a proper opportunity to appear in behalf of herſelf and other duennas, and confute the ill opinion of that malicious apothecary, as well as to eradicate thoſe ſentiments from the breaſt of the mighty Sancho Panza." To this remark the ſquire replied: "Since the fumes of a governor have expelled the vapours of a ſquire, I value not all the duennas upon earth a fig's end."

They would have proceeded with this duennian conference, had not they heard again the ſound of the fife and drums, which announced the entrance of the afflicted duenna. The dutcheſs aſked the duke, if it would be proper to advance and receive her, as ſhe was a counteſs and perſon of quality. "With regard to her being a counteſs, (ſaid Sancho, before the duke could reply) it would be right for your graces to go and receive her; but, in reſpect to her being a duenna, I think you ſhould not move a ſtep." "Who taught thee to interfere in ſuch matters?" ſaid Don Quixote. "Who, ſignor? replied Sancho, I interfere, becauſe I am qualified to interfere, as a ſquire who has learned all the punctilios of courteſy in the ſchool of your worſhip, who is the moſt courteous and beſt bred knight that ever the province of courteſy produced; and in theſe matters, as I have heard your worſhip obſerve, the game is as often loſt by a card too many as one too few; but, a word to the wiſe is ſufficient." "It is even ſo as Sancho has remarked, ſaid the duke, let us firſt ſee a ſpecimen of the counteſs, and from that ſample conſider what courteſy ſhe deſerves."

At that inſtant the fifer and drummers entered as before: and here the author concludes this ſhort chapter, in order to begin another with the ſequel of the ſame adventure, which is among the moſt remarkable of the whole hiſtory.

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CHAP. VI.

In which is recounted the misfortune of the afflicted duenna.

IN the rear of thoſe melancholy muſicians, about a dozen damſels, divided into two files, began to enter the garden, clad in looſe mourning-gowns, ſeemingly of milled ſtuff, with white veils of fine muſlin, ſo long that nothing but the borders of the gowns were ſeen. After theſe came the counteſs Trifaldi, led by her ſquire Trifaldin of the ſnowy beard, and cloathed in a robe of the fineſt black ſerge, which, had it been napped, would have diſplayed grains as large as the beſt Martos * garavances. The tail or ſkirt, or whatſoever it is called, was divided into three parts, ſupported by three pages, who were likewiſe in mourning, making a remarkable mathematical figure, with the three acute angles formed by the three diviſions, a circumſtance from which all who ſaw this divided train, concluded that from hence ſhe was called the counteſs Trifaldi, as if we ſhould ſay the counteſs of three ſkirts; and this is what Benengeli affirms for truth, obſerving that her proper appellation was the counteſs de Wolf, becauſe her country produced a great number of thoſe animals, and if it had been famous for foxes, ſhe would have been called my lady Fox; for, it is the cuſtom in thoſe countries, for people of faſhion to take their denomination from the thing or things with which their eſtates chiefly abound; but, this counteſs, in order to favour the faſhion of her train, laid aſide the name of Wolf, and aſſumed that of Trifaldi.

The twelve duennas and their lady advanced at a proceſſion-pace, their faces covered with black veils, tho' not tranſparent like that of the ſquire Trifaldin; on the contrary, they were ſo cloſe that nothing appeared through them. When the whole duennian ſquadron appeared, the duke and dutcheſs, Don Quixote, and all thoſe who beheld the proceſſion, ſtood up; and the twelve duennas halting, made a lane through which the afflicted lady advanced, without quitting the hand of Trifaldin, while their graces and Don Quixote went forwards about a dozen ſteps, to receive her: then ſhe kneeled upon the ground, and with a voice that was coarſe and rough, rather than ſmooth and delicate, pronounced this addreſs: "I beg your graces will be pleaſed to wave all this courteſy to your humble † varlet—I mean your handmaid—Indeed, I am ſo overwhelmed

* A kind of pea that grows at Martos, a town in the province of Andaluzia.

† This blunder is much more natural in the Spaniſh, *Criado* for *Criada*; but, as in the Engliſh language,

whelmed with affliction, that I can hardly return a rational anſwer; for my ſtrange and unheard-of misfortune hath hurried away my underſtanding, I know not whither, tho' it muſt be at a great diſtance, becauſe the more I ſeek, the farther I am from finding it." "He muſt be deprived of it altogether, my lady counteſs, anſwered the duke, who could not diſcover your worth from the appearance of your perſon, which, without further inquiry, is deſerving of the whole cream of courteſy, and the very eſſence of polite ceremony."

So ſaying, he preſented his hand, and raiſing her up, ſeated her in a chair cloſe by the dutcheſs, who likewiſe received her with great reſpect. Don Quixote was ſilent, and Sancho ready to burſt with curioſity, to ſee the faces of the counteſs Trifaldi and ſome of her duennas; but, he could not poſſibly gratify his deſire until they unveiled themſelves, of their own free will and motion. Every body was huſhed, expecting who would put an end to the general ſilence, which the afflicted counteſs broke in theſe words, "Confident I am, O powerful lord, moſt beautiful lady, and moſt ſagacious byſtanders, that my moſt wretchedneſs will find a reception equally placid, generous and dolorous, within your valorous boſoms; for, ſuch it is, as were enough to ſoften marble, melt the diamond, and mollify the ſteel of the moſt obdurate heart; but, before it appears in the parade of your hearing, not to ſay your ears, I would I were certified, whether or not the perfectionatiſſimo knight Don Quixote de la Manchiſſima, and his ſquiriſſimo Panza, are in this groupe, circle or aſſembly." Before any other perſon could reply, "Panza, cried Sancho, is here, and likewiſe Don Quixotiſſimo; and therefore moſt dolorous duenniſſima, you may ſay what you think properiſſimo; for, we are all ready and promptiſſimos to be your ſervantiſſimos." Then Don Quixote, riſing and addreſſing himſelf to the afflicted duenna, "If your misfortunes, diſtreſſed lady, ſaid he, can derive any remedy or redreſs, from the valour or ſtrength of any knight-errant, here are mine, which, tho' feeble and defective, ſhall be wholly exerted in your behalf. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whoſe office it is to aſſiſt the neceſſitous of all degrees; and, this being the caſe, as it really is, you have no occaſion, madam, to beſpeak benevolence, and ſeek after preambles; but, only to rehearſe your misfortunes plainly and without circumlocution, and they ſhall be heard by thoſe who, tho' perhaps unable to redreſs, will at leaſt condole them."

guage, the gender is not diſtinguiſhed by the termination, I have been obliged to ſubſtitute the words *varlet* and *handmaid*. Varlet were the ſervants of yeomen, tho' formerly ſquires were known by that appellation.

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The afflicted duenna hearing this declaration, attempted to throw herſelf at the feet of Don Quixote, nay even executed the attempt, and ſtruggling to embrace them exclaimed, "O invincible knight! I proſtrate myſelf before theſe feet and legs, which are the baſes and ſupporters of knight-errantry: ſuffer me to kiſs theſe feet on whoſe footſteps the cure of my misfortune ſolely depends. O valiant errant! whoſe real exploits outſtrip and obſcure the fabulous feats of all the Amadiſes, Belianiſes and Eſplandians——"

Then turning from the knight, and ſeizing Sancho by the hand, "And O! ſaid ſhe, thou loyaleſt ſquire that every ſerved knight-errant, in the paſt or preſent age, whoſe virtue exceeds in length the beard of this my domeſtic Trifaldin, well mayeſt thou boaſt that, in attending the great Don Quixote, thou doſt attend in epitome the whole tribe of knights that ever handled arms on this terreſtrial ball. I conjure thee, by thy own moſt faithful benevolence, to be my interceſſor with thy maſter, that he may favour me, the moſt humble and unfortunate counteſs that ever was born."

To this addreſs Sancho replied, "Whether my virtue, my lady, be as long and broad as your ſquire's beard, is of very little ſignification; ſo that my ſoul be bearded and whiſkered when it leaves this life, which is the main point, I care little or nothing for beards here below. But, without all this coaxing and begging, I will deſire my maſter, who, I believe, has a reſpect for me, eſpecially now that I am become neceſſary in a certain affair, to favour and aſſiſt your ladyſhip to the utmoſt of his power: your ladyſhip may therefore unpack and recount your griefs, that all of us may underſtand the nature of your misfortune."

The duke and dutcheſs were ready to burſt with laughing at this dialogue; for, they knew the drift of the adventure, and were extremely well pleaſed with the acuteneſs and diſſimulation of the counteſs Trifaldi, who ſeating herſelf again, began her ſtory in theſe words:

"Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, ſituated between the great Trapobana and the South Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, Donna Maguncia was queen, as widow of king Archipiela her lord and huſband, in which marriage they begat and procreated the infanta Antonomaſia, heireſs of the crown, which ſaid infanta Antonomaſia was bred and brought up under my care and inſtruction; for, I was her mother's moſt ancient and principal duenna. And it came to paſs, in proceſs of time, that the young Antonomaſia attained the age of fourteen, with ſuch perfection of beauty as nature could not exceed. Nay, we may even ſay that diſcretion itſelf was but a girl, compared to her who was equally diſcreet and

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and beautiful, and ſurely ſhe was the moſt beautiful creature upon earth, and is ſo ſtill, if the invidious fates and hard-hearted ſiſters have not cut ſhort the yarn of her life; but, ſurely they have not, for, heaven would not permit ſuch miſchief to be done on earth, as to tear the green cluſter from the moſt beautiful vine that ever ſoil produced. Of this beauty, which my coarſe tongue can never extol, an infinite number of noblemen, natives as well as ſtrangers, became enamoured; and, among theſe, a private knight belonging to the court had the preſumption to raiſe his thoughts to the heaven of ſuch perfection, confiding in his youth, his gallantry, his various talents and accompliſhments, and the facility and felicity of his wit; for, I muſt tell your graces, if you are not offended at the ſubject, that he touched the guitarre ſo nicely as to make it ſpeak; beſides, he was a poet, a great dancer, and could make bird-cages ſo curiouſly, that he might have earned his bread by that employment, had he been reduced to want. Such a number of natural gifts and qualifications was enough to overthrow a mountain, much more a delicate young maiden; but, all his gaiety and gallantry, his gifts and graces, would have availed little or nothing againſt the fortreſs of my charge, if the treacherous ruffian had not practiſed means to reduce me firſt. The baſe robber, and lewd vagabond, began by cultivating my good-will, and corrupting my taſte, that, like a diſloyal governor, I might deliver up the keys of the fort which I guarded. In a word, he flattered my underſtanding, and obtained my conſent, by preſenting me with ſome jewels and trinkets; but, what chiefly contributed to lay me on my back, were ſome couplets which I heard him ſing one night, while I ſtood at a rail that looked into an alley where he was, and which, to the beſt of my remembrance, were to this effect.

A thouſand ſhafts from my ſweet foe,
Are launched unerring to my heart,
Yet muſt I not reveal the ſmart;
And ſilence aggravates my woe!

I thought the turn of the rhime was as ſmooth as pearls, and his voice as ſweet as ſugar-candy; and, ſince that time, ſeeing the miſchief that hath befallen me, thro' theſe and other ſuch verſes, I have often thought, that wiſe and well regulated commonwealths ought to expel the poets, according to the advice of Plato; at leaſt your laſcivious writers who compoſe couplets, not like thoſe of the marquiſs of Mantua, that entertain and draw tears from women and children; but, your pointed conceits, which.

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which like agreeable thorns, prick as it were, the very ſoul, and wound like lightning, leaving the garment whole and untouched. Another time, he ſung the following ſtanza:

Come, gentle death, ſo ſoft and ſly,
That thy approach I may not ſee;
Leſt I rejoice to ſuch degree,
That I ſhall not have pow'r to die.

And other tags and couplets of the ſame kidney, which when written, confound, and when chanted, inchant; for, when they condeſcend to compoſe a ſort of verſe in faſhion at Candaya, called roundelays, they produce a kind of palpitation in the ſoul, a titillation of good humour, an agitation in the nerves, and finally, a tremulous motion, like that of quickſilver, in all the ſenſes. Therefore, I repeat it to this honourable company, that ſuch dangerous rhymers ought to be baniſhed to the iſle of Lizzards: yet, they are not ſo much to blame, as the ſimple wretches who applaud, and the boobies who believe them: and if I had adhered to the duty of a good duenna, I ſhould not have been moved by his ſerenading concerts, nor believed the truth of theſe expreſſions: "In death I live; in froſt I burn; in fire I ſhiver; in deſpair I hope; tho' I depart I ſtill remain;" and other impoſſibilities of the ſame ſtrain, with which their works abound. And when they promiſe the phœnix of Arabia, the crown of Arcadia, the locks of Apollo, the pearls of the South Sea, the gold of Tyber, and the balſam of Pancaya, they give the greateſt latitude to their pens; for, it coſts them but a ſmall matter to promiſe what they have neither inclination nor ability to perform. But, woe is me! ah, wretched creature! whither am I ſtraying? What madneſs or deſpair thus hurries and prompts me to rehearſe the faults of other people? me who have ſo much to ſay of my own infirmities. Woe is me again, unhappy woman! Not by his verſes, but my own ſimplicity, was I vanquiſhed: It was not his muſic that ſoftened me; but, my own levity, inadvertency and ignorance, opened the way, and cleared the path, for the paſſage of Don Clavijo, which is the name of the ſaid knight: and therefore, I being the go-between, he was once, and often admitted into the chamber of the (by me, and not by him) miſled Antonomaſia, under the title of her lawful ſpouſe; for, ſinner as I am, without being her huſband, he ſhould not have come near enough to touch the ſole of her ſlipper. No, no, marriage muſt go before in every buſineſs of that kind, where I am concerned: the only misfortune in this affair, was the inequality

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quality between Clavijo, who was but a private knight, and the infanta Antonomaſia, who, as I have already ſaid, was heireſs of the kingdom. For ſome time, the plot was covered and concealed in the ſagacity of my circumſpection, until I perceived a ſmall protuberance daily increaſing in the belly of my Antonomaſia, whoſe fears obliged us to lay our three heads together; and the reſult of our conſultation was, that before the misfortune ſhould come to light, Clavijo ſhould demand Antonomaſia in marriage, before the vicar-general, by virtue of a contract ſigned by the infanta, which was indited by my ingenuity, in ſuch ſtrength of terms as Samſon himſelf could not break. The ſcheme was accordingly executed; the vicar peruſed the contract, and confeſſed the princeſs, who owned the whole affair, and was committed to the care of a very honourable alguazil of the court."

Here Sancho interpoſing, "So then, ſaid he, there are alguazils of the court, poets and roundelays in Candaya, as well as in Spain? I ſwear, I think the world is every where the ſame! but, I beg your ladyſhip, madam Trifaldi, would diſpatch; for, it grows late, and I die with impatience to know the end of this long-winded ſtory." "I will comply with your requeſt," anſwered the counteſs.

CHAP. VII.

In which the lady Trifaldi proceeds with her memorable and ſtupend'ous ſtory.

EVERY word that Sancho uttered gave as much pleaſure to the dutcheſs as pain to Don Quixote, who having impoſed ſilence on the ſquire, the afflicted duenna thus proceeded: "At length, after innumerable queſtions and replies, as the infanta continued ſtill in her ſtory without variation, the vicar pronounced ſentence in favour of Don Clavijo, whom he declared her lawful huſband; a circumſtance that ſo deeply affected queen Maguncia, mother to the infanta Antonomaſia, that we buried her in three days." "Not before ſhe was dead, I hope," ſaid Sancho. "No certainly, replied Trifaldin; for, in Candaya, people do not bury the living, but the dead." "And yet, ſignor ſquire, ſaid Sancho, we have ſeen a perſon in a ſwoon buried for dead: and, in my opinion, queen Maguncia ought to have ſwooned before ſhe died; for, while there is life there is hope; and, the infanta's ſlip was not ſo great as to oblige her to take on ſo much. Had the young lady buckled with her own page, or any

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any other ſervant of the family, as I have heard many others have done, the miſchief would not have been eaſily repaired; but, to marry ſuch a genteel, accompliſhed knight as the counteſs hath deſcribed;—verily, verily, although it was indiſcreet, the indiſcretion was not ſo great as people may imagine: for, according to the maxims of my maſter who is here preſent, and will not ſuffer me to tell a lie, as learned men are created biſhops, ſo may knights, eſpecially knights-errant, be created kings and emperors." "Thou art in the right, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote; for, a knight-errant with two fingers-breadth of good fortune, is the very next in promotion to the greateſt lord in the univerſe: but, pray, afflicted lady, proceed; for, I gueſs the bitter part of this hitherto agreeable ſtory is ſtill to come." "How! the bitter part to come? replied the counteſs: ay, and ſo bitter, that in compariſon with it, gall and wormwood are ſweet and ſavoury."

"Well then, the queen being really dead, and not in a ſwoon, was buried; but, ſcarce was ſhe covered with the mould, and ſcarce had we pronounced the long and laſt farewel, when, "Quis talia fando, temperet a lachrymis?" all of a ſudden, above the tomb, appeared upon a wooden-horſe the giant Malambruno, Maguncia's firſt couſin, who, excluſive of his cruel diſpoſition, was an inchanter, and by his diabolical art, in order to revenge his relation's death, and chaſtiſe the preſumption of Don Clavijo, together with the folly of Antonomaſia, fixed them both inchanted on Maguncia's tomb, after having converted her into a monkey of braſs, and him into a frightful crocodile of ſome unknown ſubſtance: between them is a plate of metal, diſplaying an inſcription in the Syrian language, which being tranſlated into the Candayan, and afterwards into the Caſtilian tongue, contains this ſentence: "Theſe two preſumptuous lovers will not recover their priſtine form until the valorous Manchegan ſhall engage with me in ſingle combat: for his ſtupend'ous valour alone, the fates have reſerved this unſeen adventure." This metamorphoſis being effected, he unſheathed a vaſt unmeaſurable ſcymitar, and twiſting his left hand in my hair, threatened to ſlit my windpipe and ſlice off my head. I was confounded, my voice ſtuck in my throat, and I remained in an agony of fear: nevertheleſs, I made one effort, and in a faultering accent and plaintive tone, uttered ſuch a pathetic remonſtrance as induced him to ſuſpend the execution of his rigorous revenge. In fine, he ordered all the duennas of the palace (there they are) to be brought into his preſence, when, after having exaggerated our fault, reviled the diſpoſition of duennas, their wicked ſchemes and contrivances, and accuſed them all of the crime of which I alone was guilty, he ſaid he would not puniſh

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puniſh us with inſtant death, but with a more tedious penalty, by which we ſhould ſuffer a civil and continued death. He had no ſooner done ſpeaking, than that very moment and inſtant, we all felt the pores of our faces open, and the whole ſurface tingle as if pricked with the points of needles: then clapping our hands to the part, every one found her viſage in the condition which you ſhall now behold."

So ſaying, the afflicted duenna and her companions, lifting up their veils, diſcloſed ſo many faces overgrown with huge beards, red, black, white and party-coloured; at ſight of which, the duke and dutcheſs were amazed, Don Quixote and Sancho confounded, and all preſent overwhelmed with aſtoniſhment: as for the counteſs, ſhe purſued her ſtory in theſe words:

"In this manner were we puniſhed by the felonious and ill-deſigning Malambruno, who covered the ſmoothneſs and delicacy of our faces with the roughneſs of theſe briſtles; and would to heaven he had rather ſtruck off our heads with his unmeaſurable ſcymitar, than obſcured the light of our countenances with this frightful buſh: for, if this honourable company will but conſider, and in ſpeaking what I am now going to ſay, I wiſh I could turn my eyes into fountains; but, the conſideration of our misfortune, and the oceans they have already rained, have drained them as dry as beards of corn; and therefore, I muſt ſpeak without tears. I ſay then, whither can a duenna go with a beard upon her chin? What father or mother will condole her diſgrace? or, who will give her the leaſt aſſiſtance? for if, when her face is ſmoothed and martyred by a thouſand coſmetic ſlops and waſhes, ſhe can ſcarce find one who will favour her with affection; what muſt ſhe do when her face becomes a perfect coppice of bruſhwood? O ye wretched duennas! my companions dear! in an unlucky minute did we ſee the light, and in an hapleſs hour were we engendred by our fathers!"

So ſaying, ſhe pretended to faint away.

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CHAP. VIII.

Of circumſtances appertaining and relating to this adventure and memorable ſtory.

VERILY, and in good truth! all thoſe who take pleaſure in reading ſuch hiſtories, ought to manifeſt their gratitude to its firſt author Cid Hamet, for his curioſity in recounting the moſt trivial incident, without neglecting to bring to light the leaſt circumſtance, how minute ſoever it may be. He deſcribes the thought, diſcloſes the fancy, anſwers the ſilent, explains doubts, diſcuſſes arguments; and finally diſplays the very atoms of the moſt curious diſpoſition. O celebrated author! O happy Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! may you flouriſh conjunctly and ſeverally to the end of time, for the entertainment and paſtime of mankind in general!

The hiſtory relates, that Sancho ſeeing the Afflicted faint away, "Now, by the faith of man! cried he, and by the pedigree of all the Panzas my forefathers! never did I hear or ſee, nor did my maſter ever recount, or indeed conceive ſuch an adventure as this. A legion of devils confound thee for a giant and inchanter, accurſed Malambruno! could'ſt thou find no other method to puniſh theſe ſinners, but by clapping beards to them? Would not it have been better, at leaſt it would have been more for their advantage, to cut off half of their noſes, even tho' they ſhould ſnuffle in their ſpeech, than to encumber them with beards? I'd lay a wager too, they have not wherewithal to pay a barber." "What you ſay, is very true, replied one of the dozen: we have not wherewithal to be trimmed; and therefore ſome of us, by way of œconomy, make uſe of ſticking plaiſter, which being applied to our faces and plucked off with a jerk, leave us as ſleek and ſmooth as the bottom of a marble mortar: for, although there are women in Candaya who go from houſe to houſe, taking off the hair, arching the eyebrows, and compoſing ſlipſlops for the uſes of the fair-ſex, we who belonged to her ladyſhip would never admit them into the family, becauſe, for the moſt part, they are perſons who having ceaſed to be principals, exerciſe the occupation of procureſs; and therefore, if we are not redreſſed by ſignor Don Quixote, we muſt e'en carry our beards to the grave." "If I do not redreſs your whiſkers, cried the knight, I will leave mine among the Moors."

Here the counteſs Trifaldi recovering, "Valiant knght, ſaid ſhe, the tingling of that promiſe reached mine ears while I lay in a ſwoon, and hath

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hath been the cauſe of my recovering and retrieving the uſe of all my ſenſes: therefore, renowned errant and invincible knight, I again intreat you, to put your gracious promiſe in execution." "In me there ſhall be no delay, replied Don Quixote: conſider then, my lady, and tell me what I am to do: my mind is perfectly diſpoſed for your ſervice." "The caſe is this, then, anſwered the afflicted duenna, from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, you muſt travel five thouſand leagues, it may be one or two more or leſs; but, if you go through the air in a right line, you meaſure no more than three thouſand two hundred and twenty ſeven. You muſt likewiſe know, Malumbruno told me, that whenever fortune ſhould furniſh me with our deliverer, he would ſend him a ſteed that ſhould be much better, and leſs vitious, than any of your return poſt-horſes, as being the very individual wooden-horſe upon which the valiant Peter carried off the fair Magalona: he is governed by a peg in his forehead that ſerves inſtead of a bridle, and he flies ſo ſwiftly through the air, that one would think he was tranſported by all the devils in hell. This ſteed, according to ancient tradition, was contrived by the ſage Merlin, and he lent him to his friend Peter, who by means of ſuch conveyance, performed incredible journeys, and ſtole, as I have obſerved, the fair Magalona who ſat behind him, and was tranſported through the air, to the aſtoniſhment of all thoſe who gaped after her from the earth. Yet he would lend him to none but his particular favourites, or ſuch as would pay him a handſome price; and, we do not know, that he was ever mounted, from the days of the great Peter to the preſent time. Malambruno, by dint of art, has got and keeps him in his poſſeſſion, making uſe of him in his journeys, which he performs in an inſtant, from one part of the world to another; now here, to-morrow in France, and next day in Peru: and, there is one great advantage in this horſe; he neither eats nor ſleeps, nor coſts any thing in ſhoeing, and ambles through the air without wings, in ſuch a manner, that his rider may hold a cup full of water in his hand, without ſpilling a ſingle drop, his motion is ſo ſmooth and eaſy: for which reaſon, the fair Magalona delighted much in taking the air upon his back."

"As for his going ſmooth and eaſy, ſaid Sancho, there is my Dapple, whom (tho' he does not go through the air, but along the ground) I will match againſt all the amblers that ever the earth produced." All the company laughed at this obſervation, and the afflicted duenna proceeded: "Now, this horſe, if Malambruno is actually diſpoſed to put an end to our misfortune, will be here in leſs than half an hour after it is dark: for, he told me, the ſignal by which I ſhould be certain of having found

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the knight I was in queſt of, would be his ſending the horſe thither with all convenient diſpatch." "And, pray, ſaid Sancho, how many perſons will this horſe carry?" "Two, replied the Afflicted; one upon the ſaddle, and the other on the crupper, and theſe are commonly the knight and his ſquire, when there is no damſel to be ſtolen." "I ſhould be glad to know, afflicted madam, reſumed the ſquire, what is the name of that ſame horſe?" "His name, anſwered the Afflicted, is not like that of Bellerophon's horſe, which was called Pegaſus, nor does it reſemble that which diſtinguiſhed the ſteed of Alexander the great, Bucephalus; nor that of Orlando Furioſo, whoſe appellation was Brilladoro; nor Bayarte, which belonged to Reynaldos de Montalvan; nor Frontino, that appertained to Rugero; nor Bootes nor Peritoa, the horſes of the ſun; nor is he called Orelia, like that ſteed upon which the unfortunate Rodrigo laſt king of the Goths, engaged in that battle where he loſt his crown and life." "I will lay a wager, cried Sancho, that as he is not diſtinguiſhed by any of thoſe famous names of horſes ſo well known, ſo neither have they given him the name of my maſter's horſe Rozinante; a name which, in propriety, exceeds all thoſe that have been named." "Very true, replied the bearded counteſs: nevertheleſs, it fits him very well; for, he is called * Clavileno Aligero, an appellation that ſuits exactly with his wooden ſubſtance, the peg in his forehead, and the ſwiftneſs with which he travels; ſo that for his name, he may be brought in competition, even with the famous Rozinante." "The name pleaſes me well enough, ſaid Sancho; but, what ſort of bridle or halter muſt be uſed in managing him?" I have already told you, anſwered Trifaldi, that by turning the peg, the knight who rides, can make him travel juſt as he pleaſes, either mounting through the air, or elſe ſweeping, and as it were bruſhing the ſurface of the earth; or, laſtly, ſailing through the middle region, which is the courſe to be ſought after and purſued, in all well concerted enterprizes."

"I ſhould be glad to ſee this ſame beaſt, replied the ſquire; but, to think that I will mount him, either in the ſaddle or on the crupper, is all the ſame thing as to look for pears upon an elm. A fine joke, i'faith! I can ſcarce keep the back of my own Dapple, tho' ſitting upon a pannel as ſoft as ſattin, and they would now have me get upon a crupper of board without either pillow or cuſhion. By the lord! I have no intention to bruiſe myſelf, in order to take off the beard of any perſon whatſoever: let every beard be ſhaved according to the owner's fancy; for my own part, I have no notion of accompanying my maſter in ſuch a long and tedious jouney: for, ſurely I have no concern in the ſhaving of beards,

* Or in Engliſh, *Wooden Peg the winged.*

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whatever I may have in the diſinchantment of Dulcinea." "Indeed, you have, my friend, anſwered Trifaldi, ay, and ſo much, that without your preſence I believe we ſhall do no good." "In the king's name! cried Sancho, what have ſquires to do with the adventures of their maſters? What! are they to run away with all the reputation, and we to undergo all the trouble? Body o' me! would your hiſtorians but mention, that ſuch a knight atchieved ſuch and ſuch an adventure, with the aſſiſtance of his ſquire what-d'ye-callum, without whom he could not poſſibly have finiſhed the exploit; but, they drily relate, as how Don Paralipomenon of the three ſtars, finiſhed the adventure of the ſix goblins, without even naming the ſquire who was preſent all the time, no more than if there was not ſuch a perſon in the world: I therefore ſay again to this honourable company, that my maſter may go by himſelf, and good luck attend him; but, for my own part, I will ſtay where I am, and keep my lady dutcheſs company: and peradventure, at his return, he may find my lady Dulcinea's buſineſs well forwarded; for, I intend, at my idle and leiſure hours, to whip myſelf to ſuch a tune, that not a ſingle hair ſhall ſtand before me."

"But, for all that, ſaid the dutcheſs, honeſt Sancho, you muſt attend him, ſhould there be occaſion; for, you will be ſollicited by the righteous; and ſurely it would be a great pity, that the faces of theſe gentlewomen ſhould continue overſhadowed with hair, merely from your needleſs apprehenſion." "I ſay again, in the king's name! cried Sancho, if this charity ſhould be of any benefit to releaſe maidens, or pariſh-children, a man might venture to undergo ſome trouble; but, to take ſuch pains in order to rid duennas of their beards! a plague upon the whole generation! I had rather ſee them all bearded from the higheſt to the loweſt, tag, rag, and bobtail." "Friend Sancho, ſaid the dutcheſs, you are on bad terms with duennas, and very much infected with the opinion of that apothecary of Toledo; but, in good ſooth, you are very much in the wrong: there are duennas in my houſe, who might ſerve as patterns of virtue; and, here ſtands Donna Rodriguez, who would not ſuffer me to ſay otherwiſe." "Your excellency may ſay what you pleaſe, anſwered Rodriguez; but, God knows the truth of all things, and good or bad, bearded or ſmooth, we duennas were born of our mothers, as well as other women; ſince, therefore, God ſent us into the world, he knows for what, and in his mercy do I put my truſt, and not in the beard of any perſon whatſoever——"

"'Tis very well, ſignora Rodriguez, madam Trifaldi, and you ladies of her company, ſaid Don Quixote; heaven, I hope, will look upon your misfortunes

misfortunes with propitious eyes, and Sancho will chearfully obey my orders: let Clavileno come, ſo as that I may once ſee myſelf engaged with Malambruno, and confident I am, that no raſor can ſhave your ladyſhips with more facility than my ſword ſhould find in ſhaving the giant's head from his ſhoulders: for, tho' God permits the wicked to proſper, it is but for a time." The afflicted duenna hearing this declaration, exclaimed, "Now may all the ſtars of the celeſtial regions ſhed their benign influence upon your worſhip, moſt valiant knight, infuſing courage into your ſoul, and crowning your atchievements with proſperity, that you may be the ſhield and ſupport of this our ſlighted and depreſſed duennian order, abominated by apothecaries, grumbled at by ſquires, and jeered by pages! now, ill betide the wretch who, in the flower of her youth, would not rather take the veil than become a duenna. Unfortunate duennas that we are! for, tho' we may be deſcended in a direct male line from Hector of Troy, our ladies will not fail to throw Thou in our teeth, even if they thought they ſhould be crowned for it. O thou giant Malambruno, who, tho' an inchanter, art always punctual in thy promiſes, ſend hither the peerleſs Clavileno, that our diſaſter may be done away; for, if our beards continue until the dogdays begin, woe be unto us!"

Trifaldi pronounced theſe words in ſuch a pathetic ſtrain, as brought tears from the eyes of all the byſtanders, and even filled Sancho's to the brim; ſo that he reſolved in his heart, to accompany his maſter to the utmoſt limits of the earth, provided his attendance ſhould be neceſſary towards ſhearing the wool of thoſe venerable countenances.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

Of Clavileno's arrival, and the concluſion of this protracted adventure.

MEAN while, night came on, and along with it the time fixed for the arrival of the famous ſteed Clavileno, whoſe delay began already to afflict Don Quixote; for, he looked upon the detention of the horſe, as a ſign that he himſelf was not the knight for whom the adventure was reſerved, or that Malambruno was afraid to engage with him in ſingle combat. But, lo, all of a ſudden, four ſavages, clad in green ivy, entered the garden, bearing on their backs a great wooden horſe, which being placed on the ground, one of the number pronounced, "Let him who has courage, mount this machine." "For my own part, ſaid Sancho, I do not mount; for, neither have I courage, nor am I a knight." But, the ſavage proceeded, ſaying, "Let the ſquire, if he has one, occupy the crupper; and, he may confide in the valiant Malambruno; for, except the ſword of that giant, no other ſteel or malice ſhall offend him; and, the knight has no more to do, but to turn this peg upon his neck, and he will carry them through the air to the place where Malambruno waits for their arrival: but, leſt the heighth and ſublimity of the road ſhould turn their heads, their eyes muſt be covered until ſuch time as the horſe ſhall neigh; for, that will be the ſignal of their having performed the journey." This intimation being given, they left the horſe, and retired to the place from whence they came, with great ſolemnity.

The afflicted duenna no ſooner beheld the ſteed, than addreſſing herſelf to Don Quixote, with tears in her eyes, "Valiant knight, ſaid ſhe, Malambruno's promiſe is made good: here ſtands the horſe, our beards are ſtill growing, and each of us, nay every hair upon our chins, ſupplicate thee to ſhave and ſhear them, ſince there is nothing elſe required but to mount with thy ſquire, and happily begin your journey." "That will I do, my lady counteſs Trifaldi, replied Don Quixote, with good will, and hearty inclination; nor will I delay the expedition, by ſpending time in furniſhing myſelf with a cuſhion, or even in putting on my ſpurs, ſo impatient I am to ſee your ladyſhip and thoſe duennas quite ſmooth and ſhaven." "That will not I do, cried Sancho, neither with hearty nor heartleſs inclination, nor in any manner of way; and if the ſhaving cannot be performed without my mounting upon the crupper, my maſter muſt look for another ſquire to attend him, and theſe ladies muſt find another method for ſmoothing their faces; for, I am no wizzard, to take delight in.

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in flying through the air: and pray, what would my iſlanders ſay, ſhould they know that their governor was riding upon the wind? moreover, it being three thouſand and ſo many more leagues from hence to Candaya, ſhould the horſe be tired, or the giant out of humour, we may ſpend half a dozen years in returning; and by that time, the devil an iſland or iſlander in the whole world will know my face. It is a common ſaying, that Delay breeds danger; and, When the heifer you receive, have a halter in your ſleeve. The beards of theſe ladies muſt therefore excuſe me: I know St. Peter is well at Rome; my meaning is, I find myſelf very well in this manſion, where I am treated with ſuch reſpect, and from the maſter of which I expect ſo great a favour as that of being made a governor." To this remonſtrance the duke replied, "Friend Sancho, the iſland I have promiſed is neither floating nor fugitive, but its roots are ſo deeply fixed in the bowels of the earth, that three good pulls will not remove or tear it away; and, as you are ſenſible, I know there is no kind of office of any importance that is not obtained by ſome ſort of bribe, more or leſs, the preſent I expect for the government is, that you will attend your maſter Don Quixote, in crowning and accompliſhing this memorable adventure; and, whether you return upon Clavileno with that diſpatch which his ſpeed ſeems to promiſe; or, by the cruelty of adverſe fortune, you come back in the habit of a pilgrim, begging on foot, from houſe to houſe, and from one inn to another, you ſhall nevertheleſs, at your return find your iſland where you left it, and your iſlanders actuated by the ſame deſire of receiving you as their governor, which they have always indulged: and, as for my inclination it can never change; for, to entertain the leaſt doubt of my ſincerity, ſignor Sancho, would be a notorious injury to the attachment I feel for your ſervice." "Enough, my lord, cried Sancho: I am a poor ſquire, and cannot bear ſuch a load of courteſy: let my maſter mount, and my eyes be covered; recommend me to God; and, let me know whether, while we travel through thoſe altitudes, I may call upon the name of the lord, or implore the protection of his angels." To this interrogation the counteſs replied, "You may recommend yourſelf to God, or to whom you will; for, Malambruno, tho' an inchanter, is nevertheleſs a chriſtian, and performs his inchantments with great ſagacity and caution, nor does he intermeddle in any perſon's affairs." "Well then, cried Sancho, God, and the moſt holy trinity of Gaeta, be my guide and protection!" "Since the memorable adventure of the fulling-mills, ſaid Don Quixote, I have never ſeen Sancho ſo infected with fear, as upon this occaſion; and, if I were as much addicted to ſuperſtition as ſome people are, his puſilanimity would produce ſome compunction

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compunction in my ſoul: but, come hither, Sancho; for, with the permiſſion of that noble pair, I would ſpeak two words with you in private."

Then taking his ſquire aſide into a tuft of trees, and graſping both his hands, "You ſee, brother Sancho, ſaid he, the long journey that awaits us; and God knows when we ſhall return, and what leiſure or convenience our buſineſs may allow; I therefore beg thou wilt now retire to thy apartment, on pretence of fetching ſome neceſſaries for the road, and, in the twinkling of a ſtraw, inflict upon thyſelf ſome five hundred of thoſe three thouſand three hundred laſhes for which thou art engaged, and they ſhall ſtand good in the account; for, when a thing is once begun, it is almoſt as good as half finiſhed." "Before God! cried Sancho, your worſhip muſt be out of your ſenſes; this is juſt as they ſay. You ſee me in a hurry, and aſk me to marry. Now, when I am going to ride upon a wooden crupper, would your worſhip have me afflict my poſteriors? Verily, verily, your worſhip was never more out of the way: at preſent, let us proceed and ſhave thoſe duennas, and at our return, I promiſe to your worſhip on the faith of my character, to quit my ſcore with ſuch diſpatch that your worſhip ſhall be ſatisfied; and I'll ſay no more." "Well then, anſwered the knight, I will conſole myſelf, honeſt Sancho, with that promiſe, which I really believe thou wilt perform; for, ſurely, tho' thy head be but green, thy heart is true blue." "Green, ſaid Sancho; my head is not green, but black; but, even tho' it were pyebald, I would perform my promiſe."

After this ſhort dialogue they returned, in order to take horſe; then, the knight addreſſing himſelf to the ſquire, "Sancho, ſaid he, ſuffer yourſelf to be hoodwinked, and get up: he who ſends for us from ſuch diſtant regions, can have no intention to deceive us, becauſe he could reap no glory from having deceived thoſe who depended on his ſincerity; and, although the event may turn out contrary to my expectation, the glory of having undertaken ſuch an exploit no malice whatſoever can impair." "Come then, ſignor, cried the ſquire, for, the beards and tears of thoſe ladies are ſo imprinted in my heart, that I ſhall not ſwallow a mouthful to do me good, until I ſee them reſtored to their original ſmoothneſs. Get up, ſignor, and hoodwink yourſelf firſt; for, if the crupper is to be my ſeat, it is plain that you muſt mount firſt into the ſaddle." "You are in the right," replied Don Quixote; who, pulling an handkerchief from his pocket, deſired the afflicted duenna to faſten it round his eyes, which, however, were no ſooner covered than he took off the bandage,

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ſaying, "If I remember aright, I have read in Virgil, of the Trojan Palladium, a wooden horſe offered to the goddeſs Pallas, the bowels of which horſe were filled with armed men, who afterwards occaſioned the total deſtruction of Troy; and, therefore, it will not be amiſs, firſt of all, to examine the belly of Clavileno." "There is no occaſion, ſaid the afflicted duenna; for, I am certain that Malambruno has neither treachery nor malice in his heart: your worſhip, ſignor Don Quixote, may therefore mount, without the leaſt apprehenſion, and if any miſchief befall you, lay it at my door." The knight reflecting that any heſitation about his perſonal ſafety would be a diſparagement to his valour, mounted Clavileno without further altercation, and tried the peg, which turned with eaſe; and, his legs hanging down at full length, for want of ſtirrups he looked like a figure in ſome Roman triumph, painted or wrought in Flemiſh tapeſtry.

Then Sancho, very ſlowly, and much againſt his will, crept up behind, and ſeating himſelf as well as he could upon the crupper, found it ſo hard and uneaſy, that he begged the duke would order him to be accommodated with ſome cuſhion or pillow, tho' it ſhould be taken from my lady dutcheſs's ſopha, or ſome page's bed; for, the crupper of that horſe ſeemed to be made of marble rather than of wood.

Here Trifaldi interpoſing, aſſured him that Clavileno would bear no kind of furniture or ornament; but, ſaid he might ſit ſideways like a woman, in which attitude he would not be ſo ſenſible of the hardneſs. Sancho took her advice, and ſaying Adieu, allowed his eyes to be covered; but, afterwards pulling up the bandage, and looking ruefully at all the people in the garden, he with tears in his eyes, beſought them to aſſiſt him in that extremity with a brace of paternoſters, and as many ave marias, as God ſhould provide ſomebody to do as much for them in like time of need."

Don Quixote hearing this apoſtrophe, "How now, miſcreant! ſaid he, are you brought to the gallows, or in the laſt agonies of death, that you make uſe of ſuch intreaties? Diſpirited and cowardly creature! art not thou ſeated in the very ſame place which was occupied by the fair Magalona, and from which ſhe deſcended, not to her grave, but, to the crown of France, if hiſtory ſpeaks truth? And I, who ſit by thy ſide, ſurely may vie with valiant Peter, who preſſed the ſelf ſame back now preſſed by me. Shroud, ſhroud thine eyes, thou animal without a ſoul, and let not thoſe ſymptoms of fear eſcape thy lips, at leaſt in my preſence." "Hoodwink me then, anſwered Sancho, and ſince I muſt neither recommend

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mend myſelf, nor be recommended, to the protection of God, what wonder is it, if I am afraid we ſhall meet with ſome legion of devils who will treat us according to the * Peralvillo law?"

Their eyes being covered, Don Quixote adjuſted himſelf in his ſeat, and turned the peg; and, ſcarce had his finger touched this rudder, when the whole bevy of duennas, and all that were preſent, raiſed their voices, crying, "Heaven be thy guide, valorous knight! God be thy protection, intrepid ſquire! Now, now, you riſe and cut the liquid ſky more ſwiftly than an arrow! now, you begin to aſtoniſh and confound all thoſe who gaze upon you from this earthly ſpot! Hold faſt, valiant Sancho, for, we ſee thee totter; beware of falling: to fall from ſuch an height would be more fatal than the fall of that aſpiring youth whoſe ambition prompted him to drive the chariot of the ſun his father."

Sancho hearing this exclamation, crept cloſer to his maſter, and hugging him faſt in his arms, "Signor, ſaid he, how can we be ſo high as thoſe people ſay we are, ſeeing we can hear them ſpeak as well as if we were within a few yards of them?" "You muſt not mind that circumſtance, anſwered the knight; for, theſe incidents and flights being altogether out of the ordinary courſe of things, you may hear and ſee what you pleaſe, at the diſtance of a thouſand leagues: but, do not ſqueeze me ſo hard, leſt I tumble from my ſeat. I really cannot imagine what it is that diſturbs and affrights thee; for, I ſwear, in all the days of my life, I never beſtrid a horſe of a more eaſy pace: indeed, he goes ſo ſmoothly that I can hardly feel him move. Diſpel thy fear, my friend; for, truly the buſineſs goes on ſwimmingly, and we ſail right afore the wind." "You are certainly in the right, anſwered Sancho; for, on this ſide, there blows as freſh a gale as if I was fanned with a thouſand pair of bellows——"

Nor was he much miſtaken in his conjecture; for, the wind that blew was actually produced by one of thoſe machines: ſo well had the adventure been contrived by the duke and dutcheſs, and their ſteward, that nought was wanting to render it complete. Then the knight feeling the ſame breeze, "Without doubt, ſaid he, we muſt be arrived at the ſecond region of the air, in which hail and ſnow are produced: meteors, thunder and lightening are ingendered in the third region: if we continue to mount at this rate, we ſhall in a very little time reach the region of

* Equivalent to Abington law; in conſequence of which, a criminal is firſt executed and then tried. *Peralvillo* is a village near Ciudad real, in Caſtile, where the officers of the holy brotherhood execute robbers taken in *flagrante*, who require no trial. Hence the phraſe *la juſticia de Peralvillo, que ahorcado el hombre, le haze la Peſquiſa.* Peralvillo law, which begins the proceſs after the man is hanged.

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fire; and I know not how to manage this peg, ſo as to put a ſtop to our riſing, and prevent our being ſcorched to a cinder."

In the midſt of this converſation their faces were warmed with ſome tow that was kindled for the purpoſe, at the end of a long pole, and Sancho feeling the heat, "Let me periſh! cried he, if we are not now come to that ſame habitation of fire; for, a great part of my beard is already ſinged; and, I am reſolved to uncover my eyes, that I may ſee whereabouts we are." "By no means, anſwered the knight: remember the true ſtory of the licentiate Toralva, who, being mounted on a cane, was conveyed thro' the air, with his eyes ſhut, by the devils: in twelve hours he arrived at Rome, and alighted on the tower of Nona, which is in one of the ſtreets of that city, whence he beheld the whole tumult, aſſault, and death, of the conſtable of Bourbon; and, before morning he had returned to Madrid, where he gave an account of that tranſaction. He likewiſe affirmed, that while he travelled through the air, the devil had him open his eyes, and he ſaw himſelf ſo near the body of the moon, that he thought he could have touched it with his hand; but, he durſt not look towards the earth, leſt his head ſhould have turned giddy. Let us not, therefore, uncover our eyes, Sancho; he in whoſe charge we are will give a good account of us; and perhaps, we are now at the very point of our elevation, from whence we ſhall come ſouſe upon the kingdom of Candaya, as a ſaker or jerfaulcon darts down upon an heron with a force proportioned to his riſe: and, although it ſeems to us no more than half an hour ſince we ſet out from the garden, you may depend upon it we have travelled an immenſe way." "As to that matter I am quite ignorant, ſaid Sancho: this only I know, that if madam Magallanes or Magalona took pleaſure in ſitting upon this crupper, her fleſh muſt not have been very tender."

All this dialogue of the two heroes was overheard by the duke and dutcheſs, and the reſt of the company in the garden, to whom it afforded extraordinary entertainment: at length, deſirous of finiſhing this ſtrange and well concerted adventure, they ſet fire to Clavileno's tail with ſome lighted flax, and his belly being filled with ſquibs and crackers, he inſtantly blew up with a dreadful exploſion, and Don Quixote, with his ſquire, came to the ground more than half ſinged. By this time the whole bearded ſquadron, with my lady Trifaldi, had vaniſhed from the garden, and all the reſt of the company were ſtretched upon the ground as in a trance. Don Quixote and Sancho getting on their feet, in a very indifferent condition, and looking all round, were aſtoniſhed to find themſelves in the ſame garden from which they took their flight, and to ſee ſuch a number of

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of people extended along the graſs: but their admiration was ſtill more increaſed, when at one corner of the garden they beheld a huge lance fixed in the ground, and tied to this lance, by two cords of green ſilk, a ſmooth, white ſkin of parchment, on which was the following inſcription in large golden letters.

" The renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, has finiſhed and atchieved the adventure of the counteſs Trifaldi, alias the afflicted duenna, and her companions, ſolely by his having undertaken the enterprize.

Malambruno is wholly ſatisfied and appeaſed; the chins of the duennas are ſmooth and clean; their majeſties Don Clavijo and Antonomaſia are reſtored to their original form; and when the ſquirely flagellation ſhall be accompliſhed, the white dove will be delivered from the peſtilential talons of her perſecutors, and find herſelf within the arms of her beloved turtle; for, ſuch is the decree of the ſage Merlin, the prince and prototype of all inchanters."

Don Quixote having read this ſcroll, at once comprehended the meaning, which related to the diſinchantment of Dulcinea, and returning a thouſand thanks to heaven for his ſucceſs in having finiſhed ſuch a mighty exploit with ſo little danger, and reduced to their pirſtine form the faces of thoſe venerable duennas who had diſappeared, he went towards the place where the duke and dutcheſs ſtill lay intranced, and pullihg his grace by the arm, "Courage! courage, my noble lord, ſaid he; all is over now; the adventure is finiſhed, without damage to the barrier, as will plainly appear by the inſcription of yonder ſcroll."

The duke ſeemed to recover gradually, like one waking from a profound ſleep; his example was followed by the dutcheſs, and all the reſt who lay along the garden; and they exhibited ſuch marks of fear and aſtoniſhment, that even almoſt to themſelves, That ſeemed to have happened in earneſt which they had ſo well acted in jeſt. The duke having read the inſcription with his eyes half ſhut, ran with open arms to embrace Don Quixote, calling him the moſt worthy knight that any age had ever produced: while Sancho went looking about for the afflicted matron, to ſee if her beard was quite gone, and whether her face, without hair, was as beautiful as her gallant deportment ſeemed to promiſe. But he was told, that as Clavileno deſcended in a flame from the ſky, the whole

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whole ſquadron of duennas, with Trifaldi at their head, had vaniſhed, and their faces ſmack ſmooth as if they had been clean ſhaven.

Then the dutcheſs aſking, how it had fared with Sancho in his long journey; the ſquire replied, "As for me, my lady, I perceived, as my maſter told me, that we flew through the region of fire, and I felt a ſtrong inclination to have a peep; but, my maſter would not conſent, when I begged his permiſſion to uncover my eyes: nevertheleſs, I, who have a ſort of a chip of curioſity, and an eager deſire to know what I am forbid to enquire about, fair and ſoftly, without being perceived by any living ſoul, pulled down upon my noſe the handkerchief that covered my eyes, and by theſe means had a glimpſe of the earth, which ſeemed no bigger than a grain of muſtard, and the men that walked upon it almoſt as little as hazle nuts; ſo you may gueſs how high we muſt have ſoared by that time."

To this aſſeveration the dutcheſs anſwered, "Have a care, friend Sancho; from what you ſay, it appears that it could not be the earth, but the men walking upon it, whom you ſaw: for, if the earth appeared like a grain of muſtard, and every man as big as a nut, it clearly follows that one man muſt have covered the whole earth." "Very true, ſaid Sancho; but, for all that, I had a ſide view, by which I diſcovered the whole globe." "Take notice, Sancho, reſumed the dutcheſs, it is impoſſible to ſee the whole of any thing, by a ſide view." "I know nothing of views, replied the ſquire; this only I know, your ladyſhip ought to conſider, that as we flew by inchantment, ſo might I, by inchantment, ſee the whole earth, and all the men upon it, in any ſort of view whatſoever: and if your ladyſhip will not believe me in that, no more will you believe me when I tell you, that puſhing up the handkerchief towards my eyebrows, I found myſelf within an hand's-breadth and an half of heaven, which I'll aſſure you ladyſhip upon oath is very huge; and it came to paſs, that our road lay cloſe to the ſeven nanny * goats: now, I having been a goat-herd in my youth, before God and my conſcience! I no ſooner ſet eyes on them, than I was ſeized with the inclination to divert myſelf a little with the pretty creatures, and if I had not done it, I believe I ſhould have burſt for vexation. Come on then, what does me I? but, without ſaying a word to any living ſoul, not even to my maſter, fairly and ſoftly ſlide down from Clavileno, and ſport with the nannies, which are like violets and lillies, for the ſpace of three quarters of an hour, and all that time the horſe did not budge a ſtep from the place."

* In Spain, the Pleiades are vulgarly called *Cabrillas*, nanny goats.

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"And while honeſt Sancho diverted himſelf with the goats, ſaid the duke, how was ſignor Don Quixote entertained?" To this interrogation the knight replied, "As all theſe adventures and incidents are out of the ordinary courſe of nature, we are not to wonder at what Sancho has told: for my own part, I can ſafely affirm, that I neither ſhoved up nor pulled down the bandage, nor did I ſee either heaven or earth, or ſea or land. True it is, I perceived we paſſed through the region of the air, and even bordered upon the region of fire; but, that we travelled beyond it, I cannot believe: for, the fiery region being between the ſphere of the moon and the utmoſt region of the air, we could not reach that firmament in which are placed the ſeven nannies, as Sancho calls them, without being ſcorched to death; and ſeeing we are not ſcorched, either Sancho lies, or Sancho dreams." "I neither lie nor dream, cried the ſquire: let them aſk the marks of the nanny goats; and by my anſwers you will perceive whether or not I ſpeak truth." "Deſcribe them then, Sancho," ſaid the dutcheſs. "Two of them, replied Sancho, are green, two carnation, two blue, and one motley." "This is a new breed, ſaid the duke: in our region of earth there are no ſuch colours; I mean, among the nanny goats." "That is very plain, replied the ſquire: there muſt be ſome difference between the goats of heaven and thoſe upon earth." "Pray, tell me, Sancho, ſaid his grace, didſt thou ſee never a *he goat among thoſe females?" "No, my lord, anſwered the ſquire; I have been told, none of thoſe paſs beyond the horns of the moon."

They did not chooſe to interrogate him further about his journey; for, they concluded that Sancho was in a fair way to travel through all the heavens above, and tell the news of each; tho' he had never ſtirred from the garden.

Finally, thus ended the adventure of the afflicted duenna, which afforded a fund for laughter to the duke and dutcheſs, not only at that time, but, during the whole courſe of their lives; as well as matter for Sancho to relate, had he lived whole centuries.

Don Quixote coming to the ſquire, whiſpered in his ear, "Heark ye, Sancho; ſince you would have us believe what you ſay, touching the things you ſaw in heaven, I deſire the like credit from you, with regard to thoſe things I ſaw in the cave of Monteſinos. That's all."

* There is a kind of pleaſantry in this queſtion of the duke, which cannot be tranſlated: for, the Spaniſh word *Cabròn*, ſignifies a cuckold, as well as an he goat.

CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

Containing Don Quixote's inſtructions to Sancho Panza, before he ſet out for his government, with other well weighed incidents.

THE duke and dutcheſs were ſo well pleaſed with the diverting and happy ſucceſs of the adventure of the afflicted duenna, that they reſolved to proceed with the jeſt, ſeeing what a proper ſubject they had to make it paſs for earneſt. Having, therefore, communicated their ſcheme and inſtructions to their ſervants and vaſſals, touching their behaviour to Sancho in his government of the promiſed iſland; on the day ſucceeding the flight of Clavileno, the duke deſired him to prepare and make himſelf ready to ſet out for his government, as the iſlanders already longed for him as much as for May ſhowers.

Sancho, having made his obeyſance, "Since my deſcent from heaven, ſaid he, and ſince from its lofty ſummit I have viewed the earth, and found it of ſuch ſmall extent, my deſire of being a governor, is much moderated: for, what grandeur can there be in reigning over a grain of muſtard ſeed? or what dignity and empire in governing half a dozen of mortals no bigger than filberts? for, the whole earth ſeemed to contain nothing more. If your lordſhip would be pleaſed to beſtow upon me a ſmall trifling ſpace in heaven, tho' it ſhould not be above half a league, I would more gladly receive it than the beſt iſland in the world." "You muſt conſider, friend Sancho, replied the duke, that I have it not in my power to give away any part of heaven; no, not a nail's breadth: theſe favours and benefits, are in the gift of God alone. What is in my power, I freely give you; namely, a good iſland, right and tight, round and well proportioned, above meaſure fertile, and ſo abounding with all good things, that if you mind your hits, you may with the riches of earth purchaſe the opulence of heaven." "Well then, cried Sancho, let this iſland be forthcoming, and I will ſtruggle hard, but I ſhall be ſuch a governor, that in ſpite of knaves, I may go to heaven; and, take notice, it is not from avarice that I deſire to quit my cottage, and raiſe myſelf to a footing with my betters; but, ſolely to taſte and try what it is to be a governor." "Nay, if once you taſte it, ſaid the duke, you will be ready to eat your fingers after the government; for, nothing is ſo delicious as to command and be obliged: certain I am, that when your maſter ſhall come to be an emperor, as will doubtleſs be the caſe, conſidering the current

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current of his affairs, it will not be in the power of any perſon upon earth to tear it from him, and he will ſorely grieve, and heartily rue the time he has loſt before his advancement to ſuch an imperial ſtation." "Indeed, my lord, replied Sancho, I imagine it muſt be a very pleaſant thing to govern, even tho' it ſhould be but a flock of ſheep." "May I be buried with you, Sancho, but you know every thing! anſwered the duke: I hope you will turn out ſuch a governor as your judgment and ſagacity ſeem to promiſe: but, here let that matter reſt; and take notice, that, to-morrow morning you muſt ſet out for the government of the iſland; and, this evening you ſhall be accommodated with a convenient dreſs, and all other neceſſaries for your departure." "They may dreſs me as they will, ſaid the ſquire; but, be that as it may, I ſhall ſtill be Sancho Panza." "True, replied the duke; but, the garb ought always to be ſuited to the dignity and function of the profeſſion: for, it would be a great impropriety in a lawyer to appear in the dreſs of a ſoldier, or in a ſoldier to wear canonicals: you, Sancho, muſt wear an habit that ſhall partly beſpeak the gown, and partly the ſword: for, in the iſland which I have beſtowed upon you, letters and arms are both neceſſary." "As for letters, anſwered Sancho, I am but indifferently provided, as I am even ignorant of the a, b, c; but, provided I remember my Chriſt-croſs, I ſhall be ſufficiently qualified for a good governor: with regard to arms, I ſhall uſe thoſe that may be put into my hand, until I can ſtand no longer, and God be my ſhield." "With ſuch an excellent memory, ſaid the duke, Sancho can never fall into the leaſt miſtake."

Here they were joined by Don Quixote, who underſtanding the ſubject of their converſation, and the ſhort ſpace allotted to Sancho, to prepare for his departure, took the ſquire by the hand, with the duke's permiſſion, and led him to his apartment, in order to inſtruct him how to behave in his office. Having entered the chamber, he locked the door, and obliging Sancho to ſit down by him, ſpoke to this effect, in a grave and ſolemn tone:

"I return infinite thanks to heaven, friend Sancho, for having ordained, that, before I myſelf have met with the leaſt ſucceſs, good fortune hath gone forth to bid thee welcome. I, who had ballanced the remuneration of thy ſervice in my own proſperity, find myſelf in the very rudiments of promotion; while thou, before thy time, and contrary to all the laws of reaſonable progreſſion, findeſt thy deſire accompliſhed: other people bribe, ſollicit, importune, attend levies, intreat, and perſevere, without obtaining their ſuit; and another comes, who, without knowing why or wherefore, finds himſelf in poſſeſſion of that office to

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which ſo many people laid claim: and here the old ſaying is aptly introduced, A pound of good luck is worth a tun of merit. Thou, who in compariſon to me, art doubtleſs, an ignorant dunce, without riſing early, or ſitting up late, or, indeed, exerting the leaſt induſtry; without any pretenſion more or leſs, than that of being breathed upon by knight-errantry, ſeeſt thyſelf created governor of an iſland, as if it was a matter of mooonſhine. All this I obſerve, O Sancho, that thou mayeſt not attribute thy ſucceſs to thy own deſerts; but, give thanks to heaven for having diſpoſed matters ſo beneficently in thy behalf, and then make thy acknowledgements to that grandeur which centers in the profeſſion of knight-errantry. Thy heart being thus prediſpoſed to believe what I have ſaid, be attentive, O my ſon, to me who am thy Cato, thy counſellor, thy north pole, and guide, to conduct thee into a ſecure harbour, from the tempeſt'ous ſea into which thou art going to be engulphed; for, great poſts, and offices of ſtate, are no other than a profound gulph of confuſion.

In the firſt place, O my ſon, you are to fear God: the fear of God is the beginning of wiſdom; and, if you are wiſe you cannot err.

Secondly, You muſt always remember who you are, and endeavour to know yourſelf; a ſtudy of all others the moſt difficult. This ſelf-knowledge will hinder you from blowing yourſelf up like the frog, in order to rival the ſize of the ox: if, therefore, you ſucceed in this learning, the conſideration of thy having been a ſwineherd, will, like the peacock's ugly feet, be a check upon thy folly and pride." "I own I once kept hogs, when I was a boy, ſaid Sancho; but, after I grew up, I quitted that employment, and took care of geeſe: but, I apprehend, that matter is not of great conſequence; for, all governors are not deſcended from the kingly race." "No, ſure, anſwered the knight; and, for that reaſon, thoſe who are not of noble extraction, ought to ſweeten the gravity of their function with mildneſs and affability; which, being prudently conducted, will ſcreen them from thoſe malicious murmurs that no ſtation can eſcape. Rejoice, Sancho, in the lowneſs of your pedigree, and make no ſcruple of owning yourſelf deſcended from peaſants: for, no body will endeavour to make you bluſh for that of which they ſee you are not aſhamed: and value yourſelf more upon being a virtuous man of low degree, than upon being a proud ſinner of noble birth: innumerable are thoſe, who, from an humble ſtock, have riſen to the pontifical and imperatorial dignity; a truth which I could prove by ſo many examples that you would not have patience to hear them."

Take

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Take notice, Sancho, if you chooſe virtue for your medium, and pique yourſelf upon performing worthy actions, you will have no cauſe to envy noblemen and princes; for, blood is hereditary, but virtue is acquired; conſequently, this laſt has an intrinſic value which the other does not poſſeſs.

This being the caſe, as undoubtedly it is, if peradventure any one of your relations ſhould come to viſit you in your iſland, you muſt not diſcountenance and affront him, but, on the contrary, let him be kindly received and entertained; and, in ſo doing, you will act conformably to the will of heaven, which is diſpleaſed at ſeeing its own handywork deſpiſed; and, perform your duty to the well concerted rights of nature.

If you ſend for your wife, and, indeed, thoſe who are concerned in governing, ought not to be long without their helpmates, take pains in teaching, improving, and civilizing her: for, all that a ſagacious governor can acquire, is very often loſt and ſquandred by a fooliſh, ruſtic wife.

If, perchance, you ſhould become a widower, (a circumſtance that may poſſibly happen) and have it in your power to make a more advantageous match, you muſt not chooſe ſuch a yokefellow as will ſerve for an angling hook, fiſhing rod, or equivocating * hood: for, verily, I ſay unto thee, all that a judge's wife receives muſt be accounted for at the general clearance, by the huſband, who will repay fourfold after death, what he made no reckoning of during life.

Never conduct yourſelf by the law of your own arbitrary opinion, which is generally the caſe with thoſe ignorant people who preſume upon their own ſelf-ſufficiency.

Let the tears of the poor find more compaſſion in thy breaſt, tho' not more juſtice, than the informations of the rich.

Endeavour to inveſtigate the truth from among the promiſes and preſents of the opulent, as well as from the ſighs and importunities of the needy.

When equity can, and ought to take place, inflict not the whole rigour of the law upon the delinquent; for, ſeverity is not more reſpected than compaſſion, in the character of a judge.

If ever you ſuffer the rod of juſtice to be bent a little, let it not be warped, by the weight of corruption, but the bowels of mercy.

If ever you ſhould have an opportunity to judge the proceſs of your enemy, recal your attention from the injury you have received, and fix it wholly upon the truth of the caſe.

* The phraſe *No quiero de tu capilla*, alludes to the practice of friars, who, when charity is offered, hold out their hoods to receive it, while they pronounce a refuſal with their tongues.

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In another man's cauſe, be not blinded by private affection; for, the errors thus committed are generally incurable; or, if they admit of remedy, it will be greatly at the expence of your fortune and credit.

If a beautiful woman ſhould come to demand juſtice, withdraw your eyes from her tears, and your hearing from her ſighs, and deliberate at a diſtance upon the ſubſtance of her demand, unleſs you have a mind that your reaſon ſhould be overwhelmed by her complaint, and your virtue burried in her ſighs.

Abuſe not him in word whom you are reſolved to chaſtiſe in deed: for, to ſuch a wretch, the pain of the puniſhment will be ſufficient, without the addition of reproach.

In judging the delinquents who ſhall fall under your juriſdiction, conſider the miſerable object Man, ſubject to the infirmities of our depraved nature; and, as much as lies in your power, without injury to the contrary party, diſplay your clemency and compaſſion: for, although all the attributes of God are equally excellent, that of mercy has a better effect in our eye, and ſtrikes with greater luſtre than juſtice.

If you obſerve, and conduct yourſelf by theſe rules and precepts, Sancho, your days will be long upon the face of the earth: your fame will be eternal, your reward complete, and your felicity unutterable: your children will be married according to your wiſh; they and their deſcendants will enjoy titles; you ſhall live in peace and friendſhip with all mankind: when your courſe of life is run, death will overtake you in an happy and mature old age, and your eyes will be ſhut by the tender and delicate hands of your poſterity, in the third or fourth generation.

The remarks I have hitherto made, are documents touching the decoration of your ſoul; and, now you will liſten to thoſe that regard the ornaments of the body.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XI.

Of the ſecond ſeries of inſtructions which Don Quixote gave to Sancho Panza.

WHO that had heard this diſcourſe of Don Quixote, would not have taken him for a perſon of ſound judgment, and excellent diſpoſition? but, as we have oftentimes obſerved, in the progreſs of this ſublime hiſtory, his madneſs never appeared except when the ſtring of chivalry was touched; and, on all other ſubjects of converſation, he diſplayed a clear and ready underſtanding: ſo that every minute, his works diſcredit his judgment, and his judgment his works. But, in this ſecond ſet of inſtructions communicated to Sancho, he diſcovered great ingenuity, and raiſed his madneſs and diſcretion to a moſt elevated pitch.

Sancho liſtened with the utmoſt attention, and endeavoured to retain his advice, like a man who deſired to preſerve it, as the infallible means to promote the happy birth of that government with which he was ſo far gone. Don Quixote then proceeded in theſe terms.

"With reſpect to the government of your perſon and family, Sancho: In the firſt place, I charge you to be cleanly, and pair your nails; and, do not let them grow, like ſome people whoſe ignorance teaches them that long nails beautify the hand; as if that additional excrement which they neglect to cut, were really and truly the nail; whereas it more nearly reſembles the talons of a lizzard-hunting wind-whiffer, and is a moſt beaſtly and extraordinary abuſe.

You muſt never appear looſe and unbuttoned; for, a ſlovenly dreſs denotes a diſorderly mind; unleſs that looſeneſs and negligence be the effect of cunning, as we ſuppoſe to have been the caſe with Julius Cæſar.

Examine ſagaciouſly the profits of your place, and if they will afford livery to your ſervants, let it be rather decent and ſubſtantial than gay and tawdry; and be ſure to divide it between your ſervants and the poor. For example, if you can cloath ſix pages, put three in livery, and cloath as many poor boys; and then you will have pages for heaven as well as for earth: now, this is a method of giving livery, which the vain-glorious could never conceive.

Abſtain from eating garlic and onions, leſt your breath ſhould diſcover your ruſticity.

Walk

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Walk leiſurely, ſpeak diſtinctly, but not ſo as to ſeem delighted with your own diſcourſe; for, all affectation is diſagreeable.

Dine ſparingly, and eat very little at ſupper; for, the health of the whole body depends upon the operation of the ſtomach.

Be temperate in drinking; and, conſider that exceſs of wine will neither keep a ſecret nor perform a promiſe.

Beware, Sancho, of chewing on both ſides of your mouth, as well as of eructing before company." "I do not underſtand what you mean by eructing," ſaid the ſquire." "By eructing, anſwered the knight, I mean belching, which, tho' one of the moſt expreſſive, is at the ſame time one of the moſt vulgar terms of our language; therefore people of taſte have had recourſe to the Latin tongue, ſaying To eruct inſtead of To belch, and ſubſtituting eructations in the room of belchings; and, tho' ſome people may not underſtand theſe terms, it is of ſmall importance; for, time and uſe will introduce and render them intelligible; and this is what we call enriching the language, over which the practice of the vulgar has great influence." "Truly, ſignor, ſaid Sancho, one of the advices and good counſels which I intend to remember, muſt be that of not belching; for, it is a fault of which I am very often guilty." "Eructing, Sancho, and not belching," replied Don Quixote. "Eructing, it ſhall be henceforward, anſwered the ſquire; and, I will take care it ſhall not be forgotten."

Moreover, Sancho, you muſt not intermingle ſo many proverbs with your diſcourſe; for, although proverbs are ſhort ſentences, you very often bring them in by the head and ſhoulders ſo prepoſterouſly, that they look more like the ravings of diſtraction than a connected chain of converſation."

"That defect, God himſelf muſt remedy, ſaid Sancho; for, I have more proverbs by heart than would be ſufficient to fill a large book; and, when I ſpeak, they croud together in ſuch a manner as to quarrel for utterance; ſo that my tongue diſcharges them juſt as they happen to be in the way, whether they are or are not to the purpoſe: but, I will take care henceforward, to throw out thoſe only that may be ſuitable to the gravity of my office; for, Where there's plenty of meat, the ſupper will ſoon be complete. He that ſhuffles does not cut. A good hand makes a ſhort game; and, It requires a good brain, to know when to give and retain." "Courage, Sancho, cried Don Quixote, ſqueeze, tack, and ſtring your proverbs together; here are none to oppoſe you. My mother whips me, and I whip the top. Here am I exhorting thee to ſuppreſs thy proverbs, and in an inſtant thou haſt ſpewed forth a whole litany of them,

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them, which are as foreign from the ſubject as an old ballad. Remember, Sancho, I do not ſay that a proverb properly applied is amiſs; but, to throw in, and ſtring together, old ſaws helter ſkelter, renders converſation altogether mean and deſpicable.

When you appear on horſeback, do not throw your body over the ſaddle, nor ſtretch out your legs ſtiffly from the horſe's belly, nor let them hang dangling in a ſlovenly manner, as if you was upon the back of Dapple; for, ſome ride like jockies, and ſome like gentlemen.

Be very moderate in ſleeping; for, he who does not riſe with the ſun, cannot enjoy the day; and obſerve, O Sancho, Induſtry is the mother of proſperity; and Lazineſs, her oppoſite, never ſaw the accompliſhment of a good wiſh.

The laſt advice which I ſhall now give thee, although it does not relate to the ornament of the body, I deſire thou wilt carefully remember; for, in my opinion, it will be of as much ſervice to thee as any I have hitherto mentioned; and this it is: Never engage in a diſpute upon pedigree, at leaſt, never compare one with another; for, in all compariſons, one muſt of conſequence be preferred to the other; and, he whom you have abaſed will abhor you; nor will you ever reap the leaſt return from him whom you have extolled.

Your garb ſhall conſiſt of breeches and ſtockings; a full waiſtcoat, with ſkirts and hanging ſleeves, and a looſe coat; but, never think of wearing trunk hoſe, which neither become gentlemen nor governors.

This is all that occurs to me at preſent, in the way of advice; but, in proceſs of time, my inſtructions ſhall be proportioned to thy occaſions, provided thou wilt take care to communicate, from time to time, the nature of thy ſituation."

"Signor, ſaid Sancho, I plainly perceive that all the advices you have given me, are ſound, and good, and profitable; but, of what ſignification will they be, if I forget them all? Indeed, as for the matter of not letting my nails grow, or marrying another wife, in caſe I ſhould have an opportunity, it will not eaſily ſlip out of my brain; but, as to thoſe other gallimawfries, quirks and quiddities, I neither do retain them, nor ſhall I ever retain more of them than of laſt year's rain; and therefore, it will be neceſſary to let me have them in writing; for, tho' I myſelf can neither read nor write, I will give them to my confeſſor, that he may repeat, and beat them into my noddle, as there ſhall be occaſion."

"Ah, ſinner that I am! exclaimed Don Quixote, what a ſcandal it is for governors to be ſo ignorant that they can neither read nor write. Thou muſt know, Sancho, that for a man to be totally devoid of letters,

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or left-handed, argues either that he was deſcended from the very loweſt and meaneſt of people, or that he was ſo wicked and ſtubborn, that good example and judicious precepts have had no effect upon his mind or underſtanding. This is a great defect in thy character, and I wiſh thou would'ſt learn, if poſſible, to write thy name." "I can ſign my name very well, anſwered Sancho; for, during my ſtewardſhip of the brotherhood, I learned to make ſuch letters as are ruddled upon packs, and thoſe they told me, ſtood for my name: beſides, I can feign myſelf lame of my right hand, and keep a ſecretary to ſign in my room; ſo that there is a remedy for every thing but death. And I having the cudgel in my hand, will make them do as I command; for, He whoſe father is mayor——you know—and I ſhall be a governor which is ſtill better. Let them come and ſee, but not throw their ſquibs or ſlanders at me: otherwiſe they may come for wool, and go home ſhorn. The houſe itſelf will tell, if God loves its maſter well. A rich man's folly is wiſdom in the world's eye: now, I being rich as being governor, and liberal withal, as I intend to be, no body will ſpy my defects. Make yourſelf honey, and a clown will have flies. You are worth as much as you have, ſaid my grannam; and, Might overcomes right."

"O! God's curſe light on thee! cried Don Quixote: threeſcore devils fly away with thee and thy proverbs! A full hour haſt thou been ſtringing them together, and every one has been like a dagger to my ſoul. Take my word for it, theſe proverbs will bring thee one day to the gallows; for theſe, thy vaſſals will deprive thee of thy government, or at leaſt enter into aſſociations againſt thee. Tell me, numſcul, where didſt thou find this heap of old ſaws? or how didſt thou learn to apply them, wiſeacre? It makes me ſweat like a day-labourer, to utter one proverb as it ought to be applied." "'Fore God, Sir, maſter of mine, replied Sancho, your worſhip complains of mere trifles. Why the devil ſhould you be in dudgeon with me for making uſe of my own: I have no other fortune or ſtock, but proverbs upon proverbs; and, now there are no leſs than four at my tongue's end, that come as pat to the purpoſe as pears in a baſket; but, for all that, they ſhall not come forth; for, ſagacious ſilence is *Sancho." "That thou art not Sancho, ſaid the knight, far from being ſagaciouſly ſilent, thou art an obſtinate and eternal babler. Nevertheleſs, I would fain hear thoſe four proverbs that are ſo pat to the purpoſe; for, I have been rummaging my whole memory, which I take to be a good one, and not a proverb occurs to my recollection." "What can be better than theſe? replied the ſquire: Never thruſt you thumb

* Inſtead of *ſaintly*.

between

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between another man's grinders: When I find one ſkulking in my houſe, and cry what would you with my wife? there is no reply: Whether the ſtone goes to the pitcher, or the pitcher to the ſtone, 'ware pitcher. Now all theſe fit to hair. Let no man meddle with a governor or his ſubſtitute; otherwiſe he will ſuffer, as if he had thruſt his finger between two grinders; and even if they ſhould not be grinders, if they are teeth, it makes little difference: then, to what a governor ſays, there is no reply to be made; no more than to, Get out of my houſe, what would you with my wife? And as to the ſtone and the pitcher, a blind man may ſee the meaning of it: Wherefore, let him who ſpies a mote in his neighbour's eye, look firſt to the beam in his own, that people may not ſay of him, The dead mare was frightened at the flea'd mule; and, your worſhip is very ſenſible that a fool knows more in his own houſe, than a wiſe man in that of his neighbour." "There, Sancho, you are miſtaken, anſwered Don Quixote; a fool knows nothing either in his own or his neighbour's houſe; becauſe, no edifice of underſtanding can be raiſed upon the foundation of folly. But, here let the ſubject reſt: if thou ſhouldſt miſbehave in thy government, thine will be the fault, and mine the ſhame: I conſole myſelf, however, in reflecting that I have done my duty, in giving thee advice, with all the earneſtneſs and diſcretion in my power; ſo that I have acquitted myſelf in point of promiſe and obligation. God conduct thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from an apprehenſion I have, that thou wilt turn the iſland topſy turvy; a misfortune which I might prevent, by diſcovering to the duke what thou art, and telling him all that paunch and corpulency of thine is no other than a bag full of proverbs and impertinence."

"Signor, replied Sancho, if your worſhip really thinks I am not qualified for that government, I renounce it from henceforward for ever, amen. I have a greater regard for a nail's breadth of my ſoul, than for my whole body; and I can ſubſiſt as bare Sancho, upon a cruſt of bread and an onion, as well as governor on capons and partridges; for, while we ſleep, great and ſmall, rich and poor, are all equal. If your worſhip will conſider, your worſhip will find, that you yourſelf put this ſcheme of government into my head: as for my own part, I know no more of the matter than a buſtard; and if you think the governorſhip will be the means of my going to the devil, I would much rather go as ſimple Sancho to heaven, than as a governor to hell-fire."

"Before God! cried the knight, from theſe laſt reflections thou haſt uttered, I pronounce thee worthy to govern a thouſand iſlands. Thou

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haſt an excellent natural diſpoſition, without which all ſcience is naught: recommend thyſelf to God, and endeavour to avoid errors in the firſt intention; I mean, let thy intention and unſhaken purpoſe be, to deal righteouſly in all thy tranſactions; for, heaven always favours the upright deſign. And now let us go in to dinner; for, I believe their graces wait for us."

CHAP. XII.

Giving an account of the manner in which Sancho was conducted to the government, and of a ſtrange adventure that happened to Don Quixote in the caſtle.

THE original of the hiſtory, it is ſaid, relates that the interpreter did not tranſlate this chapter as it had been written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who bewails his fate in having undertaken ſuch a dry and confined hiſtory as that of Don Quixote; which obliged him to treat of nothing but the knight and his ſquire, without daring to launch out into other more grave and entertaining epiſodes, and digreſſions. He complained, that to be thus reſtricted in his hand, his pen, and his invention, to one ſubject only, ſo as to be obliged to ſpeak through the mouths of a few perſons, was an inſupportable toil, that produced no fruit to the advantage of the author; and that, in order to avoid this inconvenience, he had in the firſt part uſed the artifice of ſome novels, ſuch as the Impertinent Curioſity, and the Captive, which were detached from the hiſtory, although many particulars there recounted are really incidents which happened to Don Quixote; and, therefore, could not be ſuppreſſed. It was likewiſe his opinion, as he obſerves, that many readers being wholly ingroſſed with the exploits of Don Quixote, would not beſtow attention upon novels, but paſs them over either with negligence or diſguſt, without adverting to the ſpirit and artifice they contain; a truth which would plainly appear, were they to be publiſhed by themſelves, independent of the madneſs of Don Quixote, and the ſimplicities of Sancho. He would not therefore inſert in the ſecond part any novels, whether detached or attached; but only a few epiſodes that ſeem to ſpring from thoſe very incidents which truth preſents; and, even theſe, as brief and conciſe as they could poſſibly be related: and ſince he includes and confines himſelf within the narrow limits of narration, tho' his abilities and underſtanding are ſufficient to treat of the whole univerſe,

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verſe, he hopes that his work will not be depreciated, and begs he may receive due praiſe, not for what he has written, but for what he has left unwrit. Then the hiſtory proceeds in this manner:

In the evening that ſucceeded the afternoon on which the knight admoniſhed his ſquire, he gave him his admonitions in writing, that he might find ſome perſon to read them occaſionally; but, ſcarce had Sancho received, than he dropped them by accident, and they fell into the hands of the duke, who communicated the paper to the dutcheſs, and both admired anew, the madneſs and ingenuity of Don Quixote. Reſolving to proſecute the jeſt, they, that very evening, diſmiſſed Sancho with a large retinue to the place, which he ſuppoſed to be an iſland; the execution of the whole ſcheme being left to the ſagacity of the duke's ſteward, who was a perſon of great humour and diſcretion; for, without diſcretion there can be no humour. He it was who acted the part of the counteſs Trifaldi, with that pleaſantry above related, and in conſequence of the inſtructions he received from their graces, touching his behaviour to Sancho, he had performed his part to admiration. It happened then, that Sancho no ſooned beheld the ſaid ſteward, than he traced in his countenance the very features of Trifaldi, and turning to his maſter, "Signor, ſaid he, the devil may fly away with me from this ſpot where I ſtand, as an honeſt man, and a believer, if your worſhip will not confeſs that the face of the duke's ſteward here preſent, is the very ſame with that of the afflicted duenna!" Don Quixote, having attentively conſidered the ſteward's countenance, replied, "There is no occaſion for the devil's running away with thee, Sancho, either as an honeſt man or a believer; (indeed, I cannot gueſs thy meaning) for, ſure enough, this ſteward's face is the very ſame with that of the afflicted duenna: but, nevertheleſs, the ſteward and the duenna cannot poſſibly be the ſame perſon; that would imply a downright contradiction, and this is no time to ſet on foot ſuch inquiries, which would intangle us in the maze of inextricable labyrinths. Believe me, friend, we ought to beſeech the Lord very earneſtly to deliver us from thoſe two evils of wicked wizzards, and vile inchanters." "But, this is no joke, anſwered Sancho; for, I heard him ſpeak a little while ago, and methought the very voice of Trifaldi ſounded in mine ears. At preſent, however, I will hold my tongue; but, nevertheleſs, I will keep a ſtrict eye over him from hence forward, in order to diſcover ſome other mark either to deſtroy or confirm my ſuſpicion." "Do ſo, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote; and, be ſure to ſend me notice of the diſcoveries thou ſhalt make in this particular, as well as of every thing that ſhall happen to thee in the courſe of thine adminiſtration."

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At length, Sancho departed with a numerous attendance: he was dreſſed like a gownman, with a long cloak of murrey-coloured camblet, and a cap of the ſame ſtuff: he rode upon a mule, with ſhort ſtirrups, and was followed by dapple, who, by the duke's expreſs order, was adorned with rich trappings of flaming ſilk; ſo that the governor from time to time turned about his head to contemplate the finery of his aſs, with whoſe company he was ſo well content, that he would not have exchanged it for that of the German emperor.

At parting, he kiſſed the hands of the duke and dutcheſs, and aſked the benediction of his maſter, which was given with tears, and received with a whimper.

Courteous reader, ſuffer honeſt Sancho to depart in peace and happy time, and lay thy account with two buſhels of laughter, which will proceed from thy knowing how he behaved himſelf in office; and, in the mean time, attend to what befel his maſter this very night; an incident which, if it cannot excite thy laughter, will, at leaſt, induce thee to grin like a monkey; for, the adventures of Don Quixote muſt be celebrated either with mirth or admiration.

It is related then, that Sancho was no ſooner gone than his maſter became ſolitary, and had it been poſſible, would have revoked the commiſſion, and deprived him of his government; but, the dutcheſs being appriſed of his melancholy, deſired to know the cauſe, obſerving, that if it proceeded from Sancho's abſence, there was plenty of ſquires, duennas, and damſels in the family, who ſhould ſerve him to the ſatisfaction of his utmoſt wiſh. "True it is, my lady dutcheſs, replied Don Quixote, I feel the abſence of Sancho; but, that is not the principal cauſe of my ſeeming ſadneſs: and of all the generous proffers of your excellency, I chooſe to accept nothing but the good will with which they are made; and, for the reſt, I humbly beg your excellency will conſent, and permit me to wait upon myſelf in my own apartment." "Truly, ſaid the dutcheſs, that muſt not be; ſignor Don Quixote ſhall be ſerved by four of my damſels as beautiful as roſes." "With regard to me, anſwered the knight, they will not be roſes, but thorns to prick my very ſoul; and, therefore, I will as ſoon fly as permit them, or any thing like them to enter my chamber. If your grace would continue to beſtow your favours, which, I own, I do not deſerve, ſuffer me to be private, and make uſe of my own doors, that I may raiſe a wall between my paſſions and my chaſtity; a cuſtom which I would not forego for all the liberality which your highneſs is pleaſed to diſplay in my behalf: and, in a word, I will rather ſleep in my cloaths, than conſent to be undreſſed by

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by any perſon whatſoever." "Enough, enough, ſignor Don Quixote, anſwered her grace; you may depend upon it, I ſhall give ſuch orders, that not even a fly, much leſs a damſel, ſhall enter your apartment: I am not a perſon to diſcompoſe the decency of ſignor Don Quixote, among whoſe virtues, I perceive, that of decorum ſhines with ſuperior luſtre. Your worſhip may dreſs and undreſs yourſelf alone, after your own faſhion, when and how you pleaſe, without lett or impediment; for, in your chamber, you will find every utenſil ſuited to thoſe who ſleep under lock and key, without being obliged to open upon any neceſſary occaſion. Long live the great Dulcinea del Toboſo, and may her fame be extended around the whole circumference of the earth, ſeeing ſhe is worthy to be beloved by a knight of ſuch valour and chaſtity; and may propitious heaven infuſe into the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, a promptitude to finiſh his flagellation, that the world may ſoon reenjoy the beauty of ſuch an excellent lady." To this compliment the knight replied, "Your highneſs hath ſpoken like yourſelf; for, from the mouths of ſuch benevolent ladies nothing evil can proceed: and Dulcinea will be more fortunate, and more renowned through the world, by your grace's approbation, than by all the applauſe of the greateſt orators upon earth."

"Well then, ſignor Don Quixote, anſwered the dutcheſs, it is now ſupper-time, and the duke probably ſtays for us; let us go and ſup therefore, that you may be a-bed betimes; for, your journey to Candaya was not ſo ſhort, but that it muſt have fatigued your worſhip in ſome meaſure." "Madam, replied Don Quixote, I feel no ſort of wearineſs; and I ſwear to your excellency, that in my life I never croſſed a better, or eaſier going ſteed than Clavileno; nor can I conceive what ſhould induce Malambruno to deprive himſelf of ſuch a light and gentle carriage, by burning it without ſcruple or heſitation." "As to that particular, ſaid the dutcheſs, we may ſuppoſe, that repenting of the injury he had done to the counteſs and her company, as well as to other people, and being ſorry for the miſchief he muſt certainly have produced as a wizzard and inchanter, he reſolved to deſtroy all the inſtruments of his art; and as the principal of theſe, which gave him the greateſt uneaſineſs, becauſe it had tranſported him from place to place in his operations, he burned Clavileno, that by means of his aſhes, and the trophy of the parchment, the valour of Don Quixote might be eternized."

The knight made freſh acknowledgments of her grace's politeneſs, and after ſupper retired to his apartment, without ſuffering any perſon to accompany or miniſter unto his occaſions; ſo much was he afraid of meeting,

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meeting with trials, which might provoke or compel him to foregoe the chaſtity and decorum which he had hitherto preſerved for his miſtreſs Dulcinea, ever ſchooling his imaginations with the exemplary virtue of Amadis, the flower and mirrour of knight-errantry.

Having locked the door behind him, he undreſſed himſelf by the light of two wax tapers, and in the courſe of this occupation (O misfortune, ill decreed to ſuch a perſonage!) forth broke—not a volley of ſighs, or any thing elſe to diſcredit the purity of his politeneſs, but about two dozen of ſtitches in one ſtocking, which, being thus torn, reſembled a lattice: a miſhap which was the ſource of extreme affliction to our worthy ſignor, who, on this occaſion, would have given an ounce of ſilver for a drachm of green ſilk: I ſay green ſilk; for, his ſtockings were of that colour.

Here Benengeli exclaims, "O poverty, poverty! I know not what ſhould induce the great Cordovan poet to call thee an holy unrequited gift. I, tho' a Moor, am very ſenſible, from my correſpondence with chriſtians, that holineſs conſiſts in charity, humility, faith, poverty, and obedience; yet, nevertheleſs, I will affirm that he muſt be holy indeed, who can ſit down content with poverty, unleſs we mean that kind of poverty to which one of the greateſt ſaints alludes, when he ſays, Poſſeſs all things as not poſſeſſing them: and this is called ſpiritual poverty. But, thou ſecond poverty, which is the cauſe I ſpoke of, why wouldſt thou aſſault gentlemen of birth rather than any other claſs of people? Why doſt thou compel them to cobble their ſhoes, and wear upon their coats one button of ſilk, another of hair, and a third of glaſs? Why muſt their ruffs be generally yellow and ill ſtarched?" (* By the bye, from this circumſtance we learn the antiquity of ruffs and ſtarch) But, thus he proceeds: "O wretched man of noble pedigree! who is obliged to adminiſter cordials to his honour, in the midſt of hunger and ſolitude, by playing the hypocrite with a tooth-pick which he affects to uſe in the ſtreet, tho' he has eaten nothing to require that act of cleanlineſs: wretched he! I ſay, whoſe honour is ever apt to be ſtartled, and thinks that every body at a league's diſtance, obſerves the patch upon his ſhoe, his greaſy hat, and thread-bare cloak, and even the hunger that predominates in his belly."

All theſe reflections occurred to Don Quixote when he tore his ſtocking; but, he conſoled himſelf for the misfortune, when he perceived

* Cervantes has been frequently caught napping, and here in particular; how could this be any proof of the antiquity of ruffs, when the adventure happened after the firſt part of Don Quixote was publiſhed? But, perhaps, this is no other than an ironical animadverſion upon the trifling diſcoveries of antiquarians.

that

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that Sancho had left behind him a pair of travelling-boots, which he reſolved to wear next day: finally, he crept into bed, where he lay penſive and melancholy, as well for the abſence of Sancho, as for the irreparable misfortune of his ſtocking, which he would have gladly mended, even with ſilk of a different colour; one of the greateſt marks of miſery which a gentleman can exhibit in the courſe of his tedious poverty. After having extinguiſhed the lights, he found the weather ſo hot that he could not ſleep: he therefore aroſe again, and opened the caſement of a grated window that looked into a fine garden: then it was, that perceiving and hearing people walking and talking together, he began to liſten attentively, while thoſe below ſpoke ſo loud that he could hear the following dialogue:

"Do not, O Emerencia, preſs me to ſing; for, well thou knoweſt, that from the moment this ſtranger entered the caſtle, and mine eyes beheld his merit, inſtead of ſinging, I can do nothing but weep: beſides, my lady's ſleep is rather ſlight than profound; and I would not for all the wealth in the world, that her grace ſhould find us here. Moreover, ſuppoſe ſhe ſhould ſtill ſleep on, without waking, vain would be my ſong, unleſs it ſhould awake, and attract the attention of this new Æneas, who is arrived in my territories, in order to leave me forlorn." "Let not theſe ſuppoſitions have any weight with you, my dear Altiſidora, replied another voice: the dutcheſs is doubtleſs aſleep, and every body in the houſe, except the lord of your heart, and watchman of your ſoul, who muſt certainly be awake; for, I juſt now heard him open the caſement in his apartment: ſing, therefore, my diſaſtrous friend, in a low, ſweet, and plaintive tone, to the ſound of thy harp: and ſhould the dutcheſs overhear us, we will lay the blame upon the heat of the weather." "That is not the cauſe of my heſitation, O Emerencia, replied Altiſidora; but, I am afraid, that my ſong will diſcloſe the ſituation of my heart, and I myſelf be cenſured by thoſe who never felt the almighty power of love, as a light and liquoriſh damſel: but, come what will; better have an hot face than an heavy heart." At that inſtant an harp was raviſhingly touched; and, Don Quixote hearing the ſound was ſtruck with amazement; for, his imagination was inſtantly filled with an infinity of ſimilar adventures of rails and gardens, ſerenades, courtſhips and ſwoonings, which he had read in his vain books of chivalry: and he concluded that ſome damſel of the dutcheſs was enamoured of him, but that modeſty compelled her to keep her inclinations ſecret. Poſſeſſed of this notion, he began to be afraid of his virtue; but, he reſolved, in his own mind, to hold out to the laſt; and, recommending himſelf with all

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all his ſoul and ſpirit, to his miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, determined to liſten to the ſong. With a view, therefore, to let them know he was awake, he pretended to ſneeze, a circumſtance which not a little pleaſed the damſels, who deſired nothing ſo much as that Don Quixote ſhould hear them. Then the harp being tuned, Altiſidora, after a flouriſh, began the following ditty.

S O N G.

O Thou! who now a-bed,
In Holland ſheets art laid,
And ſleep'ſt from night till morn,
Untouch'd by care or ſcorn;
The knight of greateſt worth
La Mancha e'er brought forth;
More chaſte an hundred-fold,
Than pure Arabian gold;
O hear an hapleſs maid
By cruel love betray'd!
The flame of thy two ſuns,
Hath ſcorch'd her to the bones!
Thou, ſeeking thy own foe,
Haſt found another's woe:
Thou gav'ſt the wound, and ſure
Wilt not refuſe the cure.
O tell me, valiant youth,
(So God ſhall proſper truth)
Waſt thou in deſerts bred,
Or among mountains fed?
Did ſerpents give thee ſuck,
On ſome bleak barren rock,
Deep in the wild receſs
Of foreſt or moraſs?
Dulcinea fat and fair,
May boaſt her ſhape and air,
That in ſubjection hold
A tyger fierce and bold.
Her fame ſhall live in ſtanza,
From Ebro to Arlanza,

From

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From Tagus to Henarez,
From Seine to Manganarez.
Would I her place could fill,
I'd give her for good will,
My gayeſt petticoat
With golden fringes wrought.
How happy then ſhould I
In thine embraces lie!
Or on ſome cuſhion loll,
And ſcratch thy valiant poll.
Such joys are far above
The merits of my love;
Let me then bending low,
With rapture, kiſs thy toe.
What preſents would be made,
Of ſattin and brocade!
I'd give thee ſhoes and ſocks,
Silk hoſe with ſilver clocks;
Of caſh uncounted ſums,
And pearls as big as plums,
So precious, each would ſell
As perfect nonpareil.
Manchegan Nero, ſay,
Doſt thou, aloof, ſurvey
The flames that rage and ſmart
Within my love-ſick heart?
A maid, I vow and ſwear,
Young, tender, and ſincere,
As yet, I have not ſeen
The borders of fifteen.
My ſides are not awry,
Nor lame, nor blind, am I:
My locks with ribbons bound,
Like lillies, ſweep the ground:
My noſe is flat, 'tis true,
And eke my mouth aſkew;
But, teeth as topaz fine,
Complete my charms divine:
My voice, as you may hear,
Is tuneful, ſweet and clear:

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My temper ſoft and good,
If rightly underſtood.
Theſe beauties all ſo clever,
Are yielded to thy quiver,
And I who tell my ſtory,
Am call'd Altiſidory.

Here ended the ſong of the hapleſs Altiſidora; and here began the horrour of the courted Don Quixote, who, fetching a heavy ſigh, ſaid within himſelf, "What an unfortunate errant am I, whom no damſel can behold without being enamoured of my perſon! and, how hapleſs is the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, who cannot enjoy my incomparable conſtancy, without a rival! Queens, what would you have? Empreſſes, why do you perſecute her beauty? Damſels of fifteen, why do you moleſt ſuch virtue? Leave, leave, I ſay, that wretched lady to taſte, enjoy, and triumph in the lot which love hath decreed her, by ſubduing my heart, and captivating my ſoul. Take notice, enamoured tribe, that to Dulcinea alone I am ſugar paſte, but flint to all the reſt of her ſex: to her I am honey; but, gall and bitterneſs to ſuch as you. In my eye, Dulcinea alone is beauteous, wiſe, gay, chaſte, and well born; but, all others are homely, fooliſh, idle, and of humble birth. To be her ſlave, and hers alone, nature has thrown me into the world: Altiſidora may weep or ſing; and that lady may deſpair, on whoſe account I was pummelled in the caſtle of the inchanted Moor; Dulcinea's I am reſolved to be, boiled or roaſted, neat, chaſte, and nobly born, in ſpite of all the witchcraft upon earth." So ſaying, he ſhut the caſement with a flap, and retired to bed in as much anxiety and concern as if ſome great misfortune had befallen him. There then we will leave him for the preſent, as we are ſummoned by the mighty Panza, who is impatient to begin his famous adminiſtration.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIII.

Giving an account of the manner in which Sancho Panza took poſſeſſion of his iſland, and began his adminiſtration.

O Thou! perpetual explorer of the antipodes, torch of nature, eye of heaven, and agreeable motive for wine-cooling jars, Timbrius here, Phœbus there, archer in one place, phyſician in another, father of poetry, and inventor of muſic; thou who always riſeſt, but never ſet'ſt, although thou ſeem'ſt to ſet. Thee I invoke, O ſun! by whoſe aſſiſtance man is by man ingendred; thee I implore, that thou would'ſt favour and enlighten the obſcurity of my genius, and enable me to write with preciſion, an account of the great Sancho Panza's adminiſtration: for, without thy aid, I find myſelf lukewarm, feeble, and confuſed.

To begin then: Sancho, with his whole retinue, arrived at a town containing about a thouſand inhabitants, one of the beſt in the duke's poſſeſſion; which, they told Sancho, was called the iſland Barataria, either, becauſe the name of the place was really Barataria, or becauſe he had very * cheaply purchaſed the government. When he reached the gates of the town, which was walled, the magiſtrates came forth to receive him, the bells were ſet a ringing, and the inhabitants with expreſſions of univerſal joy, conducted him with vaſt pomp to the great church, in order to return thanks to heaven for his ſafe arrival: then, with ſome ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered to him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor of the iſland Barataria.

The equipage, matted beard, corpulency, and diminutive ſtature of the new governor, furniſhed food for admiration to every body who did not know the juggle of the contrivance; ay, and even to thoſe acquainted with the myſtery, who were not a few. In fine, they carried him from the church to the town-hall, and placing him upon the bench, the duke's ſteward addreſſed himſelf to the governor in theſe words: "It is an ancient cuſtom in this famous iſland, my lord governor, that he who comes to take poſſeſſion of it, is obliged to anſwer ſome difficult and intricate queſtion that ſhall be put to him, and by his reſponſe the inhabitants feel the pulſe of their new governor's genius, according to which they rejoice or repine at his arrival." While the ſteward pronounced this addreſs, Sancho was contemplating a number of large letters written upon the

* *Barato* ſignifies cheap.

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wall that fronted his tribunal, and as he could not read, he desired to know the meaning of that painting on the wall. "In that place, my lord, replied the steward, is written and recorded, the day on which your excellency has taken possession of this island; for, the inscription runs, On such a day, of such a month, in such a year, signor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, and long may he enjoy the government thereof." "And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza?" said the governor. "Who, but your excellency? answered the steward; for, this island never saw any other Panza than him who sits on that tribunal." "Take notice then, brother, replied Sancho, the Don belongs not to me, nor did it ever belong to any of my generation. Simple Sancho is my name; so was my father called, and so my grandfather; and they were all Panzas, without addition of Don or Donna; and I begin to imagine there are as many Dons as stones in this island—but, no more of that: God knows my meaning; and peradventure, if my government lasts above three days, I shall weed out these Dons, which from their swarms must be as troublesome as vermin. But, pray, Mr. steward, proceed with your question, which I shall answer to the best of my understanding, whether the townsmen should repine or not repine."

At that instant, two men entered the hall, one in the habit of a labouring man, and the other a taylor with shears in his hand, who, approaching the bench, "My lord governor, said he, this countryman and I are come before your lordship about an affair which I am going to explain. This honest man comes yesterday to my shop, for, saving your presence, I am an examined taylor, God be praised! and putting a remnant of cloth in my hand, Gaffer, said he, is there stuff enough here to make me a cap? I, having handled the piece, replied Yes: now, he supposing, as I suppose, and to be sure it was a right supposition, that I wanted to cabbage part of the stuff; grounding his suspicion on his own deceit, and the bad character of us taylors, desired I would see if there was enough for two caps; and I, guessing his thoughts, answered Yes: and so my gentleman, persisting in his first and evil intention, went on adding cap to cap; and I proceeded to answer Yes upon Yes, until the number increased to five caps: this very moment he called for them, and when I produced them, he not only refused to pay me for my work, but, even demanded that I should either restore the cloth, or pay him the price of it." "Is this really the case, brother?" said Sancho. "Yes, my lord, replied the countryman; but, I beg your lordship would order him to shew what sort of caps he has made." "With all my heart," cried the taylor, who, immediately pulling out his hand from under his cloak,

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cloak, produced five ſmall caps fixed upon the tops of his four fingers and thumb; ſaying, "Here are the five caps which this honeſt man deſired me to make; as I ſhall anſwer to God and my own conſcience, there is not a ſcrap of the ſtuff remaining; and, I am willing to ſubmit the work to the inſpection of the maſters of the company." All the people in court laughed at the number of caps, and the novelty of the diſpute, which Sancho having conſidered for a few moments, "Methinks, ſaid he, this ſuit requires no great diſcuſſion; but, may be equitably determined out of hand: and therefore, my determination is, that the taylor ſhall loſe his work, and the countryman forfeit his cloth; and, that the caps ſhall be diſtributed among the poor priſoners, without further heſitation."

If the ſentence he afterwards paſſed upon the herdſman's purſe, excited the admiration of the ſpectators, this deciſion provoked their laughter: nevertheleſs, they executed the orders of their governor, before whom two old men now preſented themſelves, one of them having a cane which he uſed as a walking-ſtaff. The other making up to the governor, "My lord, ſaid he, ſome time ago, I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige and aſſiſt him in an emergency, on condition that he ſhould pay them upon demand; and, for a good while, I never aſked my money, that I might not put him to greater inconvenience in repaying, than that which he felt when he borrowed the ſum; but, as he ſeemed to neglect the payment entirely, I have demanded the money again and again, and he not only refuſes to refund, but alſo denies that I ever lent him the ten crowns; or if I did, he ſays he is ſure they were repayed: now, I having no witneſſes to prove the loan or repayment, for, indeed, they never were repayed, intreat your lordſhip to take his oath, and if he ſwears the money was returned, I here forgive him the debt, in the preſence of God." "What have you to ſay to this charge, honeſt gaffer with the ſtaff?" ſaid Sancho. "My lord, replied the ſenior, I confeſs he lent me the money; and, ſince he leaves the matter to my oath, if your lordſhip will lower your rod of juſtice, I will make affidavit, that I have really and truly returned, and repayed the ſum I borrowed." The governor accordingly lowering his wand, the defendant deſired the plaintiff to hold his cane until he ſhould make oath, becauſe it incumbered him; then, laying his hand upon the croſs, he declared that the other had indeed lent him thoſe ten crowns which he now demanded; but, that he, the borrower, had returned them into the lender's own hand, and he ſuppoſed he dunned him in this manner, becauſe he had forgot that circumſtance. This oath being adminiſtred, the great governor aſked what further

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further the creditor had to ſay to the allegation of the other party? And he anſwered, that doubtleſs the defendant had ſpoke the truth; for, he looked upon him as an honeſt man, and a good chriſtian; and, that as he himſelf muſt have forgot the particulars of the payment, he would never demand it from thence forward. Then the defendant taking back his cane, and making his obeiſance, quitted the court; while Sancho ſeeing him retire in this manner, and perceiving the reſignation of the plaintiff, hung down his head a little, and laying the forefinger of his right hand on one ſide of his noſe, continued in this muſing poſture for a very ſmall ſpace of time: then, raiſing his head, he ordered them to call back the old man with the ſtaff, who had retired: he was accordingly brought before Sancho, who ſaid to him, "Honeſt friend, lend me that ſtaff, I have occaſion for it." "With all my heart, my lord," replied the elder, reaching it to the judge: then, Sancho took and delivered it to the plaintiff, ſaying: "Now, go your ways a-God's name, you are fully payed." "How, my lord, ſaid the old man, is this cane then worth ten crowns of gold?" "Yes, replied the governor, otherwiſe I am the greateſt dunce in nature: and, now it ſhall appear, whether or not I have a noddle ſufficient to govern a whole kingdom." So ſaying, he ordered the cane to be broke in public; and when, in conſequence of his command, it was ſplit aſunder, ten crowns of gold were found in the heart of it, to the aſtoniſhment of all the ſpectators, who looked upon their new governor as another Solomon. When he was aſked how he could conceive that the money was in the cane, he anſwered, that ſeeing the deponent give his ſtaff to the other party before he made oath, then hearing him declare that he had really and truly returned the money; and laſtly, perceiving that after his depoſition he took back the ſtaff, it came into his head that the money was concealed within the cane. And in this inſtance, we ſee that governors, tho' otherwiſe fools, are ſometimes directed in their deciſions by the hand of God: beſides, Sancho had heard ſuch a ſtory told by the curate of his village, and his memory was ſo tenacious, in retaining every thing he wanted to remember, that there was not ſuch another in the whole iſland. Finally, the two old men went away; the one overwhelmed with ſhame, and the other miraculouſly repayed; the byſtanders were aſtoniſhed, and he whoſe province it was to record the ſayings, actions, and conduct of Sancho, could not determine in his own mind, whether he ſhould regard and report him as a ſimpleton, or as a ſage.

This ſuit being determined, a woman came into court, holding faſt by a man habited like a rich herdſman, and exclaiming with great vociferation,

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feration, "Juſtice, my lord governor! juſtice, which, if I find not on earth, I will go in queſt of to heaven! My lord governor of my ſoul, this wicked man has forced me in the middle of a field, and made uſe of my body, as if it had been a dirty diſh-clout: alack, and a-well-a-day! he has robbed me of that which I had preſerved for three and twenty years, in ſpite of Moors and chriſtians, natives and foreigners: and, have I, who was always as hard as a cork-tree, maintained my virtue intire, like a ſalamander in the midſt of flames, or wool among brambles, to be handled by the clean hands of this Robin Goodfellow?" "That muſt be inquired into, ſaid Sancho, whether the gallant's hands be clean or no." Then turning to the man, he aſked what he had to ſay to the complaint of that woman? And, to this queſtion the culprit replied with great perturbation, "My lord, I am a poor herdſman who deal in ſwine, and this morning went to market, ſaving your preſence, with four hogs, and the duties and extortions, and one thing and another, ran away with almoſt all they were worth; and ſo, in my return, I lighted on this honeſt damſel in the road, and the devil, who will always meddle and make, and have his finger in every pye, yoked us together: I payed her handſomly; but ſhe, not ſatisfied, laid faſt hold on me, nor would ſhe quit her hold until ſhe had brought me hither: ſhe alledges I forced her; but, by the oath I have taken, or am to take, ſhe lies: and this is the whole truth, without the leaſt crum of prevarication." Then the governor aſked if he had any money about him; and when he owned he had a leathern purſe with twenty ducats in his boſom, Sancho ordered him to pull it out, and deliver the whole to the complainant. The man obeyed this command with fear and trembling; the woman received the money, and making a thouſand curtſies to all the byſtanders, prayed God would preſerve the life and health of my lord governor, who took ſuch care of damſels and orphans in neceſſity. So ſaying, ſhe went away, holding the purſe with both hands, tho' not before ſhe had examined the contents. Scarce had ſhe quitted the court, when Sancho ſaid to the herdſman, who ſtood with tears in his eyes, ſending his heart, and many a long look after his purſe, "Heark ye, friend, go after that woman, and take the purſe from her, either by fair means or force, and bring it hither to me." This command was not impoſed upon one that was either deaf or doating; for, he darted like lightning, in order to put it in execution: while all the ſpectators waited in ſuſpence to ſee the iſſue of the ſuit. In a little time, the parties returned, but more cloſely engaged, and clinging faſter together than before; ſhe, with her petticoat tucked up, and the purſe in her lap, and he ſtruggling, to no purpoſe, to take

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take it from her; ſo vigorouſly did ſhe defend her acquiſition, crying aloud, "Juſtice, in the name of God and his creatures! Take notice, my lord governor, of the impudence and preſumption of this miſcreant, who, in the very face of the people, and the middle of the ſtreet, wanted to rob me of the purſe which I received by your lordſhip's decree." "Has he taken it from you, then?" ſaid the governor. "Taken it from me! replied the wench; I'll ſooner part with my life than with my purſe. I ſhould be a precious ninny indeed! otherguiſe cats muſt ſcratch my beard, and not ſuch a pitiful muckworm as he. Pincers and hammers, mallets and chiſſels ſhould not tear it out of my clutches; no, not the claws of a lion; my ſoul and body ſhall rather be tore aſunder." "It is even ſo, ſaid the man; I ſubmit as the weaker veſſel, and own I have not ſtrength enough to recover my purſe." He quitted her accordingly. Then, the governor ſaid to the woman, "Come hither, my virtuous and ſpirited dame; let me ſee thy purſe." Which, when ſhe delivered it, he reſtored to the man; and, turning to the wench, who was too forceful to be forced, "Siſter of mine, quoth he, if you had exerted the ſame vigour and perſeverance, or even half ſo much, in preſerving your chaſtity, as you have ſhewn in defending the purſe, the force of Hercules would not have forced you. Begone, a-God's name! begone, I ſay, with a vengeance, and never more appear in this iſland, or within ſix leagues of it, on pain of receiving two hundred ſtripes. Begone immediately, you chattering, ſhameleſs impoſtor." The woman, terrified at his menaces, ſneaked off, hanging her head and diſcontented; and the governor ſpoke to the man in theſe words: "Honeſt friend, get you home with your money, in the name of God; and, unleſs you are inclined to loſe it again, from henceforward avoid all temptations to yoke with any woman whatſoever."

The herdſman thanked him as well as he could, and went away, and the audience were ſtruck with admiration afreſh, at the judgment and deciſions of their new governor; every circumſtance of which being recorded by his hiſtoriographer, was immediately communicated to the duke, who waited for the account with the utmoſt impatience.

But, here let honeſt Sancho reſt a little: for, we are ſummoned in all haſte by his maſter, who is greatly diſturbed by the muſic of Altiſidora.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIV.

Of the dreadful conſternation, and cattiſh concert, to which Don Quixote was expoſed, in the courſe of the enamoured Altiſidora's amour.

WE left the great Don Quixote wrapped up in thoſe cogitations that were ſuggeſted by the muſic of the enamoured damſel Altiſidora. With theſe companions he crept into bed; but, as if they had been fleas and vermin, they would not ſuffer him to ſleep, or indeed enjoy a moment's repoſe, eſpecially when reinforced with the reflexion of his wounded ſtocking. But, as time is ſo light and nimble, that no rub can retard his career, he galloped along upon the hours, and ſoon uſhered in the morning, which was no ſooner beheld by the knight, than he forſook the gentle down, and ſtarting from the arms of ſloth, dreſſed himſelf in his ſhamoy ſuit. He put on his travelling boots to conceal the misfortune of his hoſe; threw his ſcarlet cloak over his ſhoulder, caſed his head in a green velvet cap trimmed with ſilver, ſlung his truſty hanging ſword in his buff-belt, took up his large roſary, which always depended from his wriſt, and with great port and ſolemnity went forth into the hall, where the duke and dutcheſs, already dreſſed, ſtayed for him. As he paſſed through a gallery, he perceived Altiſidora, and the other maiden her friend, who ſtood waiting for his appearance; and, he was no ſooner beheld by the love-ſick damſel than ſhe pretended to faint away; while her companion received her in her arms, and with all poſſible diſpatch began to unclaſp her boſom. The knight ſeeing her fall, approached the place where they were, ſaying, "I know whence theſe accidents proceed." And the companion replied, "I do not know whence—for Altiſidora is the healthieſt damſel of the whole family; and, I never knew her ſo much as fetch a ſigh, from the firſt minute of our acquaintance. Ill betide all the knights-errant in the world, if they are all ſo ſhy and ſcornful. Signor Don Quixote, I wiſh your worſhip would leave the place; for, this poor girl will not come to herſelf while you ſtand here." To this intreaty, the knight replied, "Be ſo good, madam, as to order a lute to be left in my apartment; and, at night, I will, to the beſt of my power, conſole this unfortunate damſel: for, a ſpeedy explanation in the beginning is often an effectual cure for thoſe who are indiſcreetly in love." So ſaying, he went away, that he might not be obſerved in con-

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ference with the damſels; and, ſcarce was he gone, when the ſwooning Altiſidora coming to herſelf, ſaid to her companion, "It will be requiſite to leave the lute: for, doubtleſs, Don Quixote intends to entertain us with muſic, which cannot be bad if he is the performer." Then they went and gave an account of what had paſſed, and in particular of the lute, to the dutcheſs, who was rejoiced beyond meaſure, and concerted with her lord, and her women, how to execute another joke which ſhould be more merry than miſchievous. This being accordingly contrived, they with great glee waited for night; and, it came poſting along in the ſame pace that brought in the day, which their graces ſpent in ſavoury diſcourſe with Don Quixote; and, on this day, the dutcheſs really and truly diſpatched one of her pages, who had acted the part of the inchanted Dulcinea in the wood, to Tereſa Panza, with her huſband's letter, and a bundle, which he had left on purpoſe to be ſent home; and the meſſenger had particular orders to bring back a circumſtantial detail of every thing that ſhould paſs between him and the governor's lady.

This ſtep being taken, and the hour of eleven at night arrived, Don Quixote found a lute in his apartment; this he tuned, and having opened the window, perceived people walking below in the garden: he immediately ran over the ſtrings of his inſtrument, making as good a prelude as he could, then hemming and clearing his pipes, he with an hoarſe, tho' not untuneful voice, ſung the following ſonnet which he had that very day compoſed.

SONG.

LOVE, with idleneſs combin'd,
Will unhinge the tender mind:
But to ſew, to work and move,
Will exclude the force of love.
Blooming maids that would be married,
Muſt in virtue be unwearied:
Modeſty a dow'r will raiſe,
And be trumpet of their praiſe.
A cavalier will ſport and play
With a damſel frank and gay;
But, when wedlock is his aim,
Chooſe a maid of ſober fame.

Paſſion

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Paſſion kindled in the breaſt,
By a ſtranger or a gueſt,
Enters with the riſing ſun,
And fleets before his race be run;
Love that comes ſo ſuddenly,
Ever on the wing to fly,
Neither can or will impart
Strong impreſſions to the heart.
Pictures drawn on pictures, ſhew
Strange confuſion to the view:
Second beauty finds no baſe,
Where a firſt has taken place:
Then Dulcinea ſtill ſhall reign
Without a rival or a ſtain;
Nor ſhall fate itſelf controul
Her ſway, or blot her from my ſoul.
Conſtancy, the lover's boaſt,
I'll maintain whate'er it coſt:
This, my virtue will refine;
This, will ſtamp my joys divine.

So far had Don Quixote proceeded with his ſong, which was overheard by the duke and dutcheſs, Altiſidora, and almoſt all the people in the caſtle, when all of a ſudden, from the top of a corridore immediately above Don Quixote's window, came down a cord to which above an hundred horſe-bells were tied; and, after theſe was diſcharged a whole ſackful of cats with ſmaller bells faſtened to their tails. Such was the noiſe occaſioned by the tinkling of theſe bells, and the meawling of the cats, that even the duke and dutcheſs, who invented the joke, were terrified and confounded, and Don Quixote aſtoniſhed and diſmayed; eſpecially when two or three cats chanced to enter his window, and courſed up and down through his apartment, which ſeemed to be haunted by a whole legion of devils: for, they extinguiſhed the lights, and ran to and fro, endeavouring to eſcape, while the rope with the large bells, was lowering down, and pulling up inceſſantly; ſo that the greateſt part of the people in the family, who were ignorant of the ſcheme, liſtened with fear and admiration. Then Don Quixote ſtarting from his bed, and unſheathing his ſword, began to fence with the window, exclaiming aloud, "Avaunt, malignant inchanters! avaunt, ye wizzard crew! for, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, againſt whom your whole power and malice ſhall not

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avail." So ſaying, he laid about him among the cats which had entered his apartments; and, they ſprung towards the caſement, from whence two of them made their eſcape: but, the third finding itſelf hard preſſed by the valour and backſtrokes of the knight, flew at his face, and laid faſt hold on his noſe with its teeth and claws. The pain of this aſſault affected Don Quixote in ſuch a manner, that he began to roar with vaſt vociferation, which being heard by the duke and dutcheſs, who gueſſed the cauſe of his cries, they ran inſtantly to his chamber, which they opened with a maſter-key; and lights being brought, they found the poor knight endeavouring with all his ſtrength to diſengage the cat from his viſage. The duke ſeeing the unequal fray, made haſte to part the combatants; when Don Quixote called aloud, "Let no man part us; but, leave me hand to hand, with this demon, this wizzard, this inchanter; and, I will make him ſenſible of the difference between him and me, who am Don Quixote de la Mancha." The cat, however, without minding his threats, ſtuck faſt to his noſe; but, at length, the duke tore it away, and threw it out at the window: ſo that the knight remained with his face like a ſieve, and his noſe in no very ſound condition; tho' he was very much diſſatisfied, that they would not ſuffer him to finiſh the engagement he had ſo obſtinately maintained with that felonious inchanter.

Oil of Aparicio was immediately fetched, and Altiſidora herſelf, with her ſnowy hands, applied the balſam, ſaying in a low voice as ſhe bound up his wounds, "All theſe miſadventures befal thee, hard-hearted knight, as a puniſhment for thy cruelty and diſdain; and, God grant, thy ſquire Sancho may forget to ſcourge himſelf, that thy ſo much beloved Dulcinea may never be diſinchanted, nor thou enjoy her as a wedded wife; at leaſt, during the life of me, by whom thou art adored." To all this apoſtrophe Don Quixote anſwered not a word; but, heaving a profound ſigh, laid himſelf along in his bed, and thanked their graces for this inſtance of their concern; not that he was afraid of ſuch a cattiſh-inchanting, and bell-ringing crew; but, on account of the kind intention they had manifeſted in coming to his relief. As for the duke and dutcheſs, they left him to his repoſe, and went away extremely ſorry for the unfortunate iſſue of their joke; for, they did not think Don Quixote would have ſuffered ſo terribly by the adventure, which coſt him five days confinement in his bed; but, afterwards, he was engaged in another ſtill more diverting, which, however, the hiſtorian will not at preſent recount, that he may return to Sancho Panza, who proceeded in his adminiſtration with equal pleaſantry and ſolicitude.

CHAP.

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F. Hayman inv. et del. C. Grignion sculp.

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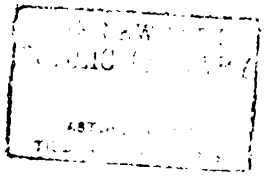

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CHAP. XV.

Containing a further account of Sancho's behaviour in his government.

THE hiſtory relates, that from the town-hall Sancho Panza was conducted to a ſumpt'ous palace, in the great hall of which was a royal table moſt elegantly furniſhed: when the governor entered, the waits ſtruck up, and four pages came forth and preſented him with water for his hands, which he received with great ſolemnity; then the muſic ceaſing, he took his place at the upper end of the table, which was accommodated with one ſeat only, and a cover for himſelf alone: while cloſe by him ſtood a perſonage, who afterwards proved to be a phyſician, with a rod of whalebone in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloth that covered the fruit and a great variety of diſhes: one who looked like a ſtudent, ſaid grace; a page tucked a laced bib under Sancho's chin; and, another perſon, who acted the part of ſewer, ſet a plate of fruit before the governor; but, ſcarce had he ſwallowed a mouthful, when the doctor touching the ſaid plate with his wand, it vaniſhed in a twinkling: the ſewer preſented him with another diſh, which the governor reſolved to prove; but, before he could finger or taſte it, the plate being alſo touched by the wand, one of the pages conveyed it away with incredible diſpatch, to the amazement of Sancho, who, looking round him, aſked if he muſt be obliged to eat like a juggler, by ſlight of hand?

To this interrogation, he of the wand replied: "My lord governor muſt, in eating, conform to the uſe and cuſtoms of other iſlands where governors reſide. I, my lord, enjoy a ſalary as phyſician to the governors of this iſland, and take more care of their health than of my own; ſtudying night and day, and conſidering the governor's conſtitution, that I may be able to cure him, in caſe he ſhould be taken ill; but, the principal part of my office is to be preſent at his meals, where I allow him to eat what I think will agree with his complexion, and reſtrain him from that which I conceive will be hurtful and prejudicial to his ſtomach. I, therefore, ordered the fruit to be removed, becauſe it is dangerouſly moiſt; and, likewiſe, commanded the other diſh to be conveyed away, becauſe it is exceſſively hot, as containing a number of ſpices which create thirſt, and copious drinking drowns and deſtroys the radical moiſture, which is the eſſence of life." "By that way of reaſoning, ſaid Sancho,

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Sancho, that there diſh of roaſted partridges, which ſeem to be very well ſeaſon'd, will do me no harm." To this hint, the phyſician replied: "Of theſe, my lord governor ſhall not eat while there is breath in my body." "And, pray for what reaſon?" ſaid the governor. "Becauſe our maſter Hippocrates, the north ſtar and luminary of phyſic, expreſly ſays, in one of his aphoriſms, Omnis ſaturatio mala, perdix autem peſſima; that is, All repletion is bad, but that with partridge worſt of all." "If that be the caſe, ſaid Sancho, good Mr. doctor, pray examine all the meſſes on the table, ſo as to point out that which will do me leaſt harm and moſt good, that I may eat without fear of conjuration; for, by the life of the governor, and as God ſhall prolong it! I am ready to die of hunger; and to deny me victuals, even tho' ſignor doctor ſhould preſcribe faſting, and ſay a thouſand things in its praiſe, will, inſtead of preſerving my health, deprive me of life intirely." "Your lordſhip is very much in the right, replied the phyſician: and, to begin, I would not have you touch theſe ragoo'd rabbits, becauſe they are a ſharp-haired food: of that veal, indeed, you might pick a little, if it was not roaſted a-la-daube; but, as it is, touch it not." "The diſh that ſmoaks yonder, ſaid Sancho, ſeems to be an Olla podrida, and conſidering the variety of ingredients of which theſe Ollas are compoſed, ſurely I cannot fail to light on ſomething that will be both ſavoury and wholeſome." "Abſit! cried the phyſician, far from us be ſuch a thought. There is not a more pernicious nutriment upon the face of the earth: leave your Ollas to canons, rectors of colleges, and country weddings; but, let them never appear upon the tables of governors, where elegance and neatneſs ought to reign. The reaſon is clear; at all times, in all places, and by all the learned, ſimple medicines are more eſteemed than thoſe that are compound: for, in the firſt, no miſtakes can be committed; whereas, in the other, numberleſs errors may take place, in the quantity and proportion of the ingredients; but, what I would adviſe my lord governor to eat at preſent, in order to preſerve and corroborate his health, is about an hundred confected wafers, and a few thin ſlices of quinces, which will ſit eaſy on his ſtomach, and aſſiſt digeſtion."

Sancho hearing this preſcription, threw himſelf backwards in his chair, and ſurveying the phyſician from head to foot, aſked in a grave and ſolemn tone, what was his name, and were he had ſtudied? To this queſtion the other replied, "I, my lord governor, am called doctor Pedro *Poſitive de Bode-well, native of a place called Snatchaway, on the right-

* The Spaniſh name is *Pedro Rezio de Aquiero*; which, together with *Tirte Afuera*, the place of his nativity, I have tranſlated into Engliſh, that the humour may be better underſtood.

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hand between Caraquel and Almodobar del Campo; and, I took my doctor's degree at the univerſity of Oſuna." To this declaration Sancho replied, in a rage, "Heak ye then, Mr. doctor Pedro Poſitive de Bode-ill, native of Snatchaway, which is on the right hand as we go from Caratquel to Almodobar del Campo, graduate of Oſſuna, get out of my preſence this inſtant, or by the body of the ſun! I will ſnatch up a cudgel, and beginning with you, employ it in ſuch a manner as not to leave a phyſician on the whole iſland; of thoſe I mean who are ignorant fellows; as for the learned, virtuous, and diſcreet members of the faculty, I will place them on my head, in token of reſpect, and honour them as things divine. But, I ſay again, begone, doctor Pedro Poſitive, or poſitively I will take up this chair on which I ſit, and make immediate application to your ſkull; and, ſhould I be called to account for it, when I reſign my government, I will exculpate myſelf by proving that I have done ſervice to God, in ſlaying a wicked phyſician, who was a ſcandal to the commonwealth. Let me have ſomething to eat therefore, or take back your government; for, a poſt that will not afford victuals, is not worth a peaſe-cod."

The doctor was frightened at ſeeing the governor in ſuch a paſſion, and was going to ſnatch himſelf away from his preſence, when, at the very inſtant, their ears were ſaluted with the noiſe of a poſt-boy's horn in the ſtreet; and, the gentleman ſewer going to the window, informed the governor that there was a courier arrived from my lord duke, with ſome diſpatches of importance. Accordingly, the meſſenger entered the hall, ſweating, with marks of conſternation in his countenance; and, taking a packet out of his boſom, delivered it into the hands of the governor, who gave it to the ſteward, with orders to read the ſuperſcription, which run thus: "To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the iſland Barataria, to be delivered into his own hand, or that of his ſecretary." Sancho hearing the direction, "Who is my ſecretary?" ſaid he. And one of the people who were preſent, anſwered, "I am ſecretary, my lord; for, I can read, and write, and am a Biſcayan." "Nay, with that addition, ſaid Sancho, you might be ſecretary to the emperor himſelf: open this packet, and ſee what it contains." The new-born ſecretary obeyed the command; and, having peruſed the contents, told his excellency, it was buſineſs for his private ear. Then Sancho ordered every body to quit the place, except the ſteward, and gentleman ſewer: accordingly the reſt retired, with the doctor at their head; and the ſecretary read the letter to this effect:

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" I HAVE received information, ſignor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of the iſland, intend one of theſe nights, to give you a furious aſſault; you will therefore be vigilant and alert, that they may not find you unprepared. I am likewiſe informed, by truſty ſpies, that four perſons in diſguiſe have entered the town, with intention to take away your life, as they dread the extent of your abilities: be upon your guard, therefore, examine every perſon who comes to ſpeak with you, and taſte nothing that comes in a preſent. I will take care to reinforce you, ſhould you ſtand in need of aſſiſtance; mean while, you will act in every thing according to the good opinion I have of your underſtanding.

From my caſtle, Auguſt 16th. at four in the morning. Your friend, The Duke.

This epiſtle overwhelmed Sancho with aſtoniſhment, which the reſt pretended to ſhare; and turning to the ſteward, " What is to be done, ſaid he, and that immediately, is to confine doctor Rezio in a dugeon; for, if any body has a deſign to take away my life, he is the man; ay, and by the moſt pitiful, and worſt of all deaths; namely, hunger." " True, replied the gentleman ſewer; and, in my opinion, your lordſhip ought not to eat any of the victuals now on the table, for they were a preſent from certain nuns; and, as the ſaying is, The devil ſkulks behind the croſs." " That is a truth not to be denied, ſaid Sancho; but, in the mean time, let me have a luncehon of bread, and about four pounds of raiſins, which cannot be poiſoned; for, really and truly, I cannot live without eating; and, if we muſt be prepared for thoſe battles by which we are threatened, at leaſt, let us be well fed; for, the ſtomach ſupports the heart, and not the heart the ſtomach. You, ſecretary, muſt write an anſwer to my lord duke; and tell him his commands ſhall be obeyed to a tittle. You ſhall likewiſe make my compliments to my lady dutcheſs, beſeeching her, in my name, to remember to ſend an expreſs, with my letter and bundle, to my wife Tereſa Panza; in ſo doing ſhe will lay me under great obligation, and I ſhall take care to be her humble ſervant to the utmoſt of my power. By the bye, you may thruſt in a how d'ye to my maſter Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may ſee I am not of an ungrateful leaven; and you, as a faithful ſecretary, and honeſt Biſcayan, may add what you ſhall think proper, and moſt likely to turn out to advantage. At preſent, take

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take away theſe things, and let me have ſomething to eat; and I ſhall manage any ſpies, murderers, or inchanters, that may peſume to attack me or my iſland."

Here he was interrupted by a page, who, coming into the hall, told him there was a countryman without, who wanted to ſpeak with his lordſhip upon ſome buſineſs of the utmoſt importance. "Thoſe people of buſineſs are ſtrange fellows, ſaid Sancho; is it poſſible they are ſo ignorant, as not to ſee that this is not a proper hour for the tranſaction of buſineſs? Mayhap they think, we governors, and judges, are not made of fleſh and blood, and therefore require no time for refreſhment, any more than if we were created of marble.—As I ſhall anſwer to God! if my government holds (tho' I begin to perceive it will not be of long duration) I will ſit upon * the ſkirts of more than one of theſe men of buſineſs. At preſent, tell that honeſt man to come; but, firſt of all, take care that he is not one of the ſpies or murderers." "There is no occaſion, my lord, anſwered the page; for, he ſeems to be a ſimple ſoul, and either I am very much miſtaken, or he is as honeſt as a well weighed loaf." "While we are preſent, ſaid the ſteward, there is nothing to fear." "Mr. ſewer, ſaid Sancho, now that doctor Pedro Rezio is not here, might not I eat ſomething ſubſtantial, even tho' it ſhould be nothing better than a luncheon of bread, and an onion?" "This night your ſupper ſhall make amends for the defect of dinner, ſo as that your lordſhip ſhall be perfectly well pleaſed, and ſatisfied," replied the ſewer. "God grant I may be ſo," quoth the governor.

At that inſtant the countryman entered the hall, of a goodly preſence, and indeed one might have ſeen that he was an honeſt ſoul, even at the diſtance of a thouſand leagues. The firſt thing he ſaid, was, "Which of all this company is my lord governor?" "Who ſhould be governor, replied the ſecretary, but he who ſits in the chair?" "Then, I humble myſelf before him," ſaid the peaſant; who, falling on his knees, begged leave to kiſs his lordſhip's hand. This requeſt, however, Sancho would not grant; but ordered him to riſe, and explain his buſineſs. Accordingly, the countryman getting up, "My lord, ſaid he, I am a huſbandman belonging to Miguel Turra, a place about two leagues from Cuidad Real." "What! have we got another Snatchaway?" cried Sancho: proceed, brother; for I can tell you, that I am very well acquainted with Miguel Turra, which is not far from our own village." "This here then is the caſe, my lord, ſaid the countryman: By the mercy of God, I

* The original *Ponga en pretina*, ſignifies, I will put in my girdle.

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was married in peace, and in the face of the holy roman catholic church; and I have two ſons now at college, the youngeſt of whom is to be a batchelor, and the elder is intended for a licentiate. I am a widower; for my wife died, or rather ſhe was killed, by a wicked phyſician, who gave her a purge when ſhe was big with child; and, had it pleaſed God, that the fruit of her womb had come to light, and been a boy, I would have bred him up a doctor, that he might not have envied his brothers, the batchelor and licentiate." "So then, ſaid Sancho, if your wife had not died, or been killed, in all likelihood, you ſhould not now be a widower." "No, my lord, by no manner of means," anſwered the countryman. "Agad! cried Sancho, we are in a thriving way. Pray, go on, brother; for, this is an hour more proper for ſleep than for buſineſs." "Well then, replied the countryman, this ſon of mine, who is to be bred a batchelor, became enamoured of a young lady of the ſame town, called Clara Paralina,* daughter of Andrew Paralino, a very wealthy yeoman; and, this name of Paralino, does not come from their pedigree, or any family deſcent; but, they have acquired it, becauſe the whole race of them is Paralytic: and ſo, in order to improve the ſound, they are called Paralino; tho', to ſay the truth, the young lady is a perfect oriental pearl, and, when you look at her, on her right ſide, ſeems to be a very flower of the field; on the left indeed ſhe is not quite ſo amiable, being blind of an eye which ſhe loſt in the ſmall-pox: and, although the pits in her face are very large and numerous, her admirers ſay that theſe are not pits, but graves, in which the hearts of her lovers are buried. Then ſhe is ſo cleanly, that to prevent her face from being defiled, ſhe carries her noſe cocked up, as the ſaying is, ſo that it ſeems to be running away from her mouth: yet, for all that, ſhe is extremely beautiful, for ſhe has a very wide mouth, and if ſhe did not want ſome ten or a dozen teeth, might paſs for a very phœnix of beauty. Of her lips I ſhall ſay nothing; but, they are ſo thin, and delicate, that if it was the cuſtom to reel lips, they might be made up into a ſkein; but, as they are of a different colour from common lips, they appear quite miraculous; for, they contain a mixture of blue, green, and orange tawny. And my lord governor will pardon me, for painting ſo exactly the parts of her who is to be my daughter, for I love her exceedingly, and like to dwell upon the ſubject." "Paint what you will, ſaid Sancho; for my own part, I am hugely delighted with your deſcription, and, if I had dined, ſhould not deſire a

* She is in the original called *Perlerina*, which I have changed into *Paralina*, in order to preſerve the ſubſequent play on the words.

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better deſert than the picture you have drawn." "That ſhall be always at your ſervice, replied the countryman; and, though we are not at preſent known to each other, the time will come when we ſhall be better acquainted. And now, my lord, if I could deſcribe her genteel deportment, and tall ſtature, you would be ſtruck with admiration: but that is an impoſſible taſk, becauſe ſhe is ſo doubled, and bent, that her knees touch her mouth; and yet, for all that, one may ſee with half an eye, that if ſhe could ſtand upright, her head would touch the cieling; and ſhe would have given her hand in marriage to my batchelor before this time, if ſhe could have ſtretched it out, but it happens to be ſhrunk and withered; tho', by the long channeled nails, one may eaſily perceive the beauty of its form and texture."

"Very well, ſaid Sancho. Now, brother, let us ſuppoſe you have painted her from head to foot: tell me what is your requeſt? and come to the point, without going about the buſh, through lanes and alleys, with a parcel of ſcraps and circumlocutions." "Well then, my lord, replied the countryman, my requeſt is, that you would give me a letter of recommendation to the young lady's father, intreating him to give his conſent to the match, as the parties are pretty equal in the gifts of fortune, and of nature; for, to ſay the truth, my lord governor, my ſon is poſſeſſed, and ſcarce a day paſſes, but he is three or four times tormented by the foul fiend; and, in conſequence of having once fallen into the fire, his face is ſhrivelled up like a ſkin of parchment, and his eyes are bleared, and run woundily: but yet, he has the temper of an angel, and if he did not beat and buffet himſelf, he would be a perfect ſaint." "Do you want any thing elſe, honeſt friend?" replied Sancho. "I did want ſomething elſe, ſaid the countryman, but I dare not be ſo bold as to mention it: but, out it ſhall go; for, Stick or not ſtick, it ſhall never rot in my belly. Why then, my lord, I wiſh your lordſhip would beſtow three or ſix hundred ducats, to help to ſet up my batchelor; I mean, to furniſh his houſe; for, the truth is, the young couple are to live by themſelves, without being ſubject to the peeviſhneſs of us old folks." "Conſider if you want any thing elſe, ſaid Sancho, and ſpeak without baſhfulneſs or reſtraint." "Truly, I want nothing elſe," replied the countryman. And ſcarce had he pronounced theſe words, when the governor ſtarting up, and laying hold on the chair that was under him, exclaimed, "I vow to God, you Don lubberly, raſcally ruſtic, if you don't get you gone, and abſcond from my preſence this inſtant, I will with this chair demoliſh your ſkull, you knaviſh ſon of a whore, and

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painter for the devil himſelf; is this a time to come and demand ſix hundred ducats? Where the devil ſhould I find them, you ſtinkard? or if I had found them, why the devil ſhould I give them to you, you idiotical ſcoundrel? What a pox have I to do with Miguel Turra, or any of the generation of the Paralino's? Begone, I ſay, or by the life of my lord duke, I'll be as good as my word: thou art no native of Miguel Turra, but ſome fiend ſent from hell to torment me: heark ye, miſcreant, I have been governor but a day and an half, and you would have me already in poſſeſſion of ſix hundred ducats!"

The gentleman ſewer made ſigns to the countryman to leave the place; and he accordingly quitted the hall, hanging his head, and ſeemingly afraid that the governor would execute his threats; for, the rogue acted his part to admiration. But, let us leave Sancho's indignation to cool, and peace attend him in his career, while we return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bandaged up for the cure of his cattiſh wounds, which were not healed in the ſpace of eight days; and in that time an adventure happened to him, which Cid Hamet promiſes to recount, with that truth and punctuality he has hitherto maintained, in recording even the moſt trivial and minute incidents of this authentic hiſtory.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVI.

Of Don Quixote's adventure with Donna Rodriguez, the dutcheſs's duenna; and other incidents worthy of eternal fame.

EXCEEDINGLY peeviſh and melancholy, was the ſore wounded Don Quixote, with his face bandaged and marked—not by the hand of his maker, but by the claws of a cat; and indeed, ſuch misfortunes are annexed to chivalry. Six days did he remain in his chamber, without appearing in public; and, during this time it was, that one night, while he lay watchful and awake, muſing upon his diſaſter, and the perſecution of Altiſidora, he heard a key turning in the door of his apartment, and ſtraight imagined the enamoured damſel was come to ſurprize his chaſtity, and tempt him to forego the fidelity he owed to his miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo. On this ſuppoſition he pronounced with an audible voice, "No! the greateſt beauty upon earth ſhall never have ſuch an effect as to interfere with my adoration of her, who is impreſſed and engraved in the midſt of my heart, and in the depth of my bowels! No, my dear miſtreſs! whether thou art transformed into a garlic-eating wench, or as a nymph of the golden Tagus, art weaving webs of gold and ſilver twiſt: whether thou art in the power of Merlin or Monteſinos; whereſoever thou mayeſt be, mine thou art, and, whereſoever I am, I muſt be thine." This ejaculation being uttered juſt as the door opened, he ſtood upright in his bed, wrapped up in a quilt of yellow ſilk, with a woolen night-cap on his head, his face and whiſkers being bound up; the firſt, on account of the ſcratches he had received, and the laſt, in order to preſerve the buckle; and, in this equipage, he appeared the moſt extraordinary phantom that the imagination can conceive. His eyes were fixed upon the door, and when he expected to ſee the yielding, and afflicted Altiſidora enter, he beheld a moſt reverend duenna, with a white hemmed veil, ſo long as to cover her from head to foot. Between the fingers of her left hand, ſhe held a lighted candle's end, and with her right ſhe formed a ſhade to keep the glare from her eyes, which were furniſhed with large ſpectacles; and, in this trim, ſhe came treading very ſoftly, and moving her feet with great tranquillity as ſhe advanced. Don Quixote ſurveyed her from his poſt, and marking her ſilence and appearance, concluded ſhe was ſome hag or ſorcereſs, come in that equipage to annoy him; and, in this opinion, he began to

to croſs himſelf with great eagerneſs of devotion. The apparition advancing to the middle of the chamber, and lifting up its eyes, perceived the knight buſily employed in his occupation; and, if he was afraid at ſight of her, ſhe was no leſs terrified at his figure; for, ſeeing him ſo tall and yellow, wrapped up in the quilt, and disfigured by the bandages, ſhe cried aloud, "O Jeſus! what do I ſee?" and in the ſurpriſe dropped the candle. Finding herſelf now in the dark, ſhe attempted to make her retreat, and treading upon her own ſkirts in the confuſion of her fear, ſhe ſtumbled and fell to the ground: while Don Quixote, ſweating with terror, began to ejaculate, "I conjure thee, O phantom, or whatever thou mayeſt be, to tell me who thou art, and what thou would'ſt have. If thou art a perturbed ſpirit, let me know, and I will do all that lies in my power to give thee relief; for, I am a catholic chriſtian, well diſpoſed to befriend all mankind; and, in conſequence of that diſpoſition, I received the order of knight-errantry, which I now profeſs; and, the exerciſe of that profeſſion, extends even ſo far as to give aſſiſtance to ſouls in purgatory."

The duenna, bruiſed as ſhe was with her fall, hearing herſelf exorciſed in this manner, gueſſed from her own fear, the terrors of Don Quixote, and in a low and plaintive tone replied, "Signor Don Quixote, if your worſhip really is Don Quixote, I am no phantom, apparition, or ſoul in purgatory, as your worſhip ſeems to ſuppoſe, but Donna Rodriguez, chief duenna to my lady dutcheſs, and I come with one of thoſe neceſſitous caſes which your worſhip are wont to remedy." "Pray, tell me, ſignora Donna Rodriguez, ſaid Don Quixote, are you come in the office of a go-between? becauſe, I would have you to know, that I am altogether unfit for any ſuch commerce, thanks to the peerleſs beauty of my own miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo. Finally, I ſay unto you, ſignora Donna Rodriguez, if you will ſuppreſs, and lay aſide, all amorous meſſages, you may go and light your candle, and return; and we will diſcourſe upon any ſubject you ſhall think proper to introduce, ſaving, as I have already obſerved, all your dainty incitements." "Signor, anſwered the duenna, I carry meſſages for no perſon. Your worſhip is but little acquainted with my character. Nor am I ſo ſtricken in years as to take to thoſe fooleries; for, God be praiſed! there is ſtill ſome ſoul in my body, and my teeth, grinders and all, are ſtill in my head, except a very few I have loſt by the rheums that are ſo rife in this country of Arragon: but, if your worſhip will wait a minute, I will go and light my candle, and return in an inſtant, and then I ſhall recount my diſaſter to you, as the phyſician of all the diſaſters upon earth."

So

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So ſaying, ſhe, without waiting for an anſwer, quitted the apartment, where the knight waited for her, in the utmoſt ſuſpence and concern: then being aſſaulted by a thouſand reflections upon this new adventure, he began to think it would be very indiſcreet, even ſo much as to dream of expoſing himſelf to the danger of breaking his fidelity to his own miſtreſs. "Who knows, ſaid he to himſelf, but the devil, who is equally crafty and dextrous, intends at preſent to ſeduce me by means of a duenna, after having in vain attempted me, with empreſſes, queens, dutcheſſes, marqueſſes, and counteſſes? for I have often heard it obſerved by a number of people of good underſtanding, that he will never give you an high noſe, if a flat noſe will ſerve your turn: and who knows but this ſolitude, opportunity, and ſilence, may waken thoſe deſires in me which are now aſleep, and compel me at theſe years to fall, where hitherto I never ſo much as ſtumbled? In ſuch emergencies, it is ſurely better to avoid than await the battle. And yet, I muſt certainly be deprived of my ſenſes, to talk and think at this rate; for, it is abſolutely impoſſible, that a long, meagre, white veiled, and ſpectacled duenna, ſhould move or excite a laſcivious thought in the lewdeſt boſom upon earth. Is there, for example, a duenna in nature, who has a tolerable perſon? Is there a duenna upon this our globe, who is not wrinkled, loathſome, and impertinent? Avaunt then, ye duennian tribe, unfit for any human entertainment! Praiſe be to that lady who is ſaid to have had at one end of her ſopha two marble duennas, with their ſpectacles and bobbin cuſhions, in the attitude of working; and theſe ſtatues fulfilled the dignity of the apartment, as well as if they had been duennas of fleſh and blood."

So ſaying, he ſtarted from his bed, with intention to lock the door, and deny admittance to ſignora Rodriguez; but, before he could execute his reſolution, that lady had returned with a lighted wax-taper, and ſeeing Don Quixote ſo near her, with his quilt, bandages, night-cap or hood, ſhe was again affrighted, and retired backwards a couple of paces, ſaying, "Am I ſafe, ſir knight? for, your worſhip's getting out of bed, is no great ſign of virtue, methinks." "Madam, replied Don Quixote, I ought to aſk you the ſame queſtion; and I do accordingly aſk, whether or not I am ſafe from aſſault and raviſhment?" "Of whom, or from whom, do you demand that ſecurity, ſir knight?" ſaid the duenna. "Of you, and from you, and you alone, anſwered Don Quixote: for, I am not made of marble, nor you of braſs; nor is it now ten o'clock in the forenoon, but midnight, and ſomething more, if I am not miſtaken; and we are here in a more cloſe and ſecret apartment than the cave in which

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which the treacherous, and daring Æneas, enjoyed the beautiful and pious Dido: yet give me your hand, madam; for, I require no other ſecurity than my own reſerve and continence, together with the appearance of that moſt reverend veil."

So ſaying, he kiſſed his right hand, and took hold of her's, which ſhe preſented with the like ceremony.

Here Cid Hamet, in a parentheſis, ſwears by Mahomet, that to have ſeen theſe two originals thus linked, and walking from the door to the bed, he would have given the beſt of his two jackets.

At length Don Quixote ſlipped into bed, and Donna Rodriguez ſeated herſelf in a chair at ſome diſtance from it, without quitting her ſpectacles or candle: then the knight ſhrunk under the clothes, with which he covered himſelf in ſuch a manner that nothing but his face appeared; and both parties having compoſed themſelves, the firſt who broke ſilence was Don Quixote, who accoſted her in theſe words: "Now, madam duenna Rodriguez, you may unrip, and unload, all that lies upon your ſorrowful heart, and afflicted bowels; and I ſhall liſten to your grievances with chaſte ears, and redreſs them with pious works." "I believe as much, ſaid the duenna; for, from the genteel and agreeable preſence of your worſhip, I could expect no other than ſuch a chriſtian reply.

This then, is the caſe, ſignor Don Quixote; although your worſhip now ſees me ſeated in this chair, in the midſt of Arragon, and in the dreſs of a contemptible and injured duenna, I was born in the Aſturias, of Oviedo, of a family which intermarried with many of the beſt in that province; but my niggardly fate, and the extravagance of my parents, who came to untimely want, without knowing how or wherefore, drove me to the court of Madrid, where, for the ſake of peace, and in order to prevent greater misfortunes, my parents provided me with the place of needlewoman, in the ſervice of a lady of quality; and, I would have your worſhip to know, that in making knitting-ſheaths and plain work, no perſon had ever the advantage of me in the whole courſe of my life. As for my parents, after they had ſeen me ſettled in this place, they returned to the country, and in a few years went to heaven; for, they were exceeding good catholic chriſtians. Mean while, I was left an orphan, ſtinted to the wretched ſalary, and pitiful wages, commonly given to ſuch ſervants in great families; and ſo, about that time, a ſquire in the houſe fell in love with me, tho' I am ſure I gave him no occaſion. He was a man already well ſtricken in years, with a venerable beard, and of a comely appearance, and beſides, as good a gentleman as the king; for, he

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F. Hayman inv. et del. C. Grignion Sculp.

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he was a mountaineer. We did not correſpond ſo ſecretly but our intrigue came to the knowledge of my lady, who, waving all queſtions and commands, cauſed us to be married in peace, and in the face of our holy mother the roman catholic church. The fruit of this marriage was a daughter, who was the death of my good fortune, if any ſuch I had: not that I died in child-bed; on the contrary, I was ſafely and ſeaſonably delivered; but becauſe, ſoon after that event, my poor huſband died of a fright; and, if I had now time to recount the manner, I know your worſhip would be ſtruck with admiration."

Here ſhe began to weep moſt bitterly, and thus proceeded: "Your worſhip, ſignor Don Quixote, will pardon me for not being able to contain myſelf; for, as often as I remember my unfortunate huſband, mine eyes run over. God be my comfort! with what dignity did he ride before my lady, on a mighty mule as black as jet: for, at that time, they did not uſe coaches or chairs, which, they ſay, are now in faſhion; and the ladies always rode behind their ſquires. This one circumſtance, however, I cannot help recounting, becauſe it demonſtrates the good breeding and punctilio of my worthy ſpouſe. One day, as he entered the ſtreet of St. Jago, in Madrid, which is but narrow, he happened to meet a judge, preceded by two of his officers; and my good ſquire no ſooner beheld him, than he turned his mule, in order to attend his worſhip. My lady, who ſat behind him, ſaid in a whiſper, "Blockhead, what are you going to do? don't you know that I am here?" while the judge, out of politeneſs, ſtopped his horſe, ſaying, "Pray proceed, ſignor; for, it is rather my duty to attend my lady Donna Caſilda; that was the name of my miſtreſs. Nevertheleſs, my huſband ſtill perſiſted, with his cap in hand, in his reſolution to attend the judge; and my lady, enraged at his obſtinacy, pulled out a large pin, or rather, I believe, a bodkin, from her tweezer-caſe, and thruſt it into his loins; ſo that my poor man roared aloud, and writhed his body in ſuch a manner, that both he and my lady came to the ground. Her two lacquies ran immediately to lift her up, and were aſſiſted by the judge and his officers. The whole gate of Guadalajara, I mean the idle people about it, were in an uproar: my lady came home a-foot, and my huſband haſtened to a ſurgeon, declaring he was thruſt through the bowels. His great courteſy ſoon became public, in ſo much that the very children mocked him in the ſtreet; for which reaſon, and becauſe he was a little ſhort-ſighted, my lady diſmiſſed him from her ſervice; and he took his diſmiſſion ſo much to heart, that I am poſitively certain it was the cauſe of his death. Thus was I left a forlorn widow, with a daughter upon my hands, who, as ſhe grew

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up, increaſed in beauty, like the foam of the ſea. At length, as I had the character of being an excellent needle-woman, my lady dutcheſs, who was juſt then married to my lord duke, carried me and my daughter, without more ado, along with her to this kingdom of Arragon; where, in proceſs of time, my child improved in all manner of accompliſhments; ſhe ſings like any public crier, dances light as thought, cuts a caper as if ſhe was mad, reads and writes like a ſchool-maſter, and caſts accounts like a miſer. I ſay nothing of her cleanlineſs, for the running water is not more pure; and, if my memory does not fail me, ſhe is now ſixteen years, five months, and three days, perhaps one over or under. In a word, this maiden of mine captivated the ſon of a rich farmer, who lives in a village not far from hence, belonging to my lord duke; and ſo, the young couple meeting, I know not where nor how, he, under promiſe of marriage played the rogue with my daughter, and refuſes to perform his promiſe: and although my lord duke is well acquainted with the affair; for, you muſt know, I complained to him—not once, but divers and ſundry times, deſiring he would order the young farmer to take my daughter to his wife; he lends a deaf ear to my complaint, and, indeed, will ſcarce give me the hearing, becauſe, forſooth, the young rogue's father is extremely rich, and lends him money; nay, becomes ſurety for him when he happens to be in trouble: ſo that he will, by no manner of means, give himſelf the leaſt concern or uneaſineſs. Now, dear ſir, my requeſt is that your worſhip would undertake to redreſs this grievance, either by intreaty or force of arms; for, as all the world ſays, your worſhip was born for ſuch purpoſes, to rectify wrongs, and protect the wretched. And I beg your worſhip will conſider the orphan ſtate of my daughter, her gentility, her youth, and all thoſe good qualities which, I have told you, ſhe poſſeſſes: for, in the ſight of heaven, and in my own conſcience, I dare aver, that of all the damſels belonging to my lady dutcheſs, there is not one that comes up to the ſole of her ſhoe: and tho' ſhe, whom they call Altiſidora, is reckoned the moſt ſprightly and good humoured, when compared to my daughter, ſhe does not come within two leagues of her; for, your worſhip muſt know, ſignor, all is not gold that glitters. This ſame Altiſidora has more forwardneſs than beauty, and more airineſs than modeſty: beſides, ſhe is not over and above wholeſome; her breath has ſuch a flavour that no body can be near her; no, not for a moment; and even my lady dutcheſs——but, mum for that: Walls have ears, as the ſaying is."

"What

" What of my lady dutcheſs? cried Don Quixote. Signora Donna Rodriguez, I conjure you tell me, as you hope to be ſaved." " Nay, if you conjure me in that manner, anſwered the duenna, I cannot help telling the truth. Signor Don Quixote, your worſhip has, no doubt, perceived the beauty of my lady dutcheſs; that freſhneſs of complexion that ſhines like poliſhed ſteel, thoſe cheeks of milk and crimſon, with the ſun on one ſide, and the moon on the other, and that gaiety with which ſhe treads, or rather diſdains the ground, ſeeming to diffuſe health and joy whereſoever ſhe walks. Well then, your worſhip muſt know, that ſhe may thank God, in the firſt place; and, ſecondly, two iſſues in her legs, that diſcharge the bad humours with which the doctors ſay ſhe abounds." " Bleſſed virgin! cried the knight, is it poſſible that my lady dutcheſs ſhould have occaſion for ſuch ſluices? I would hardly believe the bare-footed friars, ſhould they make the aſſertion; yet, ſince Donna Rodriguez avers it, there is no reaſon to doubt: but, from thoſe iſſues, ſurely nothing but liquid amber can flow; and, in good ſooth, I am now fully convinced that the uſe of iſſues muſt be a matter of great importance to the preſervation of health."

Scarce had Don Quixote pronounced theſe words, when the chamber-door burſt open, with a ſudden ſlap, which ſurpriſed and diſordered the duenna to ſuch a degree, that ſhe dropped the candle, and in a moment the apartment was dark as a dog's mouth, as the ſaying is. Immediately, the poor duenna felt her throat aſſaulted by two hands, which preſſed it ſo cloſe that ſhe could not ſqueak, while another perſon, with incredible diſpatch, and in great ſilence, turned up her petticoat, and with ſomething like a ſlipper, began to make ſuch application to her poſterior parts, that ſhe was in a moſt piteous taking; and, although Don Quixote compaſſionated her caſe, he ſtirred not from his bed, as he did not know the nature of the aſſault, but lay ſnug and ſilent, in great fear that the ſame diſcipline would come round and ſound to his own carcaſe. Nor was his apprehenſion altogether groundleſs; for, the ſilent executioners having ſeverely flogged the duenna, who durſt not complain, advanced to Don Quixote; and, ſtripping off the ſheets and the quilt, pinched him ſo faſt, and ſo ſmartly, that he could not forbear defending himſelf by dint of fiſt; and the whole affair was tranſacted in wonderful ſilence. The battle having laſted about half an hour, the phantoms vaniſhed, Donna Rodriguez adjuſted her petticoats, and groaning over her misfortune, ſneaked away, without ſpeaking a ſyllable to the knight, who remained alone, full of pains and pinches, ſorrow and confuſion. And here we will leave him, burning with deſire to know who the perverſe

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inchanter was, who had uſed him in ſuch a cruel manner; but, that ſecret ſhall be revealed in due ſeaſon. Mean while, we are ſummoned by Sancho Panza; and the excellent plan of our hiſtory obliges us to obey his call.

CHAP. XVII.

Of what happened to Sancho Panza, in going the round of his iſland.

WE left the great governor out of humour, and enraged at that ſame painting country-wag, who had received his cue from the duke's ſteward and gentleman ſewer, ſent thither on purpoſe to make merry at his expence: nevertheleſs, he held out toughly againſt the whole combination, Rude, and brood, and ſimple as he ſtood; and addreſſing himſelf to all preſent, and among the reſt to doctor Pedro Rezio, who, after the duke's letter was read, had returned to the hall, "Now, ſaid he, I am fully convinced that judges and governors are, or ought to be made of braſs, ſo as that they may not feel the importunity of people of buſineſs, who expect to be heard, and diſpatched, at all hours and at all ſeaſons, and that their affairs ſhould be ſolely attended to, come what will: and if the poor devil of a judge does not hear and diſpatch them, either becauſe it is not in his power, or it happens to be an unſeaſonable time for giving audience, then they grumble and backbite, gnaw him to the very bones, and even beſpatter his whole generation. Ignorant man of buſineſs! fooliſh man of buſineſs! be not in ſuch a violent hurry; wait for the proper ſeaſon and conjuncture, and come not at meals or ſleeping time; for, judges are made of fleſh and blood, and muſt give to nature that which nature requires, excepting myſelf, unhappy wretch that I am! who cannot indulge my appetite, thanks to doctor Pedro Poſitive Snatchaway here preſent, who intends that I ſhall die of hunger, and affirms that ſuch a death is good living, which I pray God may fall to the ſhare of him and all of his kidney; I mean, bad phyſicians; as for the good, they deſerve palms and laurel."

Every body who knew Sancho were ſtruck with admiration at hearing him talk ſo elegantly, and could not account for his improvement any other way, than by ſuppoſing that poſts and places of importance enlarge the faculties of ſome, while they ſtupify the underſtanding of others. Finally, doctor Pedro Poſitive Bodewell de Snatchaway promiſed to indulge his excellency with a plentiful ſupper at night, even tho' he ſhould tranſgreſs all the aphoriſms of Hippocrates. The governor reſted ſatisfied with

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with this declaration, waiting for the approach of night and ſupper with great impatience; and although time ſeemed to ſtand ſtock-ſtill, the wiſhed-for hour at length arrived, when they treated him with an hachis of beef well onioned, and ſome calves feet not very freſh: nevertheleſs, he attacked theſe diſhes with more reliſh than if he had been ſerved with Milan godwits, Roman pheaſants, Sorrento veal, partridges of Moron, or geeſe of Lavajos: and, in the midſt of ſupper, turning towards his phyſician, "Take notice, doctor, ſaid he, that from henceforth you need not take the trouble to provide dainties and delicate diſhes for me; they will only ſerve to unhinge my ſtomach, which is uſed to goats-fleſh, cow-beef and bacon, with turnips and onions; and, if by accident it chances to receive any of your tit-bits, it contains them with loathing, and ſometimes throws them up: but, maſter ſewer may bring me thoſe diſhes called olla podridas; and the powerfuller they are, ſo much the better; in one of theſe, he may crowd and cram all the eatables he can think of, and I will thank him for his pains; nay, one day or another, I ſhall make him amends: and let no man play the rogue with me: either we are or we are not; let us live and eat in harmony and peace; for, when God ſends the morning, the light ſhines upon all. I will govern this iſland without favour or corruption: and let every body keep a good look-out, and mind his own affairs; for, I would have you to know, the devil's in the dice*, and if you give me cauſe, you ſhall ſee wonders—yes, yes: make yourſelf honey, and the flies will bite."

"Aſſuredly, my lord governor, ſaid the ſteward, your lordſhip hath ſaid nothing but the truth; and, I promiſe, in the name of all the iſlanders of this iſland, to ſerve your lordſhip with perfect love, benevolence and punctuality: for, the agreeable ſample of government which your lordſhip hath given in the beginning, leaves us no room to doubt, or even to conceive any thing that ſhall redound to the diſguſt and detriment of your honour." "I believe what you ſay, replied Sancho; and, indeed, they muſt be fools to think or act otherwiſe. And I ſay again, let the maintenance of me and my Dapple be taken care of; for, that is the main point in this buſineſs: and, when the time comes, let us go and make the round; my intention is to clear the iſland from all ſort of filth, ſuch as vagabonds, idlers, and immoral people: for, I would have you to know, my friends, that your idle and lazy fellows are the ſame in a commonwealth as drones in a bee-hive, that conſume the honey which the induſtrious labourers have made. My reſolution is to protect the farmers and handicrafts-men, maintain the prerogative of gentlemen,

* Literally, *the devil's in Cantillana*, which is a town of Andalouzia, near Sevil.

reward

reward virtue; and, above all things, reſpect religion and the honour of the clergy. Tell me, my friends, what is your opinion of my plan? Does it ſmack of ſomething? or do I threſh my ſkull to no purpoſe?" "My lord governor, ſaid the ſteward, your lordſhip ſpeaks ſo much to the purpoſe, that I am ſtruck with admiration, to hear a man ſo illiterate as your lordſhip (for, I believe you do not know your letters) make ſo many obſervations full of ſagacity, and give counſel ſo much above every thing that was expected from your lordſhip's capacity, by thoſe who ſent us, as well as by ourſelves who are come hither. Every day produces ſomething new: jokes are turned into earneſt, and the biters are bit."

Night being come, and the governor having ſupped with the good leave of doctor Pedro, they prepared for going the round; and, accordingly his excellency went forth, accompanied by the ſteward, notary, gentleman ſewer, and hiſtoriographer, whoſe office it was to record his actions; and attended by ſuch a number of alguazils and ſcriveners, as would have formed a moderate ſquadron. Sancho walked in the middle, with his rod, and a goodly ſight he was to ſee; and, having traverſed a few ſtreets, they heard the claſhing of ſwords, upon which haſtening to the place of action, they found two men fighting, who, ſeeing the officers of juſtice, deſiſted, and one of them exclaimed, "Help, in God's name, and the king's! What, are people ſuffered to be robbed in this town, and aſſaulted in the very middle of the ſtreet?" "Compoſe yourſelf, honeſt friend, ſaid Sancho, and let me know the cauſe of this quarrel; for, I am governor." Then his adverſary interpoſing, "My lord governor, ſaid he, I will tell you the whole ſtory in a few words: Your worſhip muſt know, that this gentleman has been at play in that there gaming-houſe over the way, where he has won above a thouſand rials, and God knows how fairly: now, I being preſent, decided more than once in his favour, when the bett was, doubtful, againſt the dictates of my own conſcience: he took up his winning, and when I expected he would gratify me with a crown at leaſt, for good will, as players generally make ſuch preſents to men of honour like me, who attend in thoſe places, ready at all adventures to ſupport unreaſonable demands, and prevent diſturbance; he pocketed the caſh and went away: I followed him cloſe, and in the moſt courteous manner, begged he would indulge me with eight rials, as he knew me to be a gentleman without either buſineſs or fortune; for, my parents neither bred me up to the one, nor left me the other: and the raſcal who, by the bye, is as great a thief as Cacus, and as arrant a ſharper as Andradilla, would not give me a farthing more than four rials; ſo that, my lord governor, your excellency may perceive

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perceive what a ſhameleſs and unconcionable rogue it is: but, in good faith, if your lordſhip had not come up, I would have made him diſgorge his winning, and taught him how to trim the ballance." When Sancho aſked what the other had to ſay in his own defence, he owned that as his adverſary alledged, he had refuſed to give him more than four rials, becauſe the plaintiff had often taſted of his bounty; and thoſe who expect ſuch gratifications ought to be thankful, and take chearfully what their benefactors beſtow, without pretending to make peremptory demands upon thoſe who win, unleſs they know them to be cheats, and that their winning is unfairly acquired. He likewiſe obſerved, that there could be no ſurer mark of his honour and fair play, than his having refuſed to comply with the demands of ſuch a raſcal; for, ſharpers are always tributary to thoſe lookers-on who know their knavery." "The remark is certainly juſt, ſaid the ſteward: how will your excellency pleaſe to diſpoſe of theſe men?" "What muſt be done, is this, replied the governor: You, Mr. winner, whether you be good, bad, or indifferent, muſt immediately pay to this here ſwaſh-buckler, one hundred rials; and, beſides, diſburſe thirty more for the uſe and behoof of the poor priſoners: and you, ſir, who have neither buſineſs, fortune, or employment in this iſland, take theſe hundred rials, and ſome time to-morrow, baniſh yourſelf from this iſland for the ſpace of ten years, on penalty (if you diſobey the ſentence) of completing the term of your exile in the other world: for, in that caſe, I will hang you on a gibbet, at leaſt, the executioner ſhall do it by my order; and let no man preſume to reply, or I will chaſtiſe him ſeverely." The one diſburſed, the other received the rials: this quitted the iſland, that retired to his own lodgings; and the governor, who remained on the ſpot, ſaid to his followers, "If my power is not very ſmall, I will ſuppreſs thoſe gaming-houſes, which, I begin to perceive, are very prejudicial to the public." "This, at leaſt, ſaid the notary, your excellency cannot ſuppreſs; for, it is kept by a perſon of quality, who, in the courſe of the year, loſes a great deal more than he gets by the cards. Againſt petty gaming-houſes of ſmall account, which are productive of moſt miſchief, and cover more crimes, your lordſhip may exert your authority; but, in the houſes of noblemen, and gentlemen of rank, the noted ſharpers dare not put their tricks in practice: and ſince the vice of gaming is become a common exerciſe, better play in houſes of faſhion than in any public gaming-houſe, into which an unfortunate wretch is often ſeduced, in the middle of the night, and, as it were, ſkinned alive." "Mr. notary, replied the governor, much may be ſaid on that ſubject."

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Here he was interrupted by the arrival of a ſerjeant who had faſt hold of a youth, and thus addreſſed himſelf to the governor: "This ſpark, my lord, was coming towards us; but, no ſooner had a glimpſe of the officers of juſtice, than he turned his back, and began to ſcamper off as nimbly as a fallow-deer; a ſure ſign of his being ſome ſort of a delinquent: I purſued him immediately, but ſhould never have overtaken him, had not he ſtumbled and fallen." "Young man, ſaid Sancho, what did you run for?" To this queſtion the youth replied, "I ran, my lord, in order to avoid the tedious interrogations of juſtice." "What buſineſs do you follow?" "I am a weaver." "And what ſort of ſtuff do you weave?" "Iron heads for lances, with your honour's leave." "What! you are a ſmall wit, methinks, and ſet up for a joker? very well, ſir, and where was you going now?" "To take the air, my lord." "And whereabouts do you take the air in this iſland?" "Juſt where it happens to blow." "Good again! your anſwers are pat; and to be ſure, you are a pretty, ſmart young fellow: but, heark ye, youngſter, I am the air that will blow in your poop, until you are ſafely lodged in priſon. Here, take and carry him to goal, I will take order that he ſhall ſleep for one night without air." "'Fore God! cried the youth, your honour can no more make me ſleep in goal, than you can make me king." "And wherefore cannot I make thee ſleep in goal? replied Sancho; is it not in my power to confine and releaſe thee, when and where I pleaſe?" "How great ſoever your honour's power may be, ſaid the young man, it is not ſufficient to make me ſleep in priſon." "How! not ſufficient? cried Sancho, away with him, and let his own eyes convince him of his miſtake; and leſt the goaler ſhould practiſe his intereſted generoſity upon him, I will fine him in two thouſand ducats, if he ſuffers thee to move one ſtep from the priſon." "All this is matter of mirth, anſwered the youth; for, the truth is, all the people upon earth ſhall not make me ſleep in priſon." "Tell me, devil, ſaid Sancho, haſt thou got a familiar to releaſe thee, and looſe the chains with which I intend thou ſhalt be fettered?" "Now, my lord governor, replied the youth with a graceful air, let us argue the matter, and come to the point. Suppoſe your excellency ſhould order me to be carried to jail, to be loaded with chains and ſhackles, and thruſt into a dungeon, and lay an heavy penalty upon the jailor, in caſe he ſhould allow me to eſcape; and laſtly, ſuppoſe he ſhould perform his duty with all imaginable care and ſucceſs: notwithſtanding all theſe precautions, if I have no inclination to ſleep, and can keep myſelf awake all night, without cloſing an eye, pray tell me, is all your lordſhip's power ſufficient to make me ſleep againſt my will?" "No,

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"No, ſurely, ſaid the ſecretary: and the young man has made good his aſſertion." "Provided always, ſaid Sancho, that your defying ſleep would be meerly for your own pleaſure, without any intention to contradict mine." "No, my lord, replied the youth, I never dreamed of any ſuch intention." "Then, peace be with you, reſumed the governor, you may go and ſleep at home, and God ſend you a ſound ſleep; for I have no deſign to diſturb your repoſe: but, let me adviſe you, never henceforth to crack a joke upon juſtice; otherwiſe, you may chance to light upon ſome of her miniſters that will crack your ſkull."

The youth went away, the governor continued his circuit; and, he had not gone far, when two ſerjeants brought in a perſon they had taken, ſaying, "My lord governor, this here perſon that ſeems to be a man, is no other than a woman, and that not ugly neither, in man's cloaths." Here they held up two or three lanthorns, by the light of which they diſcovered the face of a woman, ſeemingly about ſeventeen years of age, beautiful as a thouſand pearls, with her hair tied up in a net of green ſilk and gold. Having ſurveyed her from head to foot, they perceived her ſtockings were of fleſh-coloured ſilk, tied with garters of white taffeta, and fringes of gold embroidery; her breeches were of green cloth of gold; ſhe had a looſe coat of the ſame ſtuff, under which ſhe wore a jacket of the fineſt brocade; and her ſhoes were white, and made like thoſe uſed by men. She had no ſword about her, but a very rich dagger, and upon her fingers was a great number of valuable rings: in a word, all who beheld the girl were ſtruck with her appearance, tho' not one of them knew her face; and the inhabitants of the town, ſaid they could not conceive who ſhe was. But, thoſe who concerted the jokes that were practiſed upon Sancho, were moſt ſtruck with admiration; for this incident and ſalvage was not of their contriving; and therefore they ſtood in ſuſpence, waiting to ſee the iſſue of the adventure; while Sancho, confounded at the girl's beauty, aſked who ſhe was, whither ſhe was going, and what had induced her to appear in the habit of a man? She, fixing her eyes upon the ground, with the moſt engaging baſhfulneſs, replied, "My lord, I cannot diſcloſe in ſuch a public company, what it concerns me ſo much to conceal. One circumſtance I beg leave to communicate: I am no thief or criminal perſon; but, an unfortunate young lady, compelled by jealouſy to treſpaſs upon that decorum which is due to my honour and reputation."

The ſteward hearing theſe words, ſaid to Sancho, "My lord governor, be ſo good as to bid the people retire, that this lady may diſburthen her

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mind with more freedom." The governor accordingly laid his commands upon his attendants, all of whom retired, except the ſteward, the gentleman ſewer, and the ſecretary; and the young lady finding they were gone, proceeded to this effect: "Gentlemen, I am the daughter of Pedro Perez Mazorca, farmer of the wool in this town, who comes frequently to my father's houſe." "Madam, ſaid the ſteward, this will not go down. I am very well acquainted with Pedro Perez, and know he has neither chick nor child, male or female: beſides, you firſt ſay he is your father, and then add he frequently comes to your father's houſe." "That circumſtance I likewiſe took notice of," ſaid Sancho. "Well, gentlemen, replied the damſel, I am in ſuch confuſion, that I know not what I ſay: but, the truth is, I am the daughter of Diego de Llana, whom you muſt all know." "Ay, this goes better, anſwered the ſteward: Diego de Llana is my acquaintance, and a gentleman of rank and fortune: I know too, he has a ſon and daughter; tho', ſince he was a widower, no perſon in this town can pretend to ſay he ever ſaw the face of his daughter, whom her father keeps ſo cloſely ſhut up, that the ſun himſelf has no opportunity to behold her; and yet, report ſays ſhe is extremely beautiful." "True, ſaid the damſel: I am that very daughter, and whether or not fame has belyed me in point of beauty, you yourſelves, gentlemen, may judge from your own obſervation." So ſaying, ſhe began to weep moſt tenderly.

The ſecretary perceiving her diſtreſs, ſaid to the ſteward in a whiſper, "Doubtleſs, ſomething of conſequence muſt have happened to this poor young lady, ſeeing a perſon of her quality, quits her own home at ſuch an hour, and in ſuch an equipage." "Certainly, replied the ſteward, that ſuſpicion is confirmed by her tears." As for Sancho, he conſoled her in the beſt terms he could uſe, and deſired that ſhe would without fear or conſtraint communicate what had befallen her; for, they would endeavour to remedy her diſaſter, with great ſincerity, and by all poſſible means. "This then is the caſe, gentlemen, anſwered the damſel, my father has locked me up for the ſpace of ten years, which are elapſed ſince my mother was committed to her grave: there is in the houſe a rich oratory where maſs is ſaid; and, in all that time, I have ſeen nothing but the ſun in the heavens by day, and the moon and ſtars by night: I am utterly unacquainted with the ſtreets, ſquares, churches, and all mankind, except my father, my brother, and Pedro Perez the wool-farmer, whom, becauſe he comes frequently to our houſe, I took it in my head to call my father, in order to conceal the name of my real parent:

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parent: I have been very diſconſolate for many days and months, on account of this confinement, and his conſtant refuſal to let me go to church: I longed to ſee the world, at leaſt the town in which I firſt drew breath; and, I did not think, this deſire tranſgreſſed the bounds of that decorum which young women of faſhion ought to preſerve. When I heard of bull-feaſts, darting the javelin, and plays, I deſired my brother, who is a year younger than myſelf, to deſcribe the nature of theſe and many other things which I had not ſeen, and he gratified my deſire to the utmoſt of his power; but his deſcription ſerved only to inflame my impatience to behold thoſe ſpectacles: in a word, to cut ſhort the account of my ruin, I ſay, I deſired and intreated my brother—would to God I had never deſired or intreated him."

And here ſhe renewed her lamentation, when the ſteward interpoſing, "Madam, ſaid he, be ſo good as to proceed, and finiſh the ſtory of your adventure; for, your words, and tears, keep us all in the utmoſt ſuſpence." "I have little elſe to ſay, replied the damſel, tho' a great many tears to ſhed; for, ſuch irregular deſires are always, without fail, attended by ſuch misfortunes."

The beauty of this damſel having made an impreſſion on the ſoul of the gentleman ſewer, he once more held up the lanthorn to take another view, and the tears ſhe let fall, he took to be ſeed-pearl, or the dew-drops of the meadow; nay, his fancy even compared them to oriental pearls, and he ardently wiſhed that her misfortune might not appear ſo great as her ſighs and lamentation ſeemed to indicate.

The governor being tired of the dilatory manner in which the girl told her ſtory, deſired ſhe would keep them no longer in ſuſpence; for, it was late, and they had a great part of their round ſtill to perform. Then, ſhe, in the midſt of interrupted ſobbings, and broken ſighs, proceeded thus: "My misfortune, and my diſaſter, is nothing elſe than this: I begged my brother to diſguiſe me in one of his ſuits, and carry me out to ſee the town, ſome night while my father ſhould be aſleep; he, importuned by my intreaties, complied with my requeſt, and gave me this dreſs, while he himſelf put on a ſuit of mine which fits him to a nicety; for, he has not one hair upon his chin, and looks exactly like a very handſome girl. This night about an hour ago, little more or leſs, we ſallied forth from our own houſe; and conducted by our foot-boy, and our own unruly deſire, went round the whole town: but, when we wanted to return home again, we perceived a great number of people coming up, and my brother ſaid, "Siſter, this muſt be the patrole;

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quicken your pace, put wings to your feet, and run after me; for, as they do not know who we are, we ſhall be in evil taking." So ſaying, he took to his heels, and began—not to run but to fly: but, ſcarce had I followed him ſix paces, when I fell through fear, and then came the officers of juſtice, who brought me before your lordſhip, where in conſequence of my fooliſh and raſh conduct, I find myſelf confounded and aſhamed, before ſo much company." "So that after all, madam, ſaid Sancho, no other miſhap has befallen you, nor was it jealouſy that brought you from you own houſe, as you alledged in the beginning of your ſtory?" "Nothing elſe hath happened to me, nor did I quit my own home from jealouſy; but, meerly from the deſire of ſeeing the world, which extended no farther than a wiſh to ſee the ſtreets of this town."

The truth of this aſſertion was confirmed by the arrival of two other ſerjeants with her brother, whom they had taken in his flight.. He had no other cloaths but a rich petticoat, and a manteel of blue damaſk laced with gold: on his head there was no cap, or any other ornament but his own hair, which was ſo rich and ruddy, that it looked like ringlets of gold. The governor, ſteward, and ſewer, taking him aſide, that he might not be overheard by his ſiſter, queſtioned him about his being diſguiſed in that dreſs; and the youth with equal baſhfulneſs and diſorder, repeated the ſame ſtory which his ſiſter had related, to the unſpeakable ſatisfaction of the enamoured ſewer.

"Gentlefolks, ſaid the governor, this is certainly a very chiſdiſh trick, and in giving an account of your ſimplicity and raſhneſs, there needed not all this weeping and wailing: had you ſaid at firſt, our names are ſo and ſo, and we fell upon this contrivance to ſteal out of our father's houſe, meerly to gratify our curioſity, without any other deſign; the affair would have been at an end, and you might have ſpared all this grunting and groaning." "Very true, replied the damſel; but, your honours muſt know, my confuſion was ſo great, that I was not miſtreſs of my own behaviour." "There is no harm done, replied Sancho; let us go and ſee you ſafe home to the houſe of your father, who perhaps has not miſſed you as yet; and henceforward be not ſuch a baby, or ſo deſirous to ſee the world. The maid that would keep her good name, ſtays at home as if ſhe was lame: A hen and a houſewife, whatever they coſt, if once they go gadding will ſurely be loſt: And ſhe that longs to ſee, I ween, is as deſirous to be ſeen. This is all I ſhall at preſent ſay upon the ſubject."

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The young man thanked the governor for his intended civility in ſeeing them home; and accordingly they took the road to their father's houſe, which was not far off. When they arrived at the gate, the brother threw a pebble at a caſement, and immediately a maid-ſervant who ſat up for them, came down and opened the door, at which they entered, leaving all the company in admiration at their beauty and genteel deportment, as well as at their ſcheme of ſeeing the world by night, without going out of the town: but, this they aſcribed to their tender years.

The ſewer's heart was tranſpierced by the charms of the ſiſter, whom he reſolved to demand in marriage of her father the very next day, concluding he would not meet with a denial becauſe he was a domeſtic of the duke. Even Sancho was ſeized with a whim and inclination to make a match between the youth and his daughter, and he actually reſolved to effectuate it in due ſeaſon; taking it for granted that no man would refuſe his hand to a governor's daughter.

This ended the round for that night, and in two days he ſaw the end of his government, which overthrew and deſtroyed all his deſigns, as will be ſeen in the ſequel.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVIII.

Which declares who were the inchanters and executioners that ſcourged the duenna, and pinched and ſcratched Don Quixote; together with the expedition of the page, who carried the letter to Tereſa Panza, Sancho's ſpouſe.

CID Hamet, the moſt punctual inveſtigator of the moſt minute atoms belonging to this genuine hiſtory, ſays that when Donna Rodriguez quitted her apartment to viſit Don Quixote in his chamber, another duenna, who was her bed-fellow, perceived her motions, and as all the individuals of that claſs are naturally diſpoſed to enquire, to pry, and to ſmell into the affairs of their neighbours, ſhe followed her ſo ſoftly that honeſt Rodriguez knew nothing at all of the matter: and when ſhe ſaw her enter Don Quixote's apartment, that ſhe might conform to the general cuſtom of all duennas, who are much addicted to tale-bearing, ſhe, that inſtant, went and informed my lady dutcheſs, that Donna Rodriguez was in the knight's bed-chamber; the dutcheſs communicated this intelligence to the duke, and aſked leave to go along with Altiſidora, and ſee what the duenna wanted with Don Quixote: the duke granted his permiſſion, and the two, with great caution, treading ſoftly, ſtep by ſtep, went up ſo cloſe to the chamber-door, as to overhear every thing that was ſaid; and the dutcheſs hearing how Rodriguez divulged the ſecret of thoſe healing *ſtreams, that flowed from her body, could not bear the duenna's preſumption, which was equally reſented by Altiſidora. Exaſperated therefore, and bent upon vengeance, they burſt into the apartment, where they pinched the knight, and flogged the duenna, as hath been already recited; for, affronts levelled directly againſt the beauty and reputation of the fair-ſex, wakens the indignation of the offended party to a great degree, and inſpires her with the deſire of revenge.

The dutcheſs recounted the adventure to the duke, who was extremely diverted with the particulars; and her grace reſolving to proceed with her jokes, and extract entertainment from Don Quixote, diſpatched the page who had acted the part of Dulcinea, in the contrivance of the inchantment, which, by the bye, Sancho Panza had by this time forgot,

* Literally, the *Aranjuez* of the fountains. *Fuentes* ſignifies, either fountains or iſſues; and *Aranjuez* is the name of a delightful palace, about ſeven leagues from Madrid, famous for gardens and fountains.

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ſo much was he engroſſed by the affairs of his government——the dutcheſs, I ſay, diſpatched the page to Tereſa Panza, with her huſband's letter, and another from her grace, together with a ſtring of rich coral in a preſent.

The hiſtory relates, then, that the page, who was a very intelligent, acute young fellow, extremely well diſpoſed to contribute to the entertainment of his lord and lady, ſet out with great ſatisfaction for Sancho's native place; but, before he entered the village, he ſaw a number of women waſhing linnen in a brook, and of theſe he aſked, if they could inform him, whereabouts lived one Tereſa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza, ſquire to a certain knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha. This queſtion was no ſooner pronounced, than a girl, who was waſhing, ſtarting up, "That Tereſa Panza, cried ſhe, is my mother; and that ſame Sancho my honoured father, and that knight our maſter." "Come then, young miſtreſs, replied the page, conduct me to your mother; for, I bring her a letter, and a preſent, from that ſame father of yours." "That I will do with all my heart, kind ſir," anſwered the girl, who ſeemed to be fourteen years of age, over or under; and, leaving the cloaths upon which ſhe was at work, to one of her companions, without putting on her cap or her ſhoes; for, ſhe was barefoot, and her hair hung about her eyes, ſhe ran before the page's horſe, ſaying, "Come along, good ſir, our houſe is at this end of the village, and there you will find my poor mother in a ſorrowful taking, becauſe ſhe has not for many days heard any news of my honoured father." "But now, ſaid the page, I bring her ſuch good news, that ſhe will have reaſon to bleſs God for this happy day." In a word, what with dancing, running and ſkipping, the wench arrived at the village; but, before ſhe entered the houſe, ſhe called aloud at the door, "Come out, mother Tereſa, come out, pray come out; here's a gentleman, who brings letters, and other good things, from my good father."

Tereſa Panza, hearing this exclamation, came forth ſpinning tow from a diſtaff, with a grey petticoat, ſo ſhort that it ſeemed to have been cut cloſe to the placket; a jacket of the ſame ſtuff, and an open breaſted ſhift: ſhe was not very old, tho' ſeemingly turned of forty; but, ſtrong, hale, nervous, and tough. Seeing her daughter, with the page on horſeback, "What is the matter, child? ſaid ſhe: what gentleman is that?" "The very humble ſervant of my lady Donna Tereſa Panza," replied the page, who, throwing himſelf from his horſe, ran with great eagerneſs and humility, to kneel before madam Tereſa, ſaying, "Grant me permiſſion to kiſs your ladyſhip's hand, madam Donna Tereſa,

reſa, as the legitimate, and particular conſort, of my lord Don Sancho Panza, ſole governor of the iſland Barataria." "Nay, good ſir, forbear; do not ſo, anſwered Tereſa; I am none of your court-dames; but, a poor countrywoman, a ploughman's daughter, and wife to a ſquire-errant, but no governor." "Your ladyſhip, replied the page, is the moſt worthy conſort of the moſt ſuperlatively worthy governor; and this letter and preſent, is an inconteſtible proof of the truth of what I ſay." So ſaying, he inſtantly pulled from his pocket, a ſtring of coral ſet in gold, and tied it round her neck; then producing a letter, "This, ſaid he, is from my lord governor, and this other with the necklace, from my lady dutcheſs who ſent me hither."

Tereſa was confounded, and her daughter, no leſs aſtoniſhed, exclaimed, "I'll be hanged if our maſter Don Quixote be not at the bottom of all this; and ſurely muſt have given my father that ſame government or countſhip, which he promiſed him ſo often!" "You are certainly in the right, anſwered the page; for, it is intirely on ſignor Don Quixote's account, that ſignor Sancho is now governor of the iſland Barataria, as will appear in this letter." "Pray, good gentleman, read it, ſaid Tereſa; for, though I can ſpin, I cannot read ſo much as a crumb." "Nor I, neither, added Sanchica; but, ſtay a moment, I'll go and fetch one that ſhall read it, either the curate himſelf, or the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, who will come with pleaſure to hear news of my father." "There is no occaſion to fetch any perſon whatever, ſaid the page; for, tho' I cannot ſpin, I can read, and read it I ſhall." He accordingly read Sancho's letter from beginning to end; but, as it hath been already recited, we ſhall not repeat it in this place. Then he rehearſed the other, which came from the dutcheſs, in theſe words:

"Friend Tereſa,

THE great talents, and excellent diſpoſition of your huſband Sancho, induced and obliged me, to beg of the duke my huſband, that he would confer upon him the government of one, among many iſlands that are in his poſſeſſion; and, I underſtand, he governs like any jerfaulcon; a circumſtance that affords great pleaſure to me, and of conſequence to my lord duke; and I thank heaven heartily, that I have not been deceived in chooſing him for that ſame government; for, madam Tereſa muſt know, it is a very hard matter to find a good governor in this world, and God make me as good a woman as Sancho is a governor. I have ſent you, my dear friend, a coral necklace ſet in gold; and I wiſh, for

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for your ſake, it had been of oriental pearls: But, he that gives, tho' it were but an egg, would be ſorry to ſee thee lame of a leg. The time will come when we ſhall be better acquainted, and carry on a cloſer correſpondence, and heaven knows what may come to paſs. Commend me to your daughter Sanchica, and tell her from me, to keep herſelf in readineſs; for, I mean to match her very high, when perhaps ſhe thinks leaſt of the matter. I am told your town is famous for fine, large acorns; pray ſend me two dozen, which I ſhall greatly eſteem as coming from your hand. Write me a long letter, giving an account of your health and welfare; and, if you ſhould want any thing, you have nothing to do but open your mouth, and it ſhall be meaſured. That God would protect you, is the prayer of

Your loving friend,

The Dutcheſs."

"La! now, (cried Tereſa, when ſhe heard the contents of the letter) what a kind, and plain, and humble lady! would I might live, and die, and be buried, among ſuch ladies, and not your gentlewomen of this town, who think, forſooth, becauſe they are gentlefolks, the wind muſt not touch them, and go to church in ſuch finery, as if they were perfect queens: nay, they ſeem to think it a diſgrace to look at a poor body; and ſee here now, how this worthy lady, even tho' no leſs than a dutcheſs, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her own equal; and equal may ſhe be to the higheſt ſteeple in all La Mancha. As to what concerns the acorns, kind ſir, I'll ſend her a whole peck, ſo fair and large, that people ſhall come far and near, to ſee and admire them. For the preſent, Sanchica, we muſt look to the entertainment of this gentleman: let his horſe be taken care of; fetch ſome eggs from the ſtable, and cut ſome raſhers of bacon, and let us treat him like a prince; for, the good news he has brought, and his own good countenance, deſerves every thing at our hands. In the mean time, I'll go out, and give an account of our good fortune to my neighbours, eſpecially our father the curate, and maſter Nicholas the barber, who are, and always were, ſuch friends to your father." "I will do as you deſire, mother, anſwered Sanchica; but remember, you ſhall give me one half of the ſtring of coral; for, I don't take my lady dutcheſs to be ſuch a ninny, as to ſend the whole for your uſe." "It is all thy own, daughter, replied Tereſa; but thou muſt let me wear it a few days about my neck; for, in faith and troth, it will

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rejoice my poor heart." "It will be ſtill more rejoiced, ſaid the page, when you ſee the bundle in that portmanteau, conſiſting of a ſuit of ſuperfine cloth, which was never wore but one day at the hunting, by the governor, who ſends it for the ſole uſe of Miſs Sanchica." "May he live a thouſand years! cried Sanchica, as well as he that brings it, neither more nor leſs; and even two thouſand, if there ſhould be occaſion."

Now Tereſa going out with the letters, and the ſtring about her neck, went along playing with her fingers upon the paper as if it had been a cymbal; and caſually meeting the curate, and Sampſon Carraſco, ſhe began to caper about, ſaying, "In good faith, we have no poor kindred now: we have caught the governorſhip: ay, ay, pick me up the beſt gentlewoman of them all, ifack! I'll look upon her as an upſtart." "What is the matter, Tereſa Panza? ſaid the curate: what is the meaning of this rhapſody? and what papers are theſe?" "No rhapſody at all, replied Tereſa; but only, theſe are letters from dutcheſſes and governors, and theſe here upon my neck are true corals: the ave-marias and pater-noſters are of beaten gold, and I am a governeſs." "God ſhield us, Tereſa, cried the curate, as we do not underſtand a word of what you ſay!" "Seeing is believing," anſwered the good woman, putting the letters into his hand, which, he having read, in the hearing of Sampſon Carraſco, they looked at one another with aſtoniſhment. When the batchelor aſked who brought thoſe letters, Tereſa deſired they would go along with her to her houſe, and they would ſee the meſſenger, who was a comely youth, like a perfect golden pinetree, and had brought another preſent worth twice as much. The curate taking the ſtring of coral from her neck, viewed and reviewed it with great deliberation; and, being ſatisfied the beads were real fine coral, was again ſtruck with admiration, and exclaimed, "Now by the habit which I wear! I know not what to ſay, or what to think of theſe letters and preſents: on one ſide I ſee, and even feel the worth of theſe corals; and on the other, I read a letter from a dutcheſs, who begs two dozen of acorns!" "Reconcile theſe things if you can, ſaid Carraſco: but, now let us go and ſee the bearer of this packet, whoſe information will ſolve all theſe difficulties."

They accordingly accompanied Tereſa, and found the page winnowing a little barley for his beaſt, while Sanchica was employed in cutting raſhers to fry with the eggs, for the entertainment of their gueſt, whoſe appearance and equipage gave great ſatisfaction to the two new-comers. After the compliments of ſalutation had courteouſly paſſed between them, Sampſon

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Sampſon intreated him to tell them news of Don Quixote, as well as of Sancho Panza; for, although they had peruſed the letters of this laſt, and of my lady dutcheſs, they were ſtill overwhelmed with confuſion, and could by no means comprehend the meaning of that government, eſpecially of an iſland, ſeeing all, or the greateſt part of the iſlands in the Mediterranean, belonged to his majeſty. To this remonſtrance the page replied, "That ſignor Sancho Panza is a governor, there is no ſort of doubt; but whether of an iſland or not, I do not pretend to decide: let it ſuffice, however, that he governs a place of above a thouſand inhabitants; and with reſpect to the acorns, I can affirm, my lady dutcheſs is of ſuch a frank and humble diſpoſition, that her ſending for acorns to a countrywoman is not to be wondered at; nay, I once knew her ſend, and borrow a comb of one of her neighbours; for, you muſt know, gentlemen, the ladies of Arragon, although as noble, are not ſo ceremonious and ſuperb, as the quality of Caſtile, but treat their inferiors with more frankneſs and familiarity."

In the midſt of this converſation, Sanchica coming in with her lap full of eggs, addreſſed herſelf to the page, ſaying, "Pray, tell me, ſignor, does my honoured father wear trunk-hoſe ſince he was a governor?" "I have not obſerved that particular, replied the page; but, certainly he muſt." "My God! cried Sanchica, how glad I ſhould be to ſee my father with trunk-hoſe! let me never thrive but I have, ever ſince I was born, longed to ſee father in laced trunk-breeches." "Laced hoſe! ſaid the page; lord, madam, if he lives, and his government ſhould hold but two months, he is in a fair way of travelling with a hood to his riding-coat." The curate and batchelor could eaſily perceive the page made a jeſt of his entertainers; but, the worth of the coral beads, and the hunting-ſuit which Sancho had ſent, deſtroyed all their conjectures; for, Tereſa had ſhewn them the green garment; nor did they fail to laugh at the ambition of Sanchica, and their mirth was not extinguiſhed when Tereſa accoſting the prieſt, "Mr. curate, ſaid ſhe, do pray caſt your eyes about a little, and ſee if any body be going to Madrid or Toledo, that I may have an opportunity to purchaſe a round farthingale, right and tight, faſhionable and of the beſt ſort; for, truly and truly, I am reſolved to honour my ſpouſe's government as much as lies in my power; ay, and if they vex me, I'll go to court, and ride in my coach, like all the reſt, and the beſt of them; for ſhe who is married to a governor, may afford to go thither, and maintain a rank." "Yea, forſooth, replied Sanchica; and would to God it were to-day, before to-morrow, although thoſe who ſaw me ſeated with my lady mother in the

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coach, ſhould ſay, Look at ſuch a one, daughter of ſuch a garlic-eater, how ſhe fits, and lolls in a coach, like the pope's lady; but, let them trudge in the dirt, ſo I ride in my coach, with my feet lifted off the ground: an ill year, and worſe month, betide all the envious grumblers upon earth: And ſo I am warm, without and within, the mob may laugh, and the malicious grin. Speak I to the purpoſe, mother?" "To the purpoſe? yes to be ſure, daughter; and all this good luck, and even more, was prophecied by my good man Sancho, and thou ſhalt ſee, daughter, it will not ſtop until I am a counteſs; for, good fortune wants only a beginning, as I have often heard it obſerved by thy worthy father, who is likewiſe the father of proverbs, When they bring thee a heifer, be ready with the halter: when they give thee a government, ſeize it a-God's name: when they beſtow a countſhip, lay thy clutches upon it; and when they throw thee ſome good beneficial bone, wag thy tail, and ſnap at the favour; if not, ſleep on, and never anſwer to good fortune and preferment, when they knock at thy door." "And what do I care? added Sanchica, let them ſay what they will, when they ſee me exalted in all my finery, and cry, There goes Mrs. ape, with her buttocks caſed in crape: and all the reſt of that ſtuff."

The curate hearing her remark, "I cannot believe, ſaid he, but that all the family of the Panzas are born with a bag of proverbs in their bowels; for, I have never ſeen one of them, who does not ſcatter about old ſaws, at all times, and in all converſations." "Your obſervation is very juſt, ſaid the page; for, my lord governor Sancho utters them at every ſtep; and although many of his proverbs are not much to the purpoſe, they nevertheleſs give great pleaſure, and are very much extolled by my lady dutcheſs and the duke." "What! and do you ſtill, my good ſir, ſaid the batchelor, affirm the truth of that government of Sancho; and that there is actually a dutcheſs who ſends preſents, and letters to his wife? For our parts, although we handle the preſents, and have peruſed the letters, we cannot believe the evidence of our ſenſes, and imagine this is one of thoſe things which our townſman Don Quixote ſuppoſed to have been effected by inchantment; and therefore, I own, I have an inclination to touch and feel your perſon, that I may know whether you are a fantaſtical embaſſador, or really a man of fleſh and blood." "Gentlemen, replied the page, all that I know of the matter is, that I am a real ambaſſador; that ſignor Sancho Panza is effectually a governor; and that my lord duke, and lady dutcheſs, not only could, but actually did, inveſt him with that government, in which I hear the ſaid Sancho Panza behaves with vaſt ability. Whether or not there

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there is any inchantment in the caſe, I leave you gentlemen to diſpute and decide among yourſelves; for, this is all I know of the matter, I ſwear by the life of my parents, who are ſtill alive, and whom I love and honour with the utmoſt reverence of affection." "What you ſay may be true, anſwered the batchelor: but, Dubitat Auguſtinus." "Doubt as much as you pleaſe, reſumed the page: what I have ſaid is the naked truth, which will always ſwim above falſhood, like oil above water; but, Operibus credite & non verbis: let one of you gentlemen go along with me, and he ſhall ſee with his eyes what he will not believe upon hearſay." "I am for that jaunt, cried Sanchica: good ſir, if you will take me up behind you, I ſhall be glad to go and ſee my father's worſhip." "The daughters of governors, ſaid the page, never travel alone; but are always accompanied by coaches, and litters, and a great number of attendants." "'Fore God! replied Sanchica, I can travel upon a ſhe-aſs as well as in a coach: you won't find me ſhy or fearful." "Hold your tongue, wench, ſaid Tereſa: you know not what you ſay. The gentleman is in the right; for, Every ſeaſon has it's reaſon. When it was plain Sancho, it was plain Sancha; but now, being governor, my lady—I know not if what I ſay be to the purpoſe." "Madam Tereſa has ſaid more than ſhe is aware of, replied the page: but, pray, let me have ſome victuals, and diſpatch me immediately; for, I intend to return this evening." To this remonſtrance the curate anſwered: "Sir, you ſhall come and do penance with me; for, madam Tereſa has more inclination than ability to entertain ſuch a worthy gueſt." The page, at firſt, declined the invitation, but, at length, found it was his intereſt to conſent; and the curate conducted him to his parſonage, with great pleaſure, that he might have an opportunity to inquire at leiſure, about Don Quixote and his exploits.

The batchelor offered to write anſwers to Tereſa's letters; but, ſhe did not chooſe that he ſhould intermeddle in her affairs; for, ſhe looked upon him as a wag. She, therefore, gave a roll of bread, and a couple of eggs, to a noviciate monk who could write; and he penned two letters, one for her huſband, and another for the dutcheſs, ſigned with Tereſa's own mark, which are not the leaſt entertaining that occur in this ſublime hiſtory, as will be ſeen in the ſequel.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIX.

Of the progreſs of Sancho Panza's government, and other ſuch diverting incidents.

AT length arrived the morning, that ſucceeded the night of the governor's round, which the gentleman ſewer paſſed without ſleep, ſo much were his thoughts engroſſed by the face, and air, and beauty of the diſguiſed damſel; while the ſteward employed the time in writing an account of Sancho's conduct to his lord and lady, equally aſtoniſhed at his words and actions, in which folly and diſcretion were ſtrangely blended.

At laſt my lord governor aroſe, and by direction of doctor Pedro Poſitive, he was fain to break his faſt with a little conſerve, and four gulps of cold water, which Sancho would have gladly exchanged for a luncheon of bread, and a bunch of grapes; but, finding himſelf under compulſion, he bore his fate with grief of ſoul, and anxiety of ſtomach; Pedro Poſitive giving him to underſtand, that your ſlight and delicate diſhes animate the genius, conſequently were moſt proper for perſons appointed to poſts and offices of importance, in which corporal ſtrength cannot avail ſo much as the vigour of the underſtanding. By this ſort of ſophiſtry Sancho was ſubjected to ſuch ſevere hunger, that he in ſecret curſed the government; ay, and him who conferred it: nevertheleſs, in deſpight of hunger, and upon the ſtrength of the conſerve, he, that day, ſat in judgment; and the firſt caſe that occurred was a queſtion put by a ſtranger, in preſence of the ſteward and the reſt of the aſſiſtants: "My lord, ſaid he, a certain manour is divided by a large river—I beg your honour will be attentive; for, the caſe is of great conſequence, and ſome difficulty. I ſay then, upon this river is a bridge, and at one end of it a gibbet, together with a ſort of court-hall, in which four judges uſually ſit, to execute the law enacted by the lord of the river, bridge and manour, which runs to this effect: "Whoſoever ſhall paſs over this bridge, muſt firſt ſwear whence he comes, and whither he goes: if he ſwears the truth, he ſhall be allowed to paſs; but, if he forſwear himſelf, he ſhall die upon the gallows, without mercy or reſpite."

This law, together with the rigorous penalty being known, numbers paſſed, and as it appeared they ſwore nothing but the truth, the judges permitted them to paſs freely; and without controul. It happened, however,

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ever, that one man's oath being taken, he affirmed, and ſwore by his depoſition, that he was going to be hanged on that gibbet, and had no other errand or intention. The judges having conſidered this oath, obſerved, If we allow this man to paſs freely, he ſwore to a lie, and therefore ought to be hanged according to law; and if we order him to be hanged, after he hath ſworn he was going to be ſuſpended on that gibbet, he will have ſworn the truth, and by the ſame law ought to be acquitted. I beg, therefore, to know of your honour, my lord governor, what the judges muſt do with this man; for, hitherto they are doubtful and in ſuſpence; and having heard of your lordſhip's acute and elevated underſtanding, they have ſent me to intreat your honour, in their names, to favour them with your opinion in a caſe of ſuch doubt and intricacy." To this addreſs Sancho replied, "Aſſuredly thoſe judges who ſent you to me, might have ſpared themſelves the trouble; for, I am a man that may be ſaid to be rather blunt than acute: nevertheleſs, repeat the buſineſs ſo as that I may underſtand it fully, and who knows but I may chance to hit the nail on the head?" The interrogator having repeated his ſtory again and again, Sancho ſaid; "I think I can now explain the caſe in the twinkling of two balls; and this it is: A man ſwears he is going to be hanged upon ſuch a gibbet; if he actually ſuffers upon that gibbet, he ſwore the truth, and by the enacted law ought to be allowed freely to paſs the bridge; but if he is not hanged, he ſwore falſe, and for that reaſon ought to ſuffer upon the gibbet."

"The caſe is exactly as my lord governor conceives it, ſaid the meſſenger: and with reſpect to the ſcope, and underſtanding of the matter, there is no further room for doubt or interrogation." "I ſay then, replied Sancho, that part of the man which ſwore truth, ought to be allowed to paſs, and that which told a lie, ought to be hanged; and in this manner, the terms or condition of paſſing will be literally fulfilled." "But, my lord governor, replied the queſtioner, in that caſe it will be neceſſary to divide the man into two parts; namely, the falſe and the true; and if he is ſo divided, he muſt certainly die: therefore, the intent of the law will be fruſtrated, whereas there is an expreſs neceſſity for its being accompliſhed." "Come hither, honeſt friend, ſaid Sancho: either I am a blockhead, or this paſſenger you mention has an equal title to be hanged, and to live, and paſs over the bridge; for, if the truth ſaves him on one ſide, his falſhood condemns him equally on the other. Now, this being the caſe, as it certainly is, I think you muſt tell the gentlemen who ſent you hither, that as the reaſons for condemning, and for acquitting the culprit are equally ballanced, they ſhall let him freely paſs;

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paſs; for, it is always more laudable to do good than harm: and to this opinion I would ſubſcribe if I could write my name. Nor, indeed, have I ſpoken my own ſentiment on this occaſion; but, I have recollected one, among the many precepts I received from my maſter Don Quixote, the very night I ſet out for the government of this iſland: he ſaid, that when juſtice was doubtful, I ſhould chooſe, and lean towards mercy; and it pleaſed God that I ſhould now remember this maxim, which falls ſo pat to the preſent purpoſe." "So it does, ſaid the ſteward: and, I firmly believe, that Lycurgus himſelf, who gave laws to the Lacedemonians, could not have uttered a more ſagacious deciſion than that which the great Panza has pronounced. Now let the audience end for this morning, and I will give orders that my lord governor ſhall dine to his heart's content." "That is my requeſt, cried Sancho: nothing but fair play: give me plenty of victuals, and let them load me with caſes and doubts, I will ſoon make them vaniſh into ſmoke."

The ſteward kept his word; for, he had a ſcruple of conſcience in famiſhing ſuch a diſcreet governor; eſpecially as he intended that night to conclude the farce with the laſt joke he had a commiſſion to execute.

Well then, Sancho having dined that day, contrary to all the rules and aphoriſms of doctor Snatchaway, the cloth was no ſooner removed than a courier entered with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor, who deſired the ſecretary to read it by himſelf; and then, if there was nothing in it which required to be kept ſecret, to rehearſe it in an audible voice. The ſecretary, in obedience to his command, having peruſed it in ſecret, "It may be very ſafely read aloud, ſaid he: what ſignor Don Quixote writes to your lordſhip, deſerves to be imprinted, and even diſplayed in golden letters. This is the purport of the letter;

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The letter from Don Quixote de la Mancha to Sancho Panza, governor of the iſland Barataria.

" Friend Sancho,

WHEN I expected to hear of thy negligence and impertinence, I was informed of thy diſcretion, for which I have returned particular thanks to heaven, that can raiſe the poor from the dunghill, and extract wiſdom from the heart of the fool. I am told thou haſt governed like a man, and that thou art a man as if thou wert a beaſt; ſuch is the humility of thy deportment. Take notice, Sancho, it is often convenient and neceſſary, for the authority of office to reſiſt the humility of the heart; for, the ornament of the perſon inveſted with charges of dignity, ought to be conformable to what theſe require, and not meaſured according to the will of an humble diſpoſition. Appear always well dreſſed; for, a may-pole when decorated, loſes its original appearance: not that I adviſe thee to wear jewels and finery; or, as thou art a judge, to go in the habit of a ſoldier; but, to adorn thyſelf with that garb which thine office requires, and to be always clean, and neatly dreſſed. In order to acquire the good will of the people over whom thou art ſet, among other things, remember two particulars; one is to be affable to every body; but this I have mentioned upon another occaſion: the other is to procure plenty of proviſion; for, there is nothing that gives ſuch vexation to the poor as hunger and dearth.

Do not iſſue a great number of ordinances; but, take care that thoſe which are publiſhed be good; and, above all things, ſee they are maintained and put in execution; for, thoſe ordinances, which are not obſerved, might as well be annulled, as they ſerve to demonſtrate that the prince who had diſcretion and authority to enact them, wanted power to enforce obedience; and thoſe laws which only intimate, without being put in execution, reſemble the king Log of the frogs, which at firſt terrified his ſubjects, by whom, however, at the long run, he was deſpiſed and inſulted. Be thou a father to the virtuous, and a ſtepfather to the wicked. Thou muſt not be always rigorous, nor always gentle; but, chooſe the medium between theſe two extremes, in which lies the point of diſcretion. Viſit the priſons, the ſlaughter-houſes, and the markets; for, in ſuch places the preſence of the governor will be of great importance. Conſole the priſoners with hope of being ſpeedily diſpatched. Be a bugbear to butchers; for, then they will uſe honeſt weight; and a

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terror to market-women for the ſame reaſon. Beware of ſhewing thyſelf (tho' thou really ſhouldſt be ſo, and yet, I believe, thou art not) a miſer, a letcher, or a glutton; for, thy people, and thoſe who have concerns with thee, knowing the biaſs of thine inclination, will batter thee from that quarter, until thou art overthrown into the profundity of perdition. Conſider and reconſider, peruſe and reperuſe, the advices and inſtructions which I gave thee in writing, before thy departure for thy government; and, if thou obſerveſt the contents, thou wilt find in them a precious aid, that will alleviate the toils and difficulties which every moment occur to governors. Write to thy noble patrons to evince thy gratitude; for, ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the vileſt ſins that can be committed: and the perſon who is grateful to his benefactor gives indication that he is alſo grateful to God, whoſe benefits are ſo manifold and inceſſant. My lady dutcheſs diſpatched a meſſenger with thy hunting-ſuit, and another preſent to thy wife Tereſa, and we expect her anſwer every moment.

I have been ſomewhat indiſpoſed, in conſequence of a certain cat-clawing adventure, which I lately atchieved with ſome diſcomfiture of my noſe: but, that was of no conſequence; for, if I am maltreated by one ſet of inchanters, I am protected by another. Let me know if the ſteward, who is with thee, had any concern in the adventure of the counteſs Trifaldi, as thou once ſeemedſt to ſuſpect: and give me an account of every thing that betides thee, ſeeing the diſtance between us is ſo ſmall. I think of leaving, in a little time, this idle life for which I was never deſigned. I am like to be engaged in an affair which, I believe, will bring me in diſgrace with the duke and dutcheſs: but, although this affect my mind, it ſhall not influence my conduct; for, in a word, I am reſolved to comply with the duties of my profeſſion, rather than with the dictates of their pleaſure, in conformity with the old ſaying, Amicus Plato, ſed magis amica veritas. I write this ſentence in Latin, becauſe I apprehend thou haſt learned that language ſince thou waſt a governor. I commit thee to the protection of God, who is the fountain of all good; and am

Thy friend,

Don Quixote de la Mancha."

Sancho liſtened with great attention to the letter, which was applauded for the good ſenſe it contained, by all the hearers; then the governor riſing from table, ſhut himſelf up in his apartment with the ſecretary, in

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in order to compoſe an anſwer to his maſter, without loſs of time. He deſired the ſcribe to write what he ſhould dictate, without the leaſt addition or diminution. The ſecretary obeyed his command, and the anſwer was to this effect:

Sancho Panza's letter to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

"THE employment of my office is ſo ſevere, that I have not time to ſcratch my head, or even to pare my nails, which I, therefore, wear ſo long that God muſt find ſome remedy. This I obſerve, dear maſter of my ſoul, that your worſhip need not be confounded becauſe I have not hitherto given you an account of my well or ill-being in this government; where, by the bye, I ſuffer more pinching hunger than when we two uſed to travel through woods and deſarts.

My lord duke gave me notice the other day, in a letter, that certain ſpies had entered the iſland, in order to murder me; but, as yet, I have diſcovered none, except a doctor, who has a ſalary in the place, for killing all the governors that come hither. They call him doctor Pedro Poſitive, and he is a native of Snatchaway; ſo that your worſhip may ſee, by his name, what reaſon I have to fear I ſhall periſh by his hands. This very doctor frankly owns, that he does not cure the diſtempers which are already formed, but only prevents their formation; and the medicine he preſcribes, is faſting upon faſting, until the patient is clean, ſkin and bone, as if a conſumption was not worſe than a fever. Finally, he is killing me by inches with hunger; and I find myſelf dying of pure vexation; for, I thought, in coming to this government, I ſhould have hot meals, and cool liquor, and regale my body in holland ſheets, upon beds of down; whereas, I am come to do penance like an hermit; and, as every thing goes againſt the grain, I believe, at the long run, the devil will fly away with me.

Hitherto, I have neither touched fee, nor fingered bribe; nor can I conceive the reaſon of ſuch proceeding; for, I have been told, that the governors who uſed to come to this iſland, even before their entrance, always received a good ſum of money, either by way of preſent or loan, from the inhabitants; a cuſtom obſerved in other governments as well as in this.

In going the round laſt night, I found a very beautiful damſel in man's cloaths, and her brother in the dreſs of a woman: my gentleman ſewer is in love with the girl, and, as he ſays, hath fixed his fancy on her for a wife, and I have choſen the youth for my ſon in-law: to-day,

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we two will communicate our thoughts to the father of this young pair, who is one Diego de Llana, a gentleman, and as old a chriſtian as one would deſire.

I viſit the markets, according to your worſhip's advice, and yeſterday ſeeing a huckſter ſelling new nuts, I diſcovered that ſhe had mixed with a buſhel of the new, the ſame quantity of old nuts that were empty and rotten; upon which, I gave the whole to the charity boys, who know very well how to ſeparate the good from the bad, and forbad her to enter the market for fifteen days: I was told I had done gallantly. What I can aſſure your worſhip is, that according to the report of this town, there is not a more wicked ſet of people than thoſe market-women; for, they are all without ſhame, conſcience, and moderation: and, indeed, I believe the report, from what I have ſeen in other corporations.

It gives me great ſatisfaction to hear that my lady dutcheſs has written to my wife Tereſa Panza, and ſent the preſent your worſhip mentions: and I will endeavour to ſhew my gratitude in due ſeaſon. I beg your worſhip will kiſs her grace's hand, in my name, and tell her, I ſay, ſhe has not thrown her favour into a torn ſack, as our deeds ſhall declare. I ſhould be ſorry that your worſhip came to any reckonings of diſguſt with my lord duke, and lady dutcheſs; for, ſhould there be any breach between you, it is very plain, the whole would redound to my loſs; and, conſidering the advice you gave me to be always grateful, it would not look well in your worſhip to be otherwiſe to thoſe who have done you ſuch favours, and treated you ſo nobly in their caſtle.

The ſtory of the cat-clawing I do not underſtand; but, do ſuppoſe, it muſt have been one of thoſe unlucky frays in which your worſhip is often engaged with wicked inchanters; but, I ſhall know when we meet.

I would fain preſent your worſhip with ſomething, but I know not what to ſend, except ſome glyſter-pipes, which are very curiouſly turned and mounted in this iſland; tho', if my office holds, it ſhall go hard but I will find ſomething to ſend, either by hook or by crook. If my wife Tereſa Panza ſhould write to me, I beg your worſhip will pay the poſtage, and forward the letter; for, I am extremely deſirous to know the ſtate of my family, my wife and children. And now, the lord deliver your worſhip from evil deſigning inchanters, and ſafely and peaceably quit me of this government; which I very much doubt, for, I believe, I ſhall leave my bones in it, ſo cruelly am I treated by doctor Pedro Poſitive.

Your worſhip's humble ſervant,

Sancho Panza the governor."

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The ſecretary having ſealed this letter, diſpatched it with the courier; and thoſe who executed the jokes upon Sancho, laying their heads together, contrived a ſcheme for diſmiſſing him from the adminiſtration. The evening his excellency ſpent in making ſome wholeſome regulations, touching the government of what he imagined to be an iſland. Among other things, he ordained that there ſhould be no monopolizers of proviſion in the commonwealth; that wine ſhould not be imported from all parts indifferently, at the pleaſure of the merchant: with this addition, that he ſhould declare the place from whence it came, ſo as that a price might be ſet upon it, according to its worth, fame, and eſtimation; and he who ſhould be detected in daſhing it with water, or falſifying its name, ſhould ſuffer death for the offence. He moderated the price of all kinds of hoſe, and particularly that of ſhoes, which he looked upon as exhorbitant: he rated the wages of ſervants who went at full gallop in the road of intereſt: he laid ſevere penalties upon thoſe who ſhould ſing lewd and laſcivious ballads, by night or by day: he ordered that no blind man ſhould ſing his miracle in couplets, without an authentic teſtimony of the truth; it appearing that the greateſt part of thoſe ſung by blind perſons, are falſe and feigned, to the prejudice of thoſe which are true: he made and appointed an overſeer of the poor, not to perſecute, but to examine whether or not they were real objects; for, ſturdy thieves, and hale drunkards, often ſcreen themſelves in the ſhade of feigned lameneſs, and counterfeit ſores. In a word, he made ſo many good regulations, that they are hitherto preſerved in the place, and called the conſtitutions of the great governor Sancho Panza.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XX.

In which is recorded the adventure of the ſecond afflicted, or ſorrowful matron; otherwiſe called Donna Rodriguez.

CID Hamet recounts, that Don Quixote being now cured of his ſcratches, began to think the life he led in the caſtle was altogether contrary to the order of chivalry which he profeſſed; and therefore he determined to beg leave of the duke and dutcheſs, to ſet out for Saragoſſa, as the time of the tournament approached; for, there he laid his account with winning the armour which is the reward of the victor. Accordingly, while he one day ſat at table with the duke and dutcheſs, he began to execute his reſolution in aſking leave; when behold, all of a ſudden, two women, as it afterwards appeared, entered the dining-room, covered with mourning from head to foot. One of them approaching Don Quixote, proſtrated herſelf before him, and with her mouth cloſe to his feet, uttered ſuch melancholy, profound, and doleful groans as overwhelmed all the ſpectators with confuſion: for, although the duke and dutcheſs imagined it was ſome joke which the ſervants intended to perpetrate upon the knight; yet, ſeeing how violently the woman ſighed, groaned, and wept, they remained doubtful and in ſuſpence, until the compaſſionate Don Quixote raiſed her from the ground, and intreated her to diſcover herſelf, by taking away the veil that concealed her rueful face. She complied with his requeſt, and ſhewed herſelf to be what no body believed ſhe was; for, ſhe diſplayed the individual countenance of Donna Rodriguez the duenna of the houſe, and the other mourner was her daughter, who had been ſeduced by the rich farmer's ſon. All who knew her, were ſtruck with admiration, and the duke and dutcheſs more than any body; for, although they took her to be a fool, and a perſon of a ſoft diſpoſition, they did not think her folly could have riſen to ſuch acts of extravagance. In fine, Donna Rodriguez, addreſſing herſelf to the duke and dutcheſs, "I hope, ſaid ſhe, your excellencies will give me leave to commune a little with this knight; for, it is neceſſary I ſhould confer with him, that I may be ſafely extricated from the dilemma in which I am involved by the preſumption of an evil-minded clown."

The duke having aſſured her ſhe was at full liberty to confer with ſignor Don Quixote as much as ſhe pleaſed, ſhe directed her voice, and her

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her countenance to the knight, ſaying, "Some days are elapſed, moſt valiant knight, ſince I gave you an account of the wrong and treachery which a wicked peaſant has done my dearly beloved daughter, who is this unfortunate creature now ſtanding before you; and you promiſed, in her behalf, to redreſs the wrong ſhe had ſuffered: but now, I am informed, that you are going to depart from this caſtle, in queſt of the happy adventures God ſhall throw in your way; and therefore, I could wiſh, that before you begin your career through thoſe paths, you would defy this inflexible ruſtic, and compel him to marry my daughter, and ſo fulfil the promiſe he made of being her ſpouſe, before he firſt yoked with her in the way of love; for, to think my lord duke will do me juſtice, is the ſame as to look for pears upon an elm, for the reaſon which I explained to your worſhip in private: and upon theſe terms, the lord preſerve your worſhip's health, and grant us his protection."

To this addreſs Don Quixote, with great gravity and ſtatelineſs of deportment, replied, "Worthy duenna, moderate, or rather dry up your tears, and ſpare your ſighs; for, here I undertake to redreſs the grievances of your daughter; though it would have been better for her, had not ſhe ſo eaſily believed the proteſtations of lovers, who, for the moſt part, are very ready and alert to promiſe, but very heavy and backward in the performance: nevertheleſs, with the good leave of my lord duke, I will forthwith ſet out in queſt of this perfidious youth; and having found him, defy and ſlay him, whenſoe'er and whereſoe'er he ſhall refuſe to perform his promiſe; for, the principal aim of my profeſſion is to pardon the humble, and chaſtiſe the haughty; that is, to ſuccour the wretched, and deſtroy the cruel." "Your worſhip, replied the duke, needs not give yourſelf the trouble to go in queſt of the ruſtic who is the ſubject of this worthy duenna's complaint; nor is there any occaſion for your worſhip's aſking my leave to challenge him to ſingle combat; I conſider the challenge as already given; I undertake for its being conveyed to the party, and even for his acceptance; and promiſe that he ſhall come to anſwer for himſelf in perſon at this caſtle, where I will furniſh both with a liſted field, and obſerve all the conditions that are wont, and ought to be obſerved in ſuch encounters; for, juſtice ſhall be equally done to each, according to the obligation that lies on all thoſe princes who furniſh liſts for combatants, within the limits of their territories." "With this ſecurity then, and the good leave of your grace, replied Don Quixote, I now, for once rencounce my gentility, humble and adjuſt myſelf to the level of the delinquent, making myſelf equal with

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with him, that he may be entitled and enabled to fight with me: I therefore, tho' in his abſence, challenge and defy him, for his wickedneſs in ſeducing this poor creature, who was a maid, and now through his fault is deprived of her maidenhead; and he ſhall either perform the promiſe he made of being her lawful ſpouſe, or die, in default of the performance."

So ſaying, he pulled off one of his gloves, and threw it into the middle of the hall; this was taken up by the duke, who ſaid he accepted the challenge in the name of his vaſſal: he likewiſe appointed the time at the diſtance of ſix days, and pitched upon the court-yard of the caſtle as the field of action: then they agreed to wear the uſual arms of knights; namely, the lance, the ſhield, the plaited coat of mail, and all other pieces, without the leaſt fraud, treachery or ſuperſtition, to be viewed and examined by the judges of the liſts—"But, before we proceed, ſaid the duke, it will be neceſſary that this good duenna, and that miſtaken maid, ſhould put the juſtice of their cauſe into the hands of ſignor Don Quixote, otherwiſe nothing to the purpoſe will be done, nor will the challenge ever come to due execution."

"I do put my cauſe into his hands," replied the duenna. "And I too," cried the daughter; all in tears, and overwhelmed with ſhame and confuſion. The particulars of this affair being adjuſted, and the duke having determined with himſelf what was to be done in the family, the mourners retired, and the dutcheſs ordered that for the future they ſhould not be treated as her ſervants, but as ladies adventurers come to her houſe to demand juſtice: ſhe therefore allotted a ſeparate apartment to themſelves, and they were attended as ſtrangers, not without the amazement of the other ſervants, who could not conceive what would be the iſſue of the folly and effrontery of Donna Rodriguez, and her indiſcreet and unhappy daughter.

At this inſtant, in order to complete the mirth of the company, and finiſh their meal with more enjoyment, who ſhould enter the hall but the page who carried the letters and preſents to Tereſa Panza, the wife of governor Sancho Panza? The duke and dutcheſs were extremely pleaſed at his arrival, and deſirous to know the particulars of his journey, about which he was queſtioned accordingly. The page anſwered that he could not deſcribe them in public, or in a few words; but begged their excellencies would be pleaſed to reſerve the account for their private ear; and, in the mean time, entertain themſelves with theſe letters. So ſaying, he produced two letters, and gave them to the dutcheſs, one ſuperſcribed

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perſcribed in theſe words: "To my lady dutcheſs of I know not what." And the other directed "To my huſband Sancho Panza, governor of the iſland Barataria, whom God proſper many more years than myſelf."

The dutcheſs would not toaſt her cake, as the ſaying is, until ſhe had read her letter, which having opened and peruſed by herſelf, when ſhe perceived it might be recited aloud for the benefit of the duke and the company, ſhe rehearſed it with an audible voice, to this effect:

Tereſa Panza's letter to the dutcheſs.

"I Received great ſatisfaction, my lady, from the letter your grace was pleaſed to write me; for, in truth, it was what I greatly deſired: the ſtring of coral is very good, and my huſband's hunting-ſuit comes not ſhort of it: your ladyſhip's having made my ſpouſe Sancho a governor, has given great pleaſure to all our town, although there are ſome who cannot believe it, eſpecially the curate, Mr. Nicholas the barber, and the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco; but that gives me no trouble; for, ſeeing it be ſo, as it certainly is, let people ſay what they will: tho', if the truth muſt be told, had not the ſtring of coral and the hunting-ſuit come, I ſhould not have believed it myſelf; for, in our town, every body takes my huſband for a noodle, and taken as he was, from governing an herd of goats, they cannot conceive what other government he can be good for. The Lord make him fit for his office, and conduct him in that way which will be moſt for the advantage of his children.

For my own part, dear lady of my ſoul, I am reſolved, with your honour's leave, to bring this happy day home to my own houſe, and hie me to the court, where I will loll in my own coach, and burſt the eyes of a thouſand people who envy my good fortune: I beg therefore, your excellency will tell my huſband to ſend me money, and let it be a round ſum; for, it is very expenſive living at court, where bread ſells for a rial, and meat for thirty maravedis a pound; and that is an unconſcionable price. If he does not chooſe that I ſhould go, let him give me notice in time; for, my feet itch to be a-travelling; and my neighbours and goſſips tell me, if I and my daughter go to court, and appear in pomp and grandeur, my huſband will come to be known by me, more than I by him; becauſe, when people aſk Who are theſe ladies in that coach? One of my ſervants will anſwer, Theſe are the wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the iſland Barataria; and in this manner

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Sancho will be known, I ſhall be reſpected, and to Rome for every thing.

I was vexed to the heart that this year there was no acorn harveſt in our town; nevertheleſs, I ſend your highneſs about half a peck which I gathered one by one upon the mountain, and went thither on purpoſe: I could find none larger, tho' I wiſh they were as big as oſtrich eggs.

I hope your pompoſity will not forget to write me, and I will take care to ſend an anſwer, giving an account of my own health, and of every thing that may be worth mentioning from this place, where I remain praying to our Lord that he will preſerve your grace, without forgetting me: my daughter Sancha and my ſon kiſs your honour's hand: and this is all at preſent from her who would much rather ſee your grace, than ſubſcribe herſelf

Your humble ſervant,

TERESA PANZA."

Great was the ſatisfaction which all the hearers received from this letter of Tereſa Panza, tho' the greateſt ſhare fell to the duke and dutcheſs; and her grace aſked Don Quixote, whether or not he thought it would be proper to open the letter directed for the governor, which ſhe imagined muſt be excellent in its kind. The knight ſaid he would open it to oblige her grace, and having done ſo, found the contents to this purpoſe:

Tereſa Panza's letter to her huſband Sancho Panza.

"I Received thy letter, dear Sancho of my ſoul, and I promiſe and ſwear to thee, on the faith of a catholic chriſtian, I was within two fingers-breadth of running mad with joy; and take notice, brother, when I heard thou waſt a governor, I had like to have dropped down dead with pure pleaſure; for, thou knoweſt, they ſay, ſudden joy kills as well as deadly ſorrow: thy daughter Sanchica ſcattered her water about inſenſibly, out of meer ſatisfaction: thy hunting-ſuit lay before me, the ſtring of corals ſent by my lady dutcheſs was tied round my neck, the letters were in my hand, and the meſſenger in my preſence; and yet, I imagined and believed, that all I ſaw and handled was a dream; for, who could conceive that a goatherd ſhould come to be governor of iſlands? Thou know'ſt, my friend, that my mother ſaid, One muſt

must live long to see a great deal: this I mention because I hope to see more if I live longer; for, I do not intend to stop, until I see thee a farmer, or collector of the revenue; offices which, tho' they carry those who abuse them to the devil, are, in short, always bringing in the penny.

My lady dutchess will tell thee how desirous I am of going to court: consider of it and let me know thy pleasure; for, I will endeavour to do thee honour by riding in my coach.

The curate, barber, batchelor, and even the sexton, cannot believe thou art a governor, and say the whole is a deception, or matter of inchantment, like all the affairs of thy master Don Quixote. Sampson vows he will go in quest of thee, and drive this government out of thy head, as well as the madness out of Don Quixote's skull: I say nothing, but laugh in my own sleeve, look at my beads, and contrive how to make thy hunting-suit into a gown and petticoat for our daughter. I have sent some acorns to my lady dutchess, and I wish they were of gold: send me some strings of pearl, if they are in fashion in thy island. The news of our town are these: the widow of the hill has matched her daughter with a bungling painter, who came here and undertook all sorts of brush-work; the corporation employed him to paint his majesty's arms over the door of the town-house; he demanded two ducats for the jobb, and they payed him beforehand; but, after he had laboured eight whole days, he produced nothing, and saying he could not hit upon such trifles, returned the money; and yet, for all that, he married with the character of a good workman: true it is, he hath already laid aside the pencil, and taken up the spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro de Lobo's son has taken orders, and shaved his head, with intention to become a priest; and this circumstance being known by Minguilla, niece of Mingo Silvato, she is going to sue him upon promise of marriage: evil tongues scruple not to say she is with child by him; but, this he positively denies. This year there are no olives, nor a drop of vinegar, in the whole town. A company of soldiers marching this way, carried off three girls belonging to the village; but, I will not tell thee who they are, because perhaps they will return, and then there will not be wanting husbands who will take them with all their faults. Sanchica, by making bone-lace, clears eight maravedis a day, which she keeps in a pipkin, to be a stock to her when she grows up: but now, that she is a governor's daughter, thou wilt give her a portion without her working for it. The public fountain is dried up. A thunder-bolt fell upon the pillory, and there may they always

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light. I expect an anſwer to this epiſtle, and thy reſolution about my going to court: and ſo, God preſerve thee more years than I have to live, or as many; for, I ſhould not chooſe to leave thee behind me in this world.

Thy faithful ſpouſe,

TERESA PANZA."

The letters were read with admiration, eſteem, laughter, and applauſe; and the entertainment was crowned by the arrival of the courier who brought Sancho's epiſtle to Don Quixote, which, being likewiſe recited in public, rendered the governor's folly extremely doubtful. The dutcheſs retired, in order to be informed, by the page, of what had happened to him in Sancho's village; and he recounted the particulars at large, without leaving one circumſtance untold: he delivered the acorns, together with a cheeſe, which Tereſa vouched for excellent, and even preferred to thoſe of Tronchon. This the dutcheſs received with exceſſive pleaſure, in the enjoyment of which we will leave her grace, and relate in what manner concluded the government of the great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirrour of all inſulary governors.

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THE

LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS

Of the Sage HIDALGO

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

Of the toilful end and concluſion of Sancho Panza's government.

TO think the affairs of this life will always remain in the ſame poſture, is a wild ſuppoſition; on the contrary, every thing goes in a round; I mean, goes round. Spring ſucceeds winter, ſummer follows ſpring, autumn comes after ſummer, and winter comes in the rear of autumn; then ſpring reſumes its verdure, and time turns round on an inceſſant wheel. The life of man alone runs lightly to its end, unlike the circle of time, without hope of renewal, except in another life, which knows no bounds. Thus moralizes Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philoſopher, for the knowledge of the frailty, and inſtability, of the preſent life, together with the eternal duration of that which we expect, many, without the light of faith, by natural inſtinct have attained. But here our author makes the obſervation on account of the celerity with which Sancho's government was finiſhed, conſumed, deſtroyed, and diſſolved into ſmoak and vapour.

This poor governor being a-bed on the ſeventh night of his adminiſtration, not crammed with bread and wine, but fatigued with ſitting

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in judgment, paſſing ſentence, and making ſtatutes and regulations; and ſleep, maugre and in deſpight of hunger, beginning to weigh down his eye-lids, his ears were ſaluted with a terrible noiſe of bells and cries, as if the whole iſland had been going to wreck.

Hearing the alarm as he lay, he liſtened attentively, in hope of comprehending the meaning and cauſe of ſuch a mighty uproar: however, he not only failed in his expectation; but, the noiſe of the cries and the bells being reinforced by that of an infinite number of drums and trumpets, he remained more terrified, confounded, and aghaſt than ever. Then ſtarting up, he put on his ſlippers, on account of the dampneſs of the ground; though without wrapping himſelf up in his morning-gown, or in any other ſort of apparel; and opening the door of his apartment, ſaw above twenty perſons running through the gallery, with lighted torches, and naked ſwords in their hands, exclaiming aloud, and altogether, "Arm! arm, my lord governor, arm! a vaſt number of the enemy has landed on the iſland; and we are loſt and undone unleſs protected by your valour and activity."

With this clamour, fury, and diſturbance, they ruſhed towards Sancho, who ſtood aſtoniſhed and perplexed at what he ſaw and heard; and when they came up to the ſpot, one of them accoſting him, "Arm, my lord, ſaid he, unleſs you want to periſh, and ſee the whole iſland deſtroyed." "For what ſhould I arm? replied Sancho: I neither know the uſe of arms, nor can I give you protection: theſe matters had better be left to my maſter Don Quixote, who, in the turning of a ſtraw, would diſpatch the whole affair, and put every thing in ſafety; but, for me, as I am a ſinner to God, I underſtand nothing of theſe hurly burlys!" "How! my lord governor, cried another, what deſpondence is this? Put on your armour, ſignor; here we have brought arms offenſive and defenſive; come forth to the market-place, and be our guide and our general, ſeeing of right that place belongs to you, as being our governor." "Arm me then, a-God's name!" replied Sancho: and that inſtant they took two large bucklers they had brought along with them, and putting over his ſhirt (for they would not give him time to cloath himſelf) one buckler before and another behind, they pulled his arms through certain holes they had made in the targets, and faſtened them well together with cords, in ſuch a manner, that the poor governor remained quite incloſed, and boarded up as ſtreight as a ſpindle, without being able to bend his knees, or move one ſingle ſtep: and in his hands they put a lance, with which he ſupported himſelf as he ſtood. Having cooped him up in this manner, they deſired him to march out, and conduct and animate his people;

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people; in which caſe, he being their north ſtar, their lanthorn, and Lucifer, their affairs would be brought to a proſperous iſſue. "How ſhould I march, unfortunate wight that I am, ſaid Sancho, when my very knee-pans have not room to play, ſo much am I cramped by thoſe boards, which are ſqueezed into my very fleſh? your only way is to take me up in your arms, and lay me acroſs, or ſet me upright in ſome poſtern, which I will defend either with this lance or this carcaſe." "Come, my lord governor, replied the other, you are more hampered by fear than by your bucklers: make haſte, and exert yourſelf; for, it grows late, the enemies ſwarm, the noiſe increaſes, and the danger is very preſſing."

In conſequence of this perſuaſion and reproach, the poor governor endeavoured to move, and down he came to the ground with ſuch a fall that he believed himſelf ſplit to pieces; and there he lay like a tortoiſe covered with its ſhell, or a flitch of bacon between two trays; or, laſtly, like a boat ſtranded with her keel uppermoſt. Yet his fall did not excite the compaſſion of thoſe unlucky wags; on the contrary, extinguiſhing their torches, they renewed the clamour, and repeated the alarm with ſuch hurry and confuſion, trampling upon the unhappy Sancho, and beſtowing a thouſand ſtrokes upon the bucklers, that if he had not gathered, and ſhrunk himſelf up, with drawing his head within the targets, the poor governor would have paſſed his time but very indifferently; ſhrunk as he was within that narrow lodging, he ſweated all over with fear and conſternation, and heartily recommended himſelf to God, that he might be delivered from the danger that encompaſſed him. Some ſtumbled, and others fell over him; nay, one of the party ſtood upon him for a conſiderable time, and thence, as from a watch-tower, gave orders to the army, exclaiming with a loud voice, "This way, my fellow-ſoldiers; for, here the enemy make their chief effort: guard this breach, ſhut that gate, down with thoſe ſcaling-ladders, bring up the fire-pots, with the kettles of melted pitch, roſin, and boiling oil, barricado the ſtreets with woolpacks." In a word, he named with great eagerneſs, all the implements, inſtruments, and munition of war, uſed in the defence of a city aſſaulted; while the bruiſed and battered Sancho, who heard the din, and ſuffered grievouſly, ſaid within himſelf, "O! would it pleaſe the Lord that the iſland were quickly loſt, that I might ſee myſelf either dead or delivered from this diſtreſs!" Heaven heard his petition, and when he leaſt expected ſuch relief, his ears were ſaluted with a number of voices, crying, "Victory! victory! the enemy is overcome!!

come! Riſe, my lord governor, and enjoy your conqueſt; and divide the ſpoil taken from the foe by the valour of your invincible arm."

The afflicted Sancho, with a plaintive voice, deſired them to lift him up; and when they helped him to riſe, and ſet him on his legs again, "I wiſh, ſaid he, the enemy I have conquered were nailed to my forehead: I want to divide no ſpoils; but, I beg, and ſupplicate ſome friend, if any ſuch I have, to bring me a draught of wine; and that he will wipe me dry of this ſweat which has turned me into water." They accordingly wiped him clean, brought the wine, untied the bucklers, and ſeated him upon his bed, where he fainted away through fear, conſternation, and fatigue. Thoſe concerned in the joke, now began to be ſorrry for having laid it on ſo heavy; but, Sancho's recovery moderated their uneaſineſs at his ſwooning. He aſked what it was o'clock? and they anſwered it was day-break: then, without ſpeaking another ſyllable, he began to dreſs himſelf, in the moſt profound ſilence, and all preſent gazed upon him with looks of expectation, impatient to know the meaning of his dreſſing himſelf ſo earneſtly. At length, having put on his cloaths very leiſurely; for, his bruiſes would not admit of precipitation, he hied him to the ſtable, attended by all the byſtanders, where, advancing to Dapple, he embraced him affectionately, and gave him the kiſs of peace upon the forehead, ſaying, while the tears trickled from his eyes, "Come hither, my dear companion! my friend, and ſharer of all my toils and diſtreſs; when you and I conſorted together, and I was plagued with no other thoughts than the care of mending your furniture, and pampering your little body, happy were my hours, my days, and my years! but, ſince I quitted you, and mounted on the towers of pride and ambition, my ſoul has been invaded by a thouſand miſeries, a thouſand toils, and four thouſand diſquiets."

While he uttered this apoſtrophe, he was employed in putting the pack-ſaddle on his aſs, without being interrupted by any living ſoul; and Dapple being equipped for the road, he made ſhift to mount him, with great pain and difficulty: then, directing his words and diſcourſe to the ſteward, ſecretary, ſewer, doctor Pedro, and many others who were preſent, "Make way, gentlemen, ſaid he, and let me return to my ancient liberty; let me go in queſt of my former life, that I may enjoy a reſurrection from this preſent death: I was not born to be a governor, or to defend iſlands and cities from the aſſaults of their enemies: I am better verſed in ploughing and delving, in pruning and planting vines, than in enacting laws, and defending provinces and kingdoms.

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I know St. Peter is well at Rome—that is, every one does well in following the employment to which he was bred; a ſickle becomes my hand better than a governor's ſceptre; and I would rather fill my belly with ſoupe-meagre, than undergo the miſery of an impertinent phyſician who ſtarves me to death. I would much rather ſolace myſelf under the ſhade of an oak in ſummer, and cloath myſelf with a ſheepſkin jacket in the winter, being my own maſter, than indulge, under the ſubjection of a government, with holland ſheets, and robes of ſables—God be with you, gentlemen; and pray tell my lord duke, Naked I was born, and naked I remain; and, if I loſe nothing, as little I gain. That is, I would ſay, Pennyleſs I took poſſeſſion of this government, and pennyleſs I reſign my office; quite the reverſe of what is uſually the caſe with governors of other iſlands. Make way, therefore, and let me go and be plaiſtered; for, I believe, all my ribs are cruſhed, thanks to the enemies who have, this night, paſſed, and repaſſed, over my carcaſe."

"It muſt not be ſo, my lord governor, ſaid doctor Poſitive: I will give your worſhip a draught, calculated for falls and bruiſes, that will inſtantly reſtore you to your former health and vigour; and, with reſpect to the article of eating, I promiſe your lordſhip to make amends, and let you eat abundantly of every thing you deſire." "Your promiſe comes too late, anſwered Sancho: and I will as ſoon turn Turk as forbear going. Thoſe are no jokes to be repeated. Before God! I will as ſoon remain in this, or accept of any other government, even tho' it ſhould be preſented in a covered diſh, as I will fly to heaven without the help of wings. I am of the family of the Panzas, who are all headſtrong, and if once they ſay Odds, odds it muſt be, tho' in fact it be even, in ſpite of all the world. In this ſtable I leave the piſmire's wings, that carried me up into the clouds, to make me a prey to martlets and other birds; and now let us alight, and walk ſoftly and ſecurely on the ground; and if my feet are not adorned with pinked ſhoes of Cordovan leather, they ſhall not want coarſe ſandals of cord or ruſhes: Let ewe and weather go together; and, No body thruſt his feet beyond the length of his ſheet. Now, therefore, let me paſs; for, it grows late."

To this addreſs the ſteward replied, "We ſhall freely allow your lordſhip to go, although we ſhall be great ſufferers in loſing you, whoſe ingenuity, and chriſtian conduct, oblige us to deſire your ſtay; but, it is well known that every governor is obliged, before he quits his government, to ſubmit his adminiſtration to a ſcrutiny; and if your

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lordſhip will give an account of yours, during the ſeven days you have ſtood at the helm, you may depart in peace, and God be your guide." "No body can call me to an account, ſaid Sancho, but ſuch as are appointed by my lord duke. Now, to him am I going, and to him will I render it fairly and ſquarely: beſides, there is no occaſion for any other proof than my leaving you naked as I am, to ſhew that I have governed like an angel." "'Fore God! the great Sancho is in the right, cried doctor Poſitive: and, in my opinion, we ought to let him retire; for, the duke will be infinitely rejoiced to ſee him."

All the reſt aſſented to the propoſal, and allowed him to paſs, after having offered to bear him company, and provide him with every thing he ſhould want for the entertainment of his perſon, and the convenience of the journey. Sancho ſaid he wanted nothing but a little barley for Dapple, and a piece of cheeſe with half a loaf for himſelf, the journey being ſo ſhort, that he had no occaſion for any better, or more ample proviſion. All the company embraced him, and were in their turns embraced by the weeping Sancho, who left them equally aſtoniſhed at his diſcourſe, as at his reſolute, and wiſe determination.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

Which treats of matters belonging to this hiſtory, and no other whatſoever.

THE duke, and dutcheſs, reſolved that the defiance which Don Quixote breathed againſt their vaſſal, for the cauſe already mentioned, ſhould be anſwered: and although the young man was in Flanders, whither he had fled to avoid ſuch a mother-in-law as Donna Rodriguez, they determined to ſupply his place with a Gaſcoon lacquey, called Toſilos, whom they beforehand minutely inſtructed how to behave on this occaſion.

Two days after theſe meaſures were taken, the duke told Don Quixote that in four days his antagoniſt would come and preſent himſelf in the liſts, armed as a knight, and maintain that the damſel lied by one half of her beard, and even by every hair of it, if ſhe affirmed that he had promiſed her marriage. The knight received theſe tidings with great pleaſure, flattering himſelf he ſhould do ſomething to excite the admiration of the whole family; and he thought himſelf extremely fortunate in having found an opportunity of ſhewing this noble pair how far the valour of his powerful arm extended. He, therefore, with great joy, and ſatisfaction, waited the expiration of the four days, which, reckoned by his impatience, ſeemed equal to four hundred centuries.

In the mean time, let them paſs, as we have already let many other matters paſs, and attend Sancho, who, between merry and ſad, jogged along upon Dapple, in queſt of his maſter, whoſe company he preferred to the government of all the iſlands upon earth. Well then, he had not travelled far from the iſland of his government, (for, he never dreamed of being certified whether what he governed was iſland, city, town, or village) when he ſaw coming towards him ſix pilgrims, with their ſtaves, of that ſort which begs charity by ſinging. So ſoon, therefore, as they approached him, they made a lane; and, raiſing their voices together, began to ſing in their language, tho' Sancho underſtood nothing of what they ſaid, except the word Charity, which they diſtinctly pronounced; ſo that he immediately conceived the meaning of their outlandiſh ſong. Now, he being, according to the aſſeveration of Cid Hamet, extremely charitable, took out of his bags, and gave them the bread and cheeſe with which he had been furniſhed, making them underſtand by ſigns,

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that he had nothing elſe to give. They received his benefaction chearfully, pronouncing, however, the word Guelte, Guelte: to which Sancho anſwering, "I really do not underſtand what you want, good people:" One of them took a purſe from his boſom, and held it up, giving him to underſtand they wanted money. Then Sancho clapping his thumb to his throat, and diſplaying the back of his hand, ſignified that he had not ſo much as the corner of a rial, and ſpurred up Dapple, in order to make his way through the midſt of them. As he paſſed, one of them having conſidered him very attentively, laid hold on Dapple's halter, and claſping him round the middle, exclaimed aloud, in very good Caſtilian, "The Lord protect me! what is this I ſee? is it poſſible that I actually hold in my arms my dear friend, and good neighbour, Sancho Panza? Yes, doubtleſs; for, I am neither aſleep nor drunk."

Sancho was aſtoniſhed to hear his own name; and ſee himſelf embraced by a pilgrim, and a ſtranger, whom, tho' he ſilently gazed upon him with the utmoſt attention, he could by no means recollect. The pilgrim perceiving his ſurprize, "Is it poſſible, brother Sancho Panza, ſaid he, that thou doſt not know thy neighbour Ricote, the Moreſco ſhop-keeper, that lived in your town?" Then Sancho, reviewing him with greater attention, began to recal his features; and, at length, perfectly recognizing the Moor, he, without alighting, threw his arms about his neck, ſaying, "Who the devil could know thee, Ricote, in that diſguiſe? Tell me who has pilgrimized thee; and wherefore haſt thou dared to return to Spain, where, if thou art found, and known, thou wilt ſuffer for thy raſhneſs?" "If thou wilt not diſcover me, Sancho, I am ſecure, replied the pilgrim: for, in this diſguiſe, no body will know me. Let us quit the high-road, and remove to yon poplar grove, where my companions intend to take ſome refreſhment, and repoſe; there thou ſhalt partake with them; for, they are a very good ſort of people; and there I ſhall have leiſure to recount every thing that has befallen me ſince I departed from our town, in obedience to his majeſty's proclamation, which ſo ſeverely threatened the unfortunate people of my nation; as, no doubt, thou haſt heard."

Sancho aſſented to his propoſal, and Ricote having ſpoke to the other pilgrims, they betook themſelves to the tuft of poplars, at a good diſtance from the high-road. There they threw down their ſtaves, laid aſide their rochets, or mantles, ſo as to remain in their doublets; and all of them appeared to be young men of genteel perſons, except Ricote, who was already well advanced in years. Each had a wallet, in all appearance well provided; at leaſt, with incentives which provoked thirſt, at the diſtance

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diſtance of two leagues. They ſtretched themſelves upon the ground, and uſing the graſs as a table-cloth, ſpread upon it bread, ſalt, knives, nuts, cruſts of cheeſe, and ſome clean bones of bacon, which, tho' they could not be eaten, were in a condition to be ſucked with pleaſure. They likewiſe produced a black diſh, which they called Caviere, made of the roes of fiſhes, a great awakener of drought; nor did they want olives, which, though dry, and without pickle, were very ſavoury, and delicate: but what made the beſt figure in the field of this banquet, was a bottle of wine which every pilgrim drew forth from his wallet, not excepting honeſt Ricote, who, being transformed from a Moor into a German, or Teutonian, pulled out his bottle alſo, which in ſize might have vied with all the other five. They began to eat with infinite reliſh, and great deliberation, ſeaſoning every mouthful which they took with the point of a knife, tho' they ate but little; then all at once, the whole ſquadron together raiſed their arms, and bottles aloft, and joining mouth to mouth, with their eyes fixed on the firmament, they ſeemed to take aim at heaven. In this manner, ſhaking their heads from ſide to ſide, in token of the ſatisfaction they received, they continued a good while in the act of transfuſing the contents of the bottles into their own bellies.

Sancho beheld this ſcene, with every part of which he was perfectly well pleaſed; and, in compliance with the proverb which he very well knew, importing, When thou art at Rome, follow the faſhion of Rome, he begged an embrace of Ricote's bottle, and took his aim like the reſt; nor was his ſatisfaction inferior to theirs. Four times did their bottles admit of elevation; but, the fifth was to no purpoſe: for, by that time, they were as clean, and as dry as a ruſh; a circumſtance that threw a damp upon the mirth which had hitherto prevailed. From time to time, each pilgrim in his turn ſhook hands with Sancho, ſaying, "Spaniard or German, all one, goot companion." To which compliment Sancho replied, "Goot companion, by the Lord!" and burſting out into a fit of laughter which laſted a whole hour, without remembring, at that time, the leaſt circumſtance of what had happened to him in his government; for, over the times, and ſeaſons, of eating and drinking, care ſeldom holds juriſdiction. Finally, the concluſion of the wine was the beginning of ſleep, which overwhelmed the whole company, and ſtretched them along upon the table, and cloth, they had been uſing. Ricote, and Sancho, were the only two who remained awake, in conſequence of having eaten more, and drank leſs, than their fellows: then Ricote taking Sancho aſide, they ſat down at the root of a beech, leaving the

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the pilgrims buried in an agreeable ſlumber; and without ſtumbling in the leaſt upon his Moriſco language, he ſpoke in pure Caſtilian to this effect:

"Well thou knoweſt, O Sancho Panza, my neighbour, and friend, how the edict, and proclamation, which his majeſty publiſhed againſt thoſe of my religion, overwhelmed us all with terror and conſternation; at leaſt, they terrified me to ſuch a degree, that long before the time allotted to us for our removal from Spain, I thought the rigour of the penalty was already executed againſt me and my children. I therefore reſolved, and I think, wiſely, like the man who knowing he muſt quit the houſe he lives in, at ſuch a time, provides himſelf with another to which he may remove—I reſolved, I ſay, to retire by myſelf, without my family, and go in queſt of ſome place to which I might carry it commodiouſly, without that hurry and confuſion which attended the departure of my neighbours; for, I was very well convinced, and ſo were all our elders, that thoſe edicts were not only threats, as ſome people ſaid, but real laws, that would certainly be put in execution at the appointed time: and this truth I was compelled to believe, by knowing the baſe and mad deſigns which our people harboured; ſuch deſigns that, I verily think, his majeſty was divinely inſpired to execute ſuch a gallant reſolution. Not that we were all guilty; for, ſome, among us, were firm, and ſtanch chriſtians: but, they were ſo few in number, that they could not oppoſe the ſchemes of thoſe who were otherwiſe; and it was dangerous to nurſe a ſerpent in one's boſom, by allowing the enemy to live within the houſe. In a word, we were juſtly chaſtiſed by the ſentence of baniſhment, mild and gentle in the opinion of ſome, but to us the moſt terrible that could be pronounced. In what country ſoever we are, we lament our exile from Spain: for, in fine, here we were born; this is our native country; in no clime do we find a reception ſuitable to our misfortunes: nay, in Barbary, and all the other parts of Afric, where we expected to be received, cheriſhed, and entertained, we have been moſt injured, and maltreated: we knew not our happineſs until we loſt it; and ſo intenſe is the longing deſire which almoſt all of us have to return to Spain, that the greateſt part of thoſe, and they are many, who underſtand the language like me, return to this kingdom, leaving their wives, and children, unprotected abroad, ſuch is their affection for this their native ſoil: and now, I know, by experience, the truth of the common ſaying, Sweet is the love of native land.

Leaving our town, as I have already ſaid, I repaired to France; and, tho' there we met with a civil reception, I was deſirous of ſeeing other countries.

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countries. I, therefore, travelled into Italy, from whence I paſſed into Germany, where people ſeemed to live with more freedom: the natives do not pry with curious eyes into one another's concerns; every one lives according to his own humour: for, in moſt parts of the empire there is liberty of conſcience. I left a houſe which I hired in a village near Augſburg, and joined theſe pilgrims, a great number of whom are wont to come hither yearly, on pretence of viſiting the ſanctuaries of Spain, which are their Indies, as being productive of well known advantage, and moſt certain gain. They traverſe the whole country; and there is not a village from which they are not diſmiſſed with a belly full of meat and drink, as the ſaying is, and a rial, at leaſt, in money; ſo that, at the end of their peregrination, they are above an hundred crowns in pocket, which, being changed into gold, they conceal in the hollow of their ſtaves, or in the patches of their cloaks, or taſk their induſtry in ſuch a manner as to carry off their purchaſe to their own country, in ſpite of the guards at the paſſes and gates, where they are examined and regiſtred.

My preſent intention, Sancho, is to carry off the money I have buried, which, being without the town, I can retrieve without danger; then I ſhall write, or take a paſſage from Valencia, to my wife and daughter, who, I know, are at Algiers, in order to contrive a method for tranſporting them to ſome port of France, from whence I will conduct them to Germany, where we will bear with reſignation the will of heaven: for, in fine, Sancho, I am poſitively certain that my daughter Ricota, and my wife Franciſca Ricote are real catholic chriſtians; and, tho' I myſelf am not entirely of that way of thinking, I have more of the chriſtian than the muſſulman; and I inceſſantly pray to God to open the eyes of my underſtanding, that I may know how to ſerve him in the right way. But what excites my wonder, and baffles my penetration, is the conduct of my wife and daughter, who have choſen to retire into Barbary rather than to France, where they might have lived as chriſtians."

To this obſervation Sancho replied, "Why, look ye, Ricote, they were not, I ſuppoſe, at liberty to chooſe for themſelves, inaſmuch as they were carried off by your wife's brother, John Tiopieyo, who, being a rank Moor, would naturally go to the place where he himſelf intended to make his abode: and, I can tell you, moreover, I believe it will be in vain for you to go in ſearch of what you left under-ground; for, we were informed that thy wife, and brother-in-law, were ſtripped of a number of pearls, and a great deal of money, which was carried off to be regiſtred." "That may be very true, ſaid Ricote: but, I am certain, Sancho,

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Sancho, they have not touched my hoard; for, I would not tell them were it was hid, becauſe I dreaded ſome misfortune: and therefore, Sancho, if thou wilt come along with me, and aſſiſt me in taking up, and concealing it, I will gratify thee with two hundred crowns, to relieve thy neceſſities, which thou art ſenſible I know to be manifold." "I would comply with your propoſal, anſwered Sancho; but I am not at all covetous; were I that way inclined, I this morning quitted an employment by which I might have been enabled to build the walls of my houſe of beaten gold, and in leſs than ſix months, eat out of plate: for this reaſon, therefore, and becauſe I ſhould think myſelf guilty of treaſon to my king, in favouring his enemies, I will not go along with thee, even tho' in lieu of promiſing me two hundred, thou ſhouldſt here lay down four hundred crowns upon the nail." "And pray, what office is this that thou haſt quitted?" ſaid Ricote. "I have quitted the government of an iſland, replied Sancho: ay, and ſuch a one as, in good faith, you wont find its fellow in three bowſhots." "And whereabouts is this iſland?" reſumed the other. "Whereabouts? cried Panza: about two leagues from hence, and it is called the iſland Barataria." "Spare me, ſpare me, good Sancho, ſaid Ricote: iſlands are far at ſea; there are none upon the continent." "How? none! replied Sancho: I tell thee, friend Ricote, I left it but this morning, and yeſterday governed in it at my pleaſure, like a perfect ſagittary; but, for all that, I reſigned my place; for, I found the office of governors is very troubleſome and dangerous." "And what haſt thou got by this government?" ſaid Ricote. "I have got ſenſe enough to know that I am fit for governing nothing but a flock of ſheep, anſwered Sancho: and that the wealth acquired in ſuch governments is got at the expence of eaſe, ſleep, and even ſuſtenance; for, in iſlands the governors muſt eat very little, eſpecially if they have phyſicians to watch over their health." "I really do not underſtand thee, Sancho, ſaid Ricote: but, every thing thou haſt ſpoke, to me ſeems meer madneſs; for, who would give thee iſlands to govern, when there is plenty of men in the world, ſo much more capable of governing than thou? Keep thy own counſel, Sancho, and recollect thy judgment, and conſider whether or not thou wilt accompany me, as I have propoſed, to aſſiſt me in conveying the treaſure I have hid; for, the ſum is really ſo great, it may well be called a treaſure, and I will give thee wherewithal to live, as I have already promiſed." "I have already told thee, Ricote, that I will not, anſwered Sancho: be ſatisfied that by me thou ſhalt not be diſcovered, continue thy journey in happy hour, and let me proceed in mine: for, well I know, What's honeſtly earn'd may be eaſily loſt; but, ill got wealth

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wealth is ever at the owner's coſt." "Well, I will not further importune thee, ſaid Ricote: but, pray tell me, Sancho, waſt thou in our village, when my wife and daughter departed with my brother-in-law?" "Yes, I was; replied Sancho: and, I can tell thee, thy daughter appeared ſo beautiful, that all the people in town went forth to ſee her, and every body owned ſhe was the faireſt creature under the ſun; ſhe went along weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintance; and begged of all that came to ſee her, that they would recommend her to God, and our lady his bleſſed mother. Indeed, her behaviour was ſo moving, that I myſelf, who am no blubberer, could not help ſhedding tears; and, in good ſooth, many perſons were very deſirous of going after, and carrying her off, in order to conceal her; but, they were diverted from that deſign, by the fear of acting contrary to the king's proclamation. He that ſhewed himſelf the moſt paſſionately fond of her, was Don Pedro Gregorio, the young rich heir, who, thou knoweſt, was ſaid to be in love with her. After her departure, he never more appeared in our town, and every body believed he went away, in order to carry her off; but, hitherto we have had no account of his motions." "I had always a ſuſpicion, ſaid Ricote, that the young gentleman was enamoured of my daughter; but, as I confided in the virtue of my Ricota, his paſſion gave me no diſturbance; for, thou muſt have heard, Sancho, that the Mooriſh women ſeldom, or never, engage in amorous intercourſe with old chriſtians; and my daughter, whoſe inclination, I believe, leaned more to chriſtianity than to love, payed no attention to the importunities of that young heir." "God grant it may be ſo, replied Sancho: for, it would have been to the prejudice of both: and now let me depart in peace, friend Ricote; for, this night, I intend to be with my maſter Don Quixote." "God be thy guide, brother Sancho, ſaid the Moor: I ſee my companions are ſtirring, and it is time for us to make the beſt of our way."

Then the two having embraced one another, Sancho mounted Dapple, Ricote ſupported himſelf with his ſtaff, and in this manner they parted different ways.

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CHAP. III.

Of certain accidents that befel Sancho upon the road; and other circumſtances, which to know you need only look forward.

SANCHO was ſo long detained by Ricote, that he could not reach the duke's caſtle that day, tho' he was within half a league of it, and there overtaken by the night, which was dark and cloſe; but, it being the ſummer ſeaſon, he was not much concerned, and retired a little from the high-road, with intention to wait patiently for morning. It was, however, the pleaſure of his niggard and unhappy fortune, that in ſeeking a place proper for his accommodation, he and Dapple tumbled into a deep, and very dark pit, among a number of old buildings; and, in falling, he recommended himſelf to God, with all his heart, in the firm perſuaſion that he would not ſtop until he reached the bottom of the profound abyſs. But this apprehenſion was happily diſappointed; for, Dapple having deſcended little more than three fathoms, touched the ground, and his rider found himſelf on his beaſt's back, without having ſuſtained the leaſt hurt or damage. He felt his body all over, and held in his breath to know whether he was ſound or perforated in any part; and when he found himſelf ſafe, whole, and in catholic health, he did not fail to thank our Lord God for his protection, as he actually thought he had been ſhattered into a thouſand pieces. He likewiſe felt about the ſides of the pit, to know if there was any poſſibility of being extricated without aſſiſtance; but, he found them all ſmooth, and perpendicular, without any projection or cranny of which he could take the leaſt advantage; a circumſtance that greatly increaſed his chagrin, eſpecially when he heard Dapple complain, in a moſt pathetic, and lamentable tone; and, indeed, it was no great wonder: nor did he lament out of wantonneſs; for, in truth, he was in a very ſorry condition.

It was then that Sancho Panza exclaimed, "Alack, and a-well a-day! how unexpected are the accidents which, at every turn, befal thoſe who live in this miſerable world! who could foretel, that he who yeſterday ſaw himſelf inthroned as governor of an iſland, giving orders to his ſervants and vaſſals, ſhould to-day be buried in a dungeon, without a ſoul to remedy his misfortune, or a ſervant or vaſſal to haſten to his relief? Here I, and my poor beaſt, muſt periſh by hunger, if we do not give up the ghoſt before that period; he, in conſequence of being battered

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tered and bruiſed, and I, from pure ſorrow and vexation. At leaſt, I ſhall not be ſo lucky as my maſter Don Quixote de la Mancha, who, when he deſcended, and ſunk into the cave of that ſame inchanted Monteſinos, was better entertained than he could have been in his own houſe; ſo that the cloth ſeemed to be laid, and the bed fairly made. There he enjoyed beautiful and agreeable viſions; but here, I believe, I ſhall ſee nothing but toads and ſerpents. Unfortunate wretch that I am! to what a paſs am I brought by my fantaſies and folly. From this cavern (when heaven ſhall be pleaſed to diſcover them) my bones, together with thoſe of my honeſt friend Dapple, will be taken up ſmooth, and white, and bare as an atomy; and, from this particular, perhaps, it will be diſcovered who we are, eſpecially by thoſe who know that Sancho Panza never parted from his aſs, nor his aſs from Sancho Panza. I ſay again, miſerable creatures that we are! why would not our niggard fortune allow us to die at home, in our own country, in the midſt of our friends? where, tho' our misfortune would admit of no remedy, we ſhould not have wanted relations to grieve at our fate, and cloſe our eyes in the laſt hour of our trial!

O my dear companion, and my friend! how ill have I rewarded thy good ſervices? Forgive me, honeſt Dapple, and intreat fortune in the beſt terms thou canſt uſe, to deliver us from this vexatious miſery in which we are equally involved; in which caſe, I promiſe to put a crown of laurel upon thy head, ſo as that thou ſhalt look like a poet laureat; and, withal, to give thee double allowance of provender." In this manner did Sancho Panza pour forth his lamentation, to which the poor beaſt liſtened, without anſwering one word; ſuch was the danger and diſtreſs to which the poor animal found himſelf expoſed.

At length, after they had paſſed the whole night in miſerable complaints and lamentations, day broke; and, by the light and ſplendor of the morning, Sancho perceived, that of all impoſſibilities it was the moſt impoſſible to free himſelf from that pit, without aſſiſtance; ſo that he began to lament a-freſh, and roar aloud, in hope that ſome body might hear his voice: but, all his cries were uttered to the deſart; for, in all that neighbourhood there was not a ſoul by whom he could be heard; and therefore he gave himſelf up for loſt. As Dapple lay with his mouth uppermoſt, Sancho Panza exerted himſelf in ſuch a manner as to raiſe his friend upon his legs, which, by the bye, could ſcarce bear his weight; and, taking a piece of bread out of his wallet, which had likewiſe ſuffered the ſame unfortunate fall, gave it to the poor beaſt, who received it very thankfully, and told him, as if he underſtood his words,

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" All ills are good when attended with food." About this time, he diſcovered an hole at one ſide of the dungeon, large enough to give paſſage to a man, provided he could bend his body, and creep through: to this he haſtened, and ſqueezing himſelf into it, perceived, within, a large extenſive ſpace, the particulars of which he could diſtinguiſh; for, through what may be termed the roof, deſcended a ſmall ſtream of light that illuminated the whole place, which, as he obſerved, dilated and extended itſelf through another ſpacious concavity.

Sancho, having made theſe remarks, returned to the place where his companion ſtood, and with a ſtone began to clear away the rubbiſh from the hole, which he in a little time enlarged to ſuch a degree that Dapple paſſed with eaſe. Then, taking the halter in his hand, he led him forwards through that cavern, in hope of finding an exit at the other end: and ſometimes he proceeded darkling, and ſometimes without one ray of light; but, always in fear and trepidation. " God Almighty protect me! ſaid he within himſelf: this, that is ſuch a diſmal expedition to me, would be an excellent adventure to my maſter, who would look upon theſe depths, and dungeons, as ſo many flower-gardens, and palaces of *Galiana; and expect to paſs from this diſtreſs, and obſcurity, into ſome blooming meadow adorned with the pride of ſpring: whereas, I, a miſerable wretch! equally imprudent and poor-ſpirited, dread, at every ſtep, that another dungeon, ſtill more deep, will ſuddenly open under my feet, and ſwallow me up at once: We may bear, without a groan, the misfortune that comes alone." In venting theſe ejaculations, he had proceeded about half a league, when he perceived a kind of confuſed light, like that of day, glimmering through a paſſage that ſeemed to be the road from this to the other world.

Here Cid Hamet Benengeli, leaving the ſquire, returns to Don Quixote waiting with joy and tranſport for the combat in which he was to engage with the perſon who had robbed the daughter of Donna Rodriguez of her precious virtue; for, he made no doubt of redreſſing the grievance and diſgrace which the delinquent had felonioufly intailed upon the innocent damſel.

Chancing one morning to go out, in order to improve, and inure himſelf to that exerciſe of arms which he meant to practiſe in that combat to which in a few days he muſt be expoſed, he, in wheeling about, or giving the charge with Rozinante, rode ſo near the mouth of a cavern, that if he had not vigorouſly pulled in the reins, he muſt have plunged

* This was a Mooriſh princeſs, for whom her father built a ſtately palace near the Tagus, the ruins of which remain to this day.

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into it, without all poſſibility of eſcape. He kept his ſe[illegible] however, and at length made his retreat good; then, reapproaching the hole, he, without alighting, ſurveyed the depth of the cave; and, while he was thus employed, heard loud cries iſſuing from below; in conſequence of which, liſtening with great attention, he could diſtinguiſh articulate ſounds, and diſtinctly underſtand the following exclamation: "So ho! above there; is there any chriſtian within hearing? or any charitable gentleman whoſe bowels yearn at the diſtreſs of a ſinner buried alive, and an unfortunate miſgoverned governor?"

Don Quixote thought he recognized the voice of Sancho Panza, at hearing which he was confounded and aſtoniſhed; and raiſing his own voice as high as he could ſtrain, "Who is that below, cried he, complaining ſo grievouſly?" "Who ſhould be here, or who complain, replied the voice, but the bewildered Sancho Panza, for his ſins, and miſfortune, appointed governor of the iſland Barataria, who was formerly ſquire to the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha?" When the knight heard this declaration, his ſurpriſe redoubled, his amazement increaſed, and he was ſtruck with the notion that Sancho Panza was dead, and his ſoul doing penance in that place. Swayed by this conjecture, he exclaimed, "I conjure thee by all that is ſacred, as a catholic chriſtian, to tell me who thou art; if a ſoul in puniſhment, let me know what I can do in thy behalf; for, as it is my profeſſion to favour and aſſiſt the needy of this world, ſo likewiſe am I ready to ſuccour and relieve the miſerable objects of the other world, who cannot relieve themſelves." "At that rate, and by your worſhip's diſcourſe, anſwered the voice, you ſhould be my maſter Don Quixote de la Mancha; and, indeed, by the tone of your voice, I know you can be no other." "Don Quixote I am, replied the knight: he who profeſſes to aid and aſſiſt the living, as well as the dead, in their diſtreſſes. Tell me, therefore, who thou art, by whom I am thus held in aſtoniſhment; for, if thou art my ſquire Sancho Panza, and haſt quitted this life, ſeeing the devils have not got poſſeſſion of thy ſoul, but, through the mercy of God, thou art now in purgatory, our holy mother the roman catholic church has prayers ſufficient to deliver thee from thy preſent pain; and I, for my part, will ſollicit them in thy behalf, as far as my whole fortune will extend: I ſay, therefore, make haſte, and declare thy name and ſituation." "I vow to God! anſwered the voice, and ſwear by the birth of whom your worſhip pleaſes, ſignor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that I am your identical ſquire Sancho Panza, and was never yet dead in the whole courſe of my life; but, I quitted my government for cauſes and conſiderations which I muſt have more

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more leiſure to explain; laſt night I fell into this dungeon, together with Dapple, who will not ſuffer me to tell an untruth; by the ſame token he ſtands now at my back." One would have imagined the beaſt underſtood what his maſter ſaid; for, that moment, he began to bray ſo ſtrenuouſly that the whole cave echoed with the ſound. "A moſt unexceptionable evidence! cried Don Quixote: I know that note as well as if I had given it birth; and, beſides, I recognize thy voice, my good Sancho; wait a little, I will ride to the duke's caſtle, which is hard by, and bring people to extricate thee from that dungeon into which thou haſt been plunged for thy ſins and tranſgreſſions." "I intreat your worſhip to go, for the love of God! and return ſpeedily; for, I cannot bear to be buried here alive; and, moreover, I am ready to die with fear!"

The knight leaving him accordingly, repaired to the caſtle, where he recounted to the duke and dutcheſs the accident which had befallen poor Sancho, at which they were not a little ſurpriſed, tho' they at once comprehended how he muſt have fallen by the correſpondence of that cavern which had been there time out of mind; but, they could not conceive how he ſhould have quitted the government, without giving them notice of his coming. Finally, ropes and cables were provided, together with a good number of people; and Dapple, and Sancho Panza, tho' not without a good deal of trouble, were hoiſted up from dungeons and darkneſs to the chearful light of day. "In this manner, ſaid a ſtudent, who chanced to be among the ſpectators, ſhould all bad governors be dragged from their governments, like that poor ſinner from the profound abyſs, half dead with hunger, pale with fear, and, as I believe, without a penny in his pocket." Sancho, hearing this obſervation, replied, "Eight or ten days are now elapſed, brother growler, ſince I aſſumed the reins of government in that iſland which was committed to my charge; and, in all that time, I never once had my belly full, even of dry bread: I have been perſecuted by phyſicians; my bones have been cruſhed by the enemy: but, I never had a bribe in view, nor did I ever receive my due. And this being the caſe, as it certainly is, methinks, I have not deſerved to be dragged out in this manner: but, Man projects in vain; for, God doth ſtill ordain: Heaven knows how meet it is to grant what every one pretends to want: Every ſeaſon has its reaſon: Let no man preſume to think, of this cup I will not drink: For, Where the flitch we hoped to find, not even a hook is left behind. God knows my meaning, and that's enough; I would ſay no more even though I could ſpeak to the purpoſe." "Be not angry, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, and give thyſelf no concern about what thou mayeſt hear, otherwiſe there will be

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no end of thy vexation: conſole thyſelf with a good conſcience, and let them ſay what they will; for, it is as impracticable to tie up the tongue of malice, as to erect barricadoes in the open fields. If a governor reſigns his office in good circumſtances, people ſay he muſt have been an oppreſſor, and a knave; and if poverty attends him in his retreat, they ſet him down as an idiot, and fool." "For this time, anſwered Sancho, I am certain they will think me more fool than knave."

Thus diſcourſing, and ſurrounded by a number of boys, and other ſpectators, they arrived at the caſtle, where the duke and dutcheſs waited to receive them in a gallery; but, Sancho would not go up ſtairs, until he ſaw Dapple properly accommodated in the ſtable; for, he obſerved, the poor creature had paſſed the preceding night in very indifferent lodging: then he went to pay his reſpects to his noble patrons, before whom, falling on his knees, "According to the good pleaſure of your graces, ſaid he, and without any merit on my ſide, I went to govern your iſland Barataria, which Naked I entered, and naked I remain; and if I loſe nothing, as little I gain. Whether I have governed righteouſly or amiſs, there are witneſſes who will declare, and ſay whatſoever they think proper. I have explained doubts, and decided cauſes, though all the time half dead with hunger, becauſe my faſting ſeemed good unto doctor Pedro Poſitive, native of Snatchaway, the iſland and governor's phyſician: we were aſſaulted in the night by the enemy, who put us all in great jeopardy and conſternation; and the inhabitants of the iſland ſaid they were delivered, and proved victorious, by the valour of my invincible arm; but, ſo may God deal with them as they ſpeak truth. In a word, I have, during my adminiſtration, conſidered the cares and obligations that attend the exerciſe of power, and found them, by my reckoning, too weighty for my ſhoulders; they are neither fit burthens for my back, nor arrows for my quiver: and therefore, that the government might not diſcard me, I have thought proper to diſcard the government; and yeſterday morning I left the iſland as I found it, with the ſame ſtreets, houſes and roofs, which belonged to it when I took poſſeſſion. I have borrowed of no man, nor conſulted my own private gain or advantage; and although my intention was to make ſome wholeſome regulations, I did not put my deſign in execution, becauſe I was afraid they would not be obſerved; and a law neglected is the ſame thing as one that never was enacted.

I quitted the iſland, as I have ſaid, without any other company than that of Dapple; I fell into a dungeon, through which I groped my way, until, this morning, by the light of the ſun, I perceived a paſſage out of

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of it, though not ſo eaſy but that if heaven had not ſent my maſter Don Quixote to my aſſiſtance, there I ſhould have remained till the day of judgment. Here then, my lord duke, and lady dutcheſs, is your governor Sancho Panza, who, during the ten days of his adminiſtration, has gained nothing but ſo much knowledge, that he would not give a farthing to be governor, not only of an iſland, but even of the whole world; and in this opinion, kiſſing your graces feet, and imitating the game of boys, who cry, Leap and away, I take a leap from the government into the ſervice of my maſter Don Quixote; for, in ſhort, tho' with him I eat my bread in terror and alarm, I at leaſt fill my belly; and ſo that is full, I care not whether it be with carrots or partridge."

Here Sancho concluded his harrangue, during which the knight was in continual apprehenſion that he would utter a thouſand abſurdities; but, when he heard it finiſhed with ſo few, he thanked heaven in his heart; while the duke embraced Sancho, and told him he was grieved to the ſoul that he had ſo ſoon left his government; but, he would find means to inveſt him with another office in his eſtate, which would be attended with leſs care and more advantage. He was likewiſe conſoled by the dutcheſs, who gave particular orders about his entertainment, as he ſeemed to be ſorely bruiſed, and in a lamentable condition,

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

Of the dreadful and unſeen battle, fought between Don Quixote de la Mancha and the lacquey Toſilos, in behalf of the daughter of Rodriguez the duenna.

THE duke and dutcheſs did not repent of the joke they had executed upon Sancho Panza, with reſpect to his government, eſpecially as the ſteward arrived the ſame day, and gave a circumſtantial detail of all the words and actions which he had ſaid and performed, during the term of his adminiſtration. In fine, he magnified the aſſault of the iſland, and the terror of Sancho, and deſcribed the manner of his departure, from the account of which they received no ſmall pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

The hiſtory afterwards relates, that the day appointed for the combat arrived; and the duke, having again and again inſtructed his lacquey Toſilos how to manage Don Quixote, ſo as to conquer without ſlaying, or even wounding the knight, ordered the launces to be diveſted of their iron heads, obſerving to Don Quixote that chriſtianity, upon which he valued himſelf, would not allow him to let the combat be fought with any riſque, and danger of life; and that he hoped the knight would be ſatisfied with his granting a field for the liſts in his territories, an indulgence contrary to the decree of the holy council, which prohibits all ſuch challenges: he therefore deſired that the battle might not be fought to the laſt extremity. Don Quixote ſaid his excellency might order the particulars of that affair according to his own pleaſure, and that he would punctually comply with every circumſtance of the diſpoſition.

The dreadful day then being arrived, and the duke having cauſed a ſpacious ſcaffold to be erected before the court-yard of the caſtle, for the accommodation of the judges of the field, and the mother and daughter, who were plaintiffs in the cauſe; an infinite number of people aſſembled from all the neighbouring towns and villages, to ſee the novelty of this battle; for, ſuch a combat had never been ſeen nor heard of in that country, by either the living or the dead. The firſt that entered the liſts was the maſter of the ceremonies, in order to examine the ground; and he accordingly ſurveyed the whole field, to ſee that there was no deceit, or any thing concealed that might occaſion ſtumbling or falling: then came the duennas and took their ſeats, veiled down to the

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eyes, and even to the boſom, with demonſtrations of exceſſive grief. They being ſeated, Don Quixote preſented himſelf in the liſts; and in a little time appeared the great lacquey Toſilos upon a mighty ſteed that ſhook the very ground, accompanied with a number of trumpets, his vizor being down, and his whole body ſtiffened with ſtrong and ſhining armour; his horſe ſeemed to be of the Freizland breed, broad built, and of a flea-bitten colour, with a ſtone of wool hanging to every foot. Thus approached the valiant combatant, well inſtructed by the duke how to engage the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and particularly cautioned againſt taking away the life of his knightly opponent; for, he was warned to avoid the firſt encounter as he would ſhun his own death, which muſt have been certain had they met full ſhock in the midſt of their career. This champion, croſſing the field, and riding up to the place where the duennas were ſeated, began very earneſtly to * contemplate the perſon who claimed him as her huſband; while the maſter of the field, calling to Don Quixote, who had likewiſe entered the liſts, and kept cloſe to Toſilos, aſked the duennas if they conſented to depend upon Don Quixote de la Mancha for the redreſs of their grievances: they replied in the affirmative, declaring, at the ſame time, that whatever he ſhould do in their affair they would hold as † well done, firm, and ſufficient. By this time, the duke and dutcheſs had placed themſelves in a gallery that overlooked the barriers, which were crowded with an infinite number of people, who came to ſee the dreadful and never beheld encounter; but, before they engaged, it was ſtipulated that if Don Quixote ſhould overcome his antagoniſt, he, the ſaid antagoniſt, ſhould marry the daughter of Donna Rodriguez; but, ſhould victory declare for the defendant, he ſhould be releaſed from the promiſe they pretended he had made, without giving any other ſatisfaction.

The maſter of the ceremonies having divided the ſun, and ſtationed each combatant in his proper poſt, the drums began to thunder, the ſound of trumpets filled the air, the earth trembled beneath their feet, and the hearts of the gazing multitude throbbed with ſuſpence and expectation, ſome hoping, and others fearing, the good or bad ſucceſs of

* A critic inclined to enumerate the inadvertencies of Cervantes, might obſerve that Sancho pulled a piece of bread out of his wallet and gave it to Dapple, after he had given the contents of the ſaid wallet to the pilgrims; that he tells the duke and dutcheſs he had governed ten days, whereas he had continued but ſeven days in office; and, laſtly, that Toſilos contemplated the beauty of the damſel, though, we are previouſly told, that ſhe was veiled down to the boſom.

† In the romance of Gerard de Nevers we read, that a certain young lady, perceiving the eagerneſs with which that knight undertook her defence, pulled the glove from her left hand, and preſented it to him, ſaying, "Sir knight, my body, life, lands, and honour, I commit to the protection of God and you, to whom I pray he may grant grace to obtain the victory, and deliver us from the danger in which we are now involved."

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the battle. Finally, Don Quixote, recommending himſelf with all his heart to our Lord God, and to the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, waited with impatience for the preciſe ſignal of engaging; while our lacquey, engroſſed by far other ſentiments, thought of nothing but what we will now explain: While he ſtood gazing at his female enemy, ſhe appeared in his eyes the moſt beautiful creature he had ever ſeen in the whole courſe of his life, and the little blind urchin, vulgarly known by the name of Cupid, was unwilling to loſe this opportunity to triumph over a lacqueyan ſoul, and regiſter this ſubject in the liſt of his atchievements; he, therefore, approached him fair and ſoftly, and unperceived let fly an arrow two yards long, which, entering his left ſide, transfixed his heart: nor was it difficult to perform this exploit; for, love is inviſible, and makes his entrance and exit whereſoever he chooſes to paſs, without being called to account by any perſon upon earth—I ſay, when they gave the ſignal for battle, our lacquey's ſoul was tranſported by the beauty of her, to whom, by this time, he had ſurrendered his liberty; and, therefore, he was not ſo much affected by the ſound of the trumpet as his antagoniſt Don Quixote, whoſe ears it no ſooner ſaluted, than he ſprung forwards to aſſault his adverſary with all the mettle that Rozinante could exert; and his good ſquire Sancho ſeeing him begin his career, exclaimed with an audible voice, "God be thy guide, thou cream and flower of knights-errant: God grant thee the victory, ſeeing thy cauſe is the beſt."

Although Toſilos ſaw Don Quixote advancing againſt him, he did not budge one ſtep from his ſtation, but called aloud to the field-maſter, to whom, when he went up to ſee what he wanted, he thus addreſſed himſelf: "Tell me, ſignor, is not this combat appointed to determine whether I ſhall or ſhall not marry that lady?" To this queſtion the other having replied in the affirmative, "Well then, reſumed the lacquey, I have a tender conſcience that would be grievouſly burthened ſhould I proceed in this quarrel; and, therefore, I own myſelf vanquiſhed, and will forthwith take the lady to wife." The field-maſter was ſurpriſed at this declaration of Toſilos, and, being in the ſecret of the plan, knew not what anſwer to make; while Don Quixote, perceiving his enemy did not come on to the aſſault, checked Rozinante in the middle of his career. The duke, being ignorant of the cauſe that retarded the battle, was by the field-maſter informed of what Toſilos had ſaid, at which he was extremely ſurpriſed and incenſed; whereas, Toſilos, in the mean time, rode up towards the place where Donna Rodriguez was ſeated, and pronounced with a loud voice, "Madam, as I am willing to marry your

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daughter, there is no occaſion to ſeek that by diſputes and contention which I may obtain peaceably, without the danger of death." The valiant Don Quixote hearing this addreſs, "Since that is the caſe, ſaid he, I am releaſed and acquitted of my promiſe: let them marry a-God's name, and as our Lord beſtows the bride, may St. Peter bleſs the nuptials."

The duke deſcending into the court-yard of the caſtle, and advancing to Toſilos, "Knight, ſaid he, is it true that you own yourſelf vanquiſhed, and that inſtigated by your timorous conſcience, you conſent to marry this damſel?" When he anſwered, "Yes, my Lord:" "He is very much in the right, cried Sancho: Give always to the cat what was kept for the rat; and, Let it ſtill be thy view all miſchief to eſchew." As for Toſilos, he began to unlace his helmet, and earneſtly begged that ſome body would come to his aſſiſtance; for, his breath was almoſt gone, and he could not bear to be confined ſo long in ſuch a narrow lodging. People accordingly ran to his relief; and his head being uncaſed, Donna Rodriguez diſcovered the individual countenance of our lacquey, which the daughter no ſooner beheld than ſhe cried aloud, "A cheat! a cheat! my lord duke has palmed his lacquey upon us, in lieu of my lawful huſband: I demand juſtice of God and the king, for this malicious, not to call it knaviſh contrivance."

"Ladies, ſaid Don Quixote, give yourſelves no concern; there is neither malice nor knavery in the caſe; or if there is, it cannot be occaſioned by the duke, but by thoſe wicked inchanters who perſecute me without ceaſing: envious of the glory I ſhould have acquired in this atchievement, they have metamorphoſed your huſband's face into the aſpect of this man, who, you ſay, is the duke's lacquey. Take my advice therefore, and maugre the malice of mine enemies, beſtow your hand upon him; for, without all doubt, he is the very perſon whom you deſire to obtain as an huſband."

The duke, overhearing this admonition, had well-nigh vented all his indignation in laughter, ſaying, "The adventures that happen to ſignor Don Quixote are ſo extraordinary, that I am apt to believe this is not really my lacquey; but, let us make uſe of this expedient and ſtratagem: we will, if it be agreeable, delay the marriage a fortnight, and confine this perſon of whom we are doubtful, and, in that time, perhaps he will retrieve his former figure; for, ſurely the rancour of thoſe wicked inchanters, who hate Don Quixote, cannot laſt ſo long; eſpecially as ſuch deluſions and transformations happen ſo ſeldom." "O my lord! cried Sancho, thoſe banditti have been long uſed and accuſtomed to chop, change,

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change, and tranſmography every thing that belongs to my maſter: ſome time ago he vanquiſhed an errant called the knight of the mirrours, and in a twinkling they transformed him into the figure of the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, a townſman and great friend of ours; as for my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, they have changed her into a homely country-wench; and, therefore, I take it for granted that this man will die and live a lacquey all the days of his life."

Here the daughter of Donna Rodriguez interpoſing, "Be who he will, ſaid ſhe, I am obliged to him for aſking me in marriage; and, I would rather be the lawful wife of a lacquey than the deluded miſtreſs of a gentleman; although he who deluded me had no pretenſions to that title." In fine, all theſe incidents and explanations ended in the reſolution to confine Toſilos, until they ſhould ſee the iſſue of his tranſformation; while, with unuſual acclamation, the victory was adjudged to Don Quixote; tho' the greateſt part of the ſpectators ſeemed melancholy and diſappointed, becauſe they had not ſeen two ſuch hopeful combatants hew one another in pieces: in the ſame manner as the boys are out of humour, when the expected execution is prevented by the malefactor's being pardoned, either by the party or the king.

The crowd diſperſed, the duke and Don Quixote returned to the caſtle, Toſilos was ſent to priſon; Donna Rodriguez and her daughter rejoiced exceedingly, when they ſaw, that one way or another, this affair would end in marriage, and the lover conſoled himſelf with the ſame proſpect.

CHAP.

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CHAP. V.

Giving an account of the manner in which Don Quixote took leave of the duke; and of what paſſed between him and the gay and witty Altiſidora, one of the dutcheſs's damſels.

BY this time, Don Quixote thought he would do well to quit that idle way of life which he led in the caſtle; for, he imagined himſelf much to blame in living thus buried and inactive among thoſe infinite dainties and entertainments with which he, as a knight-errant, was indulged by that noble pair; and he concluded that he would be obliged to give a ſevere account to heaven of this idleneſs and ſequeſtration. He therefore, one day, begged leave of the duke and dutcheſs to depart; and they granted his requeſt with marks of being extremely grieved at his intention. The dutcheſs delivered to Sancho Panza his wife's letter, and the good ſquire wept bitterly when he underſtood the contents; ſaying, "Who could have thought ſuch mighty hopes as were ingendered in the breaſt of my wife Tereſa Panza, by the news of my government, would vaniſh in my returning again to the woeful adventures of my maſter Don Quixote de la Mancha? Nevertheleſs, I am pleaſed to find that my Tereſa behaved like herſelf, in ſending the acorns to the dutcheſs; for, had ſhe failed in that particular, I ſhould have been ſorely vexed, and ſhe would have ſhewn herſelf ungrateful: what comforts my poor heart, is, that they cannot call this preſent a bribe; for, I was actually in poſſeſſion of the government before the acorns were ſent: and it is but reaſonable, that folks who receive any ſort of benefit ſhould ſhew their gratitude, even tho' in trifles. In effect, Naked I took poſſeſſion of the government, and naked I reſigned my office; therefore, I may ſay with a ſafe conſcience, which is no ſmall boaſt, I naked was born, and naked remain; and, if I loſe nothing, as little I gain."

This conference Sancho held with his own boſom on the day of their departure: as for Don Quixote, having taken leave of their graces overnight, he, in the morning, preſented himſelf armed in the court-yard of the caſtle, where he furniſhed a ſpectacle to all the people of the family, not even excepting the duke and dutcheſs, who viewed him from the gallery. Sancho was mounted upon Dapple, extremely well pleaſed with the contents of his bags, wallet or ſtore; for, the duke's ſteward, who acted the part of the counteſs Trifaldi, had given him a ſmall purſe of

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two hundred crowns, to anſwer the emergencies of the road: but, of this ſupply Don Quixote was ignorant. While every individual, as we have ſaid, ſtood gazing at the knight, all of a ſudden, from among the other duennas and damſels of the dutcheſs, the gay and witty Altiſidora, raiſing her voice, pronounced what follows, in a lamentable tone:

AH! hear my plaint, unlucky knight,
Pull in thy reins and do me right,
And prithee ſpare, at my requeſt,
The flanks of that poor, batter'd beaſt.
Conſider ſhe whoſe heart's at ſtake,
Falſe man! is not a ſcaly ſnake;
But, a young lambkin, meek and true,
Juſt wean'd from teat of mother ewe.
Say, monſter, why undo a maid
More beautiful than ever ſtray'd
With Cynthia, huntreſs of the wood,
Or Venus, native of the flood?
But, if Æneas-like thou mean'ſt to fly,
The death of Barrabas may Quixote die.

Thou, robber! in thy claws haſt got
The heart and bowels, and what not,
Of a weak virgin, heav'n befriend her!
Mild, humble, timorous and tender.
Three linnen night-caps haſt thou ſtole,
And ſilken garters ſtrong and whole,
That to theſe legs did appertain,
Theſe legs, as marble ſmooth and clean.
Thou carry'ſt off two thouſand ſighs,
Which, kindled by thy beaming eyes,
Would in a twinkling quite deſtroy
Two thouſand cities great as Troy.
But, if Æneas-like thou mean'ſt to fly,
The death of Barrabas may Quixote die.

May Sancho's buttocks and his heart
Ne'er feel the ignominious ſmart

Preſcrib'd,

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Preſcrib'd, when he is pleaſed and ready
To diſinchant thy favourite lady.
Since thine is the offence and blame,
Endure the puniſhment and ſhame
Which in my country, once a year,
The righteous for the wicked bear.
Be thy adventures (ſmall and great)
Inglorious and unfortunate;
Like dreams may all thy pleaſures fade,
Thy conſtancy oblivion ſhade;
And, if Æneas-like thou mean'ſt to fly,
The death of Barrabas may Quixote die!

May'ſt thou be deem'd a perjur'd devil,
Ev'n from Marchena unto Sevil;
From Loja to Granada hated,
From London Tow'r to England baited.
At draughts ſhould'ſt thou attempt to play,
Or waſte at ombre all the day,
May no crown'd monarch or ſpadille
Attend the efforts of thy ſkill:
When angry corn diſturbs thy toe,
May blood at ev'ry paring flow;
And of each tooth the barbers draw,
The ſtump ſtill feſter in thy jaw:
Nay, ſince Æneas-like thou mean'ſt to fly,
The death of Barrabas may Quixote die!

While the afflicted Altiſidora complained in theſe ſtrains, Don Quixote ſurveyed her attentively, and without anſwering a word to her lamentation, turned to Sancho, ſaying, "By the age of thine anceſtors! my dear Sancho, I conjure thee to tell me the truth: ſay, haſt thou actually got the three caps, and the garters, which this enamoured damſel mentions?" To this queſtion the ſquire replied: "The three caps I have; but, as to the garters, I know nothing of the matter."

The dutcheſs was ſurpriſed at the freedom of Altiſidora's behaviour; for, although ſhe knew her to be forward, merry and frank, ſhe did not think the girl poſſeſſed of aſſurance enough to attempt a ſcheme of this nature; and her admiration was the greater as ſhe had not been previouſly appriſed of the intended joke. The duke, however, in order to reinforce

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reinforce the jeſt, addreſſed himſelf to Don Quixote in theſe words: "It does not look well, ſir knight, that you who have met with ſuch honourable reception and treatment in this my caſtle, ſhould preſume to carry off by ſtealth three night-caps, at leaſt, if not a pair of garters likewiſe, belonging to my damſel: theſe are marks of a bad heart, and but ill agree with your reputation. Reſtore the garters to the right owner; otherwiſe, I challenge you to mortal combat, without any apprehenſion that knaviſh inchanters will transform or change my face, as they have practiſed upon my lacquey Toſilos, your laſt antagoniſt."

"God forbid, replied Don Quixote, that I ſhould unſheath my ſword againſt your illuſtrious perſon, of whom I received ſuch favours. The three night-caps ſhall be reſtored; for, Sancho owns they are in his cuſtody: but, it is impoſſible to make reſtitution of the garters, as neither he nor I did ever receive them: and I dare ſay your damſel will find them, if ſhe will take the trouble to rummage her own drawers. I, my lord duke, was never a thief, and I hope never ſhall, in the whole courſe of my life, provided God will not withdraw from me his guiding hand. The damſel, according to her own declaration, talks like an enamoured perſon; but, ſurely I am not to blame for her impertinence; and, therefore, I have no reaſon to aſk pardon either of her or your excellency, whom I intreat to look upon me with more favourable ſentiments, and beſeech a-new to conſent that I may proſecute my journey." "God grant your departure may be ſo happy, ſaid the dutcheſs, that we may always hear good news of Don Quixote's exploits. Go then, a-God's name; for, the longer you ſtay, your preſence blows up the fire the more fiercely in the boſoms of the damſels who behold you: as for mine, I will chaſtiſe her in ſuch a manner, that from henceforward ſhe ſhall never tranſgreſs either in word or deed." "One word more, however, I beg thou wilt hear me ſpeak, O valiant Don Quixote! ſaid Altiſidora: I crave pardon for having taxed you with the garters; for, as I ſhall anſwer to heaven and my own conſcience, they are now upon my legs; and I have been guilty of a miſtake, like the man who went in ſearch of his aſs, while he was mounted on his back." "Did not I tell you ſo? cried the ſquire: I ſhould be a rare fellow, indeed, to receive and conceal ſtolen goods; had I been that way inclined, I might have had opportunity enough in my government."

Don Quixote bowing his head, made a profound reverence to the duke and dutcheſs, and all the ſpectators; then turning Rozinante, and being followed by Sancho upon Dapple, he ſet out from the caſtle, directing his courſe to Saragoſſa.

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CHAP. VI.

Shewing how adventures thronged upon Don Quixote ſo thick as to intangle one another.

WHEN Don Quixote found himſelf in the open field, free and diſembarraſſed from the complaints of Altiſidora, he ſeemed to be placed in the very center of his own wiſh, and to enjoy a renovation of ſpirits, in order to proſecute anew the aim of his chivalry. Turning, therefore, to his ſquire, "Sancho, ſaid he, liberty is one of the moſt precious gifts which heaven hath beſtowed on man, exceeding all the treaſures which earth incloſes or which ocean hides; and for this bleſſing, as well as for honour, we may and ought to venture life itſelf: on the other hand, captivity and reſtraint are the greateſt evils that human nature can endure. I make this obſervation, Sancho, becauſe thou haſt ſeen the delicacies and the plenty with which we were entertained in that caſtle: yet, in the midſt of thoſe ſavoury banquets, and ice-cooled potations, I thought myſelf confined within the very ſtraits of famine, becauſe I did not enjoy the treat with that liberty which I ſhould have felt, had it been my own; for, obligations incurred by benefits and favours received, are fetters which hamper the freeborn ſoul—Happy is he to whom heaven hath ſent a morſel of bread, for which he is obliged to none but heaven itſelf."

"But, notwithſtanding all that your worſhip hath ſaid, replied Sancho, we, for our parts, ought not to be ungrateful, conſidering the two hundred crowns of gold which the duke's ſteward gave me in a purſe, and which as a plaiſter and a cordial I keep next my heart, in caſe of emergency; for, we ſhall not always find ſuch caſtles where we can be entertained; on the contrary, we may, ſometimes, ſtumble upon ſorry inns, where we ſhall be ſoundly cudgelled."

With this and other ſuch diſcourſe, the two errants, knight and ſquire, amuſed themſelves while they proceeded on their journey; and having travelled a little more than a league, they perceived upon a green ſpot of ground, about a dozen countrymen at dinner, with their cloaks ſpread under them; and, hard by, four white ſheets at ſome diſtance from one another, that ſeemed to cover ſomething, above which they were raiſed up and ſtretched with great care and caution. Don Quixote approaching the men, firſt of all ſaluted them courteouſly, and then aſked what it was they

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they covered ſo carefully with theſe pieces of linnen?" Signor, replied one of the countrymen, under theſe ſheets are carved images for an altar-piece to be ſet up in our town: we cover them in this manner, that they may not be ſullied, and carry them upon our ſhoulders that they may not be broken." "If you pleaſe, replied the knight, I ſhould be glad to ſee them: they muſt certainly be good images which you ſo carefully convey." "Good! cried the other: ay, that the price of them will declare: I can aſſure you there is not one of them that does not coſt above fifty ducats; and, that your worſhip may be convinced of the truth of what I ſay, ſtay a moment and you ſhall ſee it with your own eyes."

So ſaying, he left his dinner, and riſing up, uncovered the firſt piece, which repreſented St. George on horſeback, with his lance thruſt into the throat of a ſerpent coiled at his feet, exhibiting all the fierceneſs with which that animal is uſually painted; and the whole groupe looked, as the ſaying is, like a flame of gold.

Don Quixote, immediately recognizing the ſubject, "This knight, ſaid he, was one of the beſt errants that ever ſignalized himſelf in divine warfare: his name was St. George, and he was, moreover, a protector of damſels. Let us ſee the next," which, when diſplayed, appeared to be the image of St. Martin on horſeback, dividing his cloak with the beggar. Don Quixote no ſooner beheld it, than he ſaid to Sancho, "This knight was alſo one of the chriſtian adventurers, and, I believe, more liberal than valiant, as thou mayeſt perceive by this circumſtance of his dividing his cloak and giving one half to the beggar; and, doubtleſs, this incident muſt have happened in the winter ſeaſon, otherwiſe the ſaint was ſo charitable he would have given the whole." "Nay, that ſurely was not the caſe, replied the ſquire: but, he held faſt by the old proverb, which ſays, The man in wiſdom muſt be old, who knows in giving where to hold."

Don Quixote ſmiled at this remark, and deſired the man to lift the third cover, under which appeared the figure of the patron of Spain on horſeback, with his bloody ſword, trampling down and bruiſing the heads of the Moors. Don Quixote, ſeeing this repreſentation, exclaimed, "Ah! this is a knight, and chief in the ſquadrons of Chriſt; his name is Don San Diego Mata Moros*, and he was one of the moſt valiant ſaints and knights which earth ever produced, or heaven now contains." Then they unveiled the fourth, which exhibited St. Paul falling from his horſe, with all the circumſtances uſually ſet forth in the picture of his converſion, ſo lively repreſented, that one would have almoſt thought Chriſt was

* Moor-killer.

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ſpeaking and Paul anſwering the voice. " This, ſaid Don Quixote, was the moſt bitter enemy the church of God ever had, while our Lord and Saviour was on earth, and afterwards the greateſt defender it will ever have: a knight-errant in his life, and a perfect ſaint in his death; an unwearied labourer in the vineyard of our Lord, a teacher of the gentiles, ſchooled by heaven, and whoſe profeſſor and maſter was Jeſus Chriſt himſelf."

There being no other images to ſee, Don Quixote deſired the man to cover up thoſe he had examined; and addreſſing himſelf to the bearers, " Brothers, ſaid he, I look upon it as a good omen to have met with theſe images; for, theſe ſaints and knights were of my profeſſion, which is the exerciſe of arms: with this difference, however, they were ſaints, and fought in a divine manner, and I, who am a ſinner, fight in the manner of men. They conquered heaven by the force of their arms; for, heaven may be won by force; whereas, I know not, hitherto, what I have conquered by the toils and troubles I have undergone: but, if my Dulcinea del Toboſo ſhould be delivered from thoſe ſhe now ſuſtains, my fortune will be bettered, my judgment repaired, and, perhaps, my ſteps may be directed through a better path than this which I at preſent follow."

This declaration was cloſed with an exclamation of Sancho, who cried aloud, " The Lord give ear, I pray; and ſin be deaf for aye." The men were equally aſtoniſhed at the knight's appearance and diſcourſe, one half of which they did not underſtand: nevertheleſs, they made an end of their meal, ſhouldered their images, and, taking leave of Don Quixote, purſued their journey. Sancho was, on this occaſion, as much aſtoniſhed at the learning of his maſter, as if he had never known him before that day; and imagined there was not an hiſtory or event in the whole world, that was not decyphered on his nail or nailed to his memory. " Truly, maſter of mine, ſaid he, if what has happened to us to-day may be called an adventure, it is the moſt ſweet and delicious of all that have yet befallen us in the whole courſe of our peregrinations: from this, we have eſcaped with whole ſkins and fearleſs hearts; we have neither unſheathed our ſwords, battered the earth with our poor carcaſes; nor are we left in a ſtarving condition: bleſſed be God who hath ſpared me to ſee this good luck with my own eyes! " Thou ſayeſt well, Sancho, replied the knight: but, thou muſt take notice, that all times are not the ſame, nor equally fortunate; and thoſe incidents which the vulgar call omens, tho' not founded on any natural reaſon, have, even by perſons of ſagacity, been held and deemed as fair and fortunate. One of thoſe ſuperſtitious omen-mongers riſes in the morning, goes abroad, chances to meet a friar belonging

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belonging to the beatified St. Francis; and, as if he had encountered a dragon in his way, runs back to his own houſe with fear and conſternation. Another *Foreſight by accident ſcatters the ſalt upon the table, by which fear and melancholy are ſcattered through his heart; as if nature was obliged to foretel future misfortunes by ſuch trivial ſigns and tokens: whereas, a prudent man and a good chriſtian, will not ſo minutely ſcrutinize the purpoſes of heaven. Scipio chancing to fall in landing upon the coaſt of Afric, and perceiving that his ſoldiers looked upon this accident as a bad omen, he embraced the ſoil with ſeeming eagerneſs, ſaying, Thou ſhalt not ſcape me, Afric; for, I have thee ſafe within my arms. Therefore, Sancho, my meeting with thoſe images, I conſider as a moſt happy encounter." "I am of the ſame opinion, anſwered the ſquire: but, I wiſh your worſhip would be pleaſed to tell me, for what reaſon the Spaniards, when they join battle, and invoke that ſame St. Diego Mata Moros, cry St. Jago, and Cloſe, Spain! Is Spain cloven in ſuch a manner as to want cloſing? or what is the meaning of that ceremony?" "Sancho, replied the knight, thy ſimplicity is very great. You muſt know, that God has given this great knight of the red-croſs, as a patron and protector to Spain, eſpecially in thoſe dreadful battles fought againſt the Moors. The Spaniards, therefore, invoke and call upon him as their defender on all ſuch occaſions; nay, many times hath he been ſeen overthrowing, trampling, ſlaying, and deſtroying the ſquadrons of the children of †Hagar: and of this truth I could convince thee by many examples recorded in the authentic hiſtories of Spain‡."

Sancho, changing the ſubject of converſation, "Signor, ſaid he, I was aſtoniſhed at the boldneſs of her grace's damſel Altiſidora. I'faith! ſhe muſt be rarely pricked and ſtabbed by him they call Cupid, who, they ſay, is a miſchievous blind boy, and is able with thoſe bleared eyes of his, or rather with no eyes at all, if once he takes aim, to pierce through and through with his arrows, the ſmalleſt heart that ever was ſeen. I have alſo heard it obſerved, that by the modeſty and reſerve of young women, thoſe ſame amorous ſhafts are blunted and broken; but, in Altiſidora, they ſeem to be rather whetted than blunted." "Sancho, replied Don Quixote, you muſt know that love has no reſpect of perſons;

* The original word is Mendoza, the name of a great family in Spain, one of whom was remarkably ſuperſtitious.

† The Moors are ſaid to be deſcended from Hagar.

‡ Sancho muſt have been very ſimple, indeed, to be ſatisfied with this explanation, which does not even hint at the main point of his queſtion; namely, "Why do the Spaniſh ſoldiers when they charge their enemy, cry Cloſe, Spain." A phraſe of encouragement, by which the ſoldiers exhort one another to do their duty, and cloſe with the foe.

nor,,

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nor, in his progreſs, does he confine himſelf within the bounds of reaſon: indeed, he is of the ſame diſpoſition with death; for, he aſſaults the lofty palaces of kings, as well as the humble cottages of ſwains: when he once has taken full poſſeſſion of the ſoul, his firſt exploit is to expel fear and modeſty; and without theſe did Altiſidora declare her paſſion, which engendered—not pity, but confuſion in my breaſt." "O monſtrous and notorious cruelty! cried Sancho, unheard of ingratitude! I can ſay for myſelf, that the leaſt kind word from her would have ſubdued and made me her bond-ſlave. Ah, the ſon of a whore! what an heart of marble, bowels of braſs, and ſoul of plaiſter!—but, I cannot, for the blood of me, conceive what the damſel could ſee in your worſhip, to tame and bring her to ſuch an humble paſs: what finery, what good humour, what gentility could ſhe obſerve about your perſon? or what beauty could ſhe ſpy in that face? for, women are taken with theſe qualities either ſeverally or conjunctly. Verily, verily, I have often ſtopped to ſurvey your worſhip from the ſole of your foot to the laſt hair upon your ſkull; and I proteſt before God! I think, you would be more apt to frighten than to captivate a fair lady; and, as I have, moreover, heard it ſaid, that beauty is the chief and principal article that inſpires love, your worſhip being quite deſtitute of that commodity, I cannot imagine what the poor creature was in love with." "Take notice, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, there are two kinds of beauty, one of the ſoul and another of the body: that of the ſoul diſplays itſelf in the underſtanding, in honourable and virtuous behaviour, in a liberality of diſpoſition, and in good breeding: now all theſe qualifications may center in an ugly man; and when this kind of beauty, preferable to that of the body, is the object of admiration, it produces love that glows with equal impetuoſity and advantage. For my own part, Sancho, I can eaſily ſee that I am not beautiful; but, I likewiſe know I am not deformed; and a gentleman who is not altogether monſtrous, may inſpire the moſt ardent love, provided he is in poſſeſſion of thoſe qualities of the ſoul which I have mentioned."

Thus diſcourſing together, they entered a wood, at a ſmall diſtance from the highway; and, all of a ſudden, without dreaming of any ſuch lett or impediment, Don Quixote found himſelf intangled among ſome nets of green ſilk thread, which were ſpread and ſtretched from tree to tree. As he could not conceive the meaning of this phænomenon, "I believe, ſaid he to Sancho, that this of the nets muſt be one of the neweſt adventures that ever were imagined or contrived. Let me die if the inchanters by whom I am perſecuted, have not a mind to intangle me in them

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them and obſtruct my journey, in revenge for my rigour and indifference towards Altiſidora! but, I ſhall give them to underſtand, that although theſe nets, inſtead of ſilk thread, were made of the hardeſt adamant, and ſtronger than that in which the god of blackſmiths caught Mars and Venus together, I would break through them as eaſily as if they were wove of ruſhes or unſpun cotton."

So ſaying, he endeavoured to proceed and deſtroy this obſtacle, when all at once, from a tuft of trees, came forth two moſt beautiful ſhepherdeſſes, at leaſt they were clad like ſhepherdeſſes, tho' their jackets and petticoats were of fine brocard—I ſay, their petticoats were of the richeſt gold tabby; their hair hung looſe upon their ſhoulders, and, in ſhining, might have vied with the rays of Apollo himſelf; their heads were adorned with garlands of green laurel interwoven with ſprigs of red amaranth; and their age ſeemed to be neither under fifteen, nor turned of eighteen: a ſight that ſtruck Sancho with admiration, the knight with ſurprize, and ſuſpended the ſun in the middle of his career. All the four, for ſome time remained in ſilent wonder; and, at length, the firſt who ſpoke was one of the two country-maidens, who, addreſſing herſelf to Don Quixote, "Forbear, ſir knight, ſaid ſhe, and do not break our nets, which, I aſſure you, were not ſpread for your inconvenience; but, meerly for our own paſtime: and becauſe I know you will aſk for what reaſon they are placed, and who we are, I will ſatisfy your curioſity in a few words. At a village about two leagues from hence, which is inhabited by many people of fortune and faſhion, it was agreed among a number of friends and relations, that they, their wives, ſons, daughters, neighbours, friends and kinsfolks, ſhould come and enjoy the fine ſeaſon in this ſpot, which is the moſt agreeable ſituation in all this country; and here form a new paſtoral Arcadia, the girls being habited like ſhepherdeſſes, and the young men like ſwains. We have ſtudied two eclogues; one of the famous poet Garcilaſo, and another of the moſt excellent Camoens, in his own Portugueſe language; tho' they are not yet repreſented; for, we arrived only yeſterday. Among theſe trees, we have pitched ſome field-tents, upon the banks of a plentiful ſtream which fertilizes all theſe meadows; and laſt night we ſpread theſe nets from tree to tree, in order to deceive and catch the ſimple little birds, which, frightened by the noiſe we make, may fly into the ſnare: if you chooſe to be our gueſt, ſignor, you ſhall be treated liberally and courteouſly; for, at preſent, neither melancholy nor diſguſt ſhall enter this place."

Here ſhe left off ſpeaking, and Don Quixote replied, "Aſſuredly, moſt beauteous nymph, Acteon himſelf could not be ſeized with more ſurprize and

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and admiration when he all of a ſudden beheld Diana bathing, than that which but now overwhelmed me at ſight of ſuch uncommon charms! I applaud the ſcheme of your entertainments and diverſions; I thank you heartily for your courteous proffer, and if I can ſerve you in any ſhape, you may command me, with full aſſurance of being obeyed; for, I have choſen this profeſſion ſolely becauſe it conſiſts in being grateful and benevolent to all mankind, eſpecially to perſons of rank ſuch as your appearance declares you to be; and if theſe nets which, I ſuppoſe, occupy but a ſmall ſpace, were extended over the whole circumference of the globe, I would find new worlds through which I might paſs, rather than by breaking the leaſt meſh, run the riſque of interrupting your diverſion. That you may give ſome credit to this exaggeration, be pleaſed to take notice, that he who makes it is no other than Don Quixote de la Mancha, if peradventure ſuch a name hath ever reached your ears."

The young lady no ſooner heard theſe words, than turning to the other ſhepherdeſs, "O my dear companion! cried ſhe, what an happy incident is this! that there knight, I aſſure thee, is the moſt valiant, enamoured, and courteous perſon in the whole world, if we are not miſled and deceived by the printed hiſtory of his exploits, which I have read from end to end: and I'll lay a wager that honeſt man who accompanies him is one Sancho Panza, his ſquire, whoſe pleaſantry is above all compariſon." "You are in the right, ſaid Sancho: I am that ſame pleaſant fellow and loyal ſquire whom your ladyſhip hath ſo honourably mentioned; and that gentleman is my maſter, the very individual hiſtorified and aforeſaid Don Quixote de la Mancha."

"Good now! my dear, ſaid the other: let us beſeech them to ſtay; our fathers and brothers will be infinitely pleaſed with their converſation; for, I have, likewiſe, heard the ſame account of the knight's valour and the ſquire's pleaſantry: as for Don Quixote in particular, he is ſaid to be the moſt conſtant and loyal lover that ever was known; and that his miſtreſs is one Dulcinea del Toboſo, who bears away the palm of beauty from all the ladies in Spain." "Ay, and juſtly too, ſaid the knight; unleſs your unequalled beauty ſhould invalidate her claim. Weary not yourſelves, fair ladies, in perſuading me to ſtay; for, the indiſpenſable duties of my profeſſion will not allow me to reſt in any place whatever."

Juſt as he pronounced theſe words, they were joined by a brother of one of the two nymphs, clad likewiſe in the faſhion of a ſhepherd, tho' his dreſs, in point of richneſs and gaiety, correſponded with that of the ladies, who told him that the gentleman on horſeback was the valiant Don

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Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the other his ſquire Sancho, whoſe characters he already knew from his having peruſed their hiſtory. The gallant youth payed his compliments, and preſſed Don Quixote to accompany them to the tents, in ſuch a manner that he could not help complying. Then ſetting up the ſhout, the nets were filled with different kinds of little birds, which, deceived by the colour of the meſhes, flew precipitately into the very danger they ſought to avoid.

In this place they were joined by above thirty perſons gayly clad like ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, who were immediately informed of the names of Don Quixote and his ſquire; a circumſtance which afforded them no ſmall ſatisfaction, as the hiſtory had already made them acquainted with the characters of both.

Repairing to the tents, where they found tables ready furniſhed with elegance and abundance, they complimented the knight with the place of honour, and all the company gazed upon him with admiration. At length, when the cloth was taken away, Don Quixote raiſing his voice, thus harrangued them with great ſolemnity: "Of all the crimes which mankind commit, tho' ſome ſay pride is the greateſt, I affirm that ingratitude is the moſt atrocious, adhering to the common ſuppoſition, that hell is crowded with the ungrateful. This crime I have, as much as in me lies, endeavoured to avoid ever ſince the firſt moment in which I could exerciſe my reaſon; and tho' I may not be able to repay in kind, the benefits which I receive, I ſubſtitute the will for the deed: when that is not ſufficient, I publiſh them to the world; for, he that promulgates the favours he has received, would alſo requite them with equal generoſity, if it was in his power to make ſuch recompence. But, for the moſt part, people who receive benefits are inferior to thoſe who beſtow them; and, therefore, God is above all, becauſe he is the fountain of all good things: yet there is an infinite difference between the benefits conferred by men and thoſe beſtowed by God, ſo as to reject all compariſon; and this narrowneſs and inſufficiency on our part, is in ſome meaſure ſupplied by gratitude. Now, I being grateful for the favours you have done me, which I cannot repay in the ſame meaſure, and being hampered by the narrow limits of my ability, muſt offer that which is in my power to preſent—I ſay, therefore, that I will, for two natural days, in the middle of that high-road that leads to Saragoſſa, maintain that the ladies here preſent, diſguiſed in paſtoral habits, are the moſt fair and courteous damſels in the whole world, excepting always and only, the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſole miſtreſs of my thoughts; without offence to the honourable hearers, be it ſpoken."

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Here Sancho, who had ſtood liſtening attentively to what he ſaid, exclaimed with great vociferation, "Is it poſſible now, that there can be perſons in the world, who have the preſumption to ſay and ſwear that my maſter is a madman? Pray, tell me, gentlemen and ladies, ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, is there ever a country curate in Spain, let him be never ſo wiſe and learned, that could ſay what my maſter has juſt now ſaid? or is there a knight-errant, let him be never ſo famed for valour, who could make ſuch an offer as my maſter has made?"

Don Quixote turning to Sancho, with rage and indignation in his countenance, "Miſcreant, ſaid he, is it poſſible there ſhould be a perſon upon earth who would not ſay thou art ſtark mad, and that thy ſoul is lined and bordered with fillets of malice and knavery? By what authority, wretch! art thou intitled to intermeddle in my affairs, and give thy opinion whether my brain be ſound or crazy? Seal up thy lips, and make no reply; but, ſaddle Rozinante, if he is without his ſaddle, and let us go immediately and perform my promiſe; for, as I have juſtice on my ſide, you may deem all thoſe who ſhall contradict my aſſertion, as already vanquiſhed."

So ſaying, he roſe from his ſeat with great fury and demonſtrations of wrath, leaving the whole company aſtoniſhed, and doubting whether they ſhould conſider him as a lunatic or perſon of ſound intellects. However, they endeavoured to diſſuade him from publiſhing ſuch a declaration, ſaying they took his gratitude for granted; and that there was no need of new proofs to demonſtrate his valour, ſeeing thoſe were ſufficient which they had ſeen recorded in the hiſtory of his atchievements.

Notwithſtanding this remonſtrance, the knight executed his deſign: he mounted Rozinante, embraced his ſhield, and, graſping his lance, poſted himſelf in the middle of the king's high-way, which was not far from their verdant habitation, being followed by Sancho upon Dapple, and the whole flock of thoſe paſtoral gentry, who were curious to ſee the iſſue of his arrogant and hitherto unſeen enterprize.

Having taken poſſeſſion of the ground, he wounded the very vault of heaven with the loudneſs of the tone in which he pronounced theſe words: "O ye paſſengers and travellers, knights, ſquires, perſons on horſeback or a-foot, who come or are to come this way, within the ſpace of two days, from this preſent hour, know that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, is here poſted to maintain that the nymphs who inhabit theſe meadows and woods, excel in beauty and courteſy all the ladies upon earth, excluſive of Dulcinea del Toboſo, the miſtreſs of my ſoul."

Twice

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Twice did he repeat this declaration, and twice was it repeated, unheard by any knight-adventurer; but fortune, which was bent upon directing his affairs to better purpoſe, ordained that, in a very little time, he deſcried upon the road, a great number of men on horſeback, ſome of them armed with lances, riding towards him in great haſte and all in a cluſter. Thoſe who were with Don Quixote no ſooner perceived this troop, than they turned their backs and retired a good way from the road, knowing that ſome miſchief would befal them, ſhould they keep their ground: the knight alone maintained his poſt with an undaunted heart, and Sancho Panza ſhielded himſelf with the flanks of Rozinante.

When this troop of lancemen advanced, one of them that rode before the reſt, began to hollow as loud as he could cry to Don Quixote, "Get out of the way, thou ſervant of the devil, or theſe bulls will trample thee to duſt!" "So ho! caitiffs, replied the knight: your bulls ſhall not avail againſt me, even tho' they are the fierceſt that ever fed upon the banks of Xarama: confeſs, ye miſcreants, unfight, unſeen, the truth of what I have proclaimed, or meet my vengeance in the field of battle."

The herdſman had no time to reply, nor Don Quixote to retire, had he been never ſo willing; ſo that the drove of wild bulls and tame cattle, together with a multitude of drivers and other people employed to convey them to a place, where, in a few days, they were to be baited—The whole throng, I ſay, paſſed over the bellies of Don Quixote, Sancho, Rozinante and Dapple, whom they in a twinkling overthrew and rolled in the mire, in ſuch a manner that the ſquire was ſqueezed as flat as a pancake; his maſter aſtoniſhed, Dapple terribly bruiſed, and Rozinante in no very catholic condition. At length, however, all the four got upon their legs; and Don Quixote, ſtaggering here and tumbling there, began to purſue the drove on foot, calling aloud, "Halt and wait a little, ye felonious plebeians; he is a ſingle knight who defies you to the combat, and not of the diſpoſition and opinion of thoſe who ſay, Lay a bridge of ſilver for a flying enemy."

But, notwithſtanding all his exclamation, the drovers did not ſlacken their pace, or mind his threats, more than they minded laſt year's weather. Don Quixote, being ſo tired that he could run no farther, ſat down upon the ſide of the road, more incenſed than revenged, and waited for Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, who ſoon arrived. Then the knight and ſquire, mounting their beaſts, proceeded on their journey with more

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ſhame than ſatisfaction; and never dreamed of returning to take a formal leave of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia.

CHAP. VII.

In which is recounted the extraordinary incident that happened to Don Quixote, and may well paſs for an adventure.

THE duſt and drought which Don Quixote and Sancho derived from the uncivil behaviour of the bulls, were remedied by a clear and limpid ſtream which they had the good fortune to find in a cool ſhade, and on the margin of which this down-trodden pair, the maſter and man, ſeated themſelves, after Rozinante and Dapple were unbridled and unhaltered, and left to the freedom of their own will. Sancho immediately had recourſe to the ſtore of his wallet, from which he drew forth what he uſually called his belly-timber; but, not before he had rinſed his mouth, and his maſter had waſhed his own face, in conſequence of which refreſhment they recovered their exhauſted ſpirits. Nevertheleſs, Don Quixote forbore eating, out of pure vexation, while Sancho, who durſt not touch the food that was before him, waited, out of pure good manners, until his maſter ſhould begin. Seeing him, however, the knight, ſo abſorpt in his own imagination, that he forgot to lift the bread to his mouth, he, without letting one word eſcape his own, but trampling under foot all kind of good breeding, began to cram his paunch with the bread and cheeſe which conſtituted his proviſion. "Eat, friend Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, and ſupport life, which is of more importance to thee than to me, and leave me to die by the ſtrength of imagination and the ſeverity of my misfortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and thou to die eating; and that thou mayeſt be convinced of this truth, conſider me recorded in hiſtory, renowned in arms, courteous in demeanor, reſpected by princes, courted by damſels; and, after all, when I expected palms, triumphs, crowns of laurel obtained and merited by my valiant atchievements, I have, this morning, ſeen myſelf trampled, ſpurned and bruiſed, by the feet of filthy, unclean animals! This conſideration blunts my teeth, ſtupifies my grinders, benumbs my hands, and deprives me wholly of appetite; ſo that, I believe, I ſhall die of hunger, the moſt cruel of all deaths." "At that rate, anſwered the ſquire, without ſuſpending the action of his jaws, your worſhip will not approve of

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of the proverb, which ſays, Let Martha die, but not for lack of pye. At leaſt, I, for my own part, have no intention to ſtarve myſelf; on the contrary, I am reſolved to follow the example of the cordwainer who ſtretches the leather with his teeth until it is ſufficient for his purpoſe: now, I will alſo employ my teeth in ſtretching out my life with eating, to that end which is ordained by heaven; and you muſt know, ſignor, that it is the greateſt madneſs in nature to ſeek to deſpair like your worſhip. Take my advice: eat a little for refreſhment, and then take a nap upon the green couch of this delightful graſs, and when you awake you will ſee how much you'll be relieved."

The knight reliſhed his advice, which he thought ſavoured more of the philoſopher than of the idiot; and ſaid to him, "Now, Sancho, if thou wouldſt do that for me which I am going to mention, my relief would be more certain, and my affliction diminiſhed: my propoſal is, that while I ſleep, in compliance with thy advice, thou wouldſt go aſide a little farther, and, expoſing thy fleſh to the air, beſtow upon it, with the reins of Rozinante's bridle, three or four hundred ſtripes, of the three thouſand three hundred which thou haſt undertaken to endure for the diſinchantment of Dulcinea; for, it is a lamentable circumſtance that the poor lady ſhould remain ſo long inchanted, through thy careleſneſs and neglect." "There is much to be ſaid on that ſubject, replied Sancho: let us both go to ſleep in the mean time; and afterwards God muſt ordain that which will come to paſs. Your worſhip muſt know that it requires great reſolution in a man to ſcourge himſelf in cold blood; eſpecially when the ſtripes fall upon a body which is poorly fed and ſupported: let my lady Dulcinea have a little patience; when ſhe leaſt thinks of it, ſhe will ſee my body ſcourged into a perfect ſieve; and while there is life there is hope; my meaning is, that while I hold life, I ſhall never quit the deſire of performing my promiſe."

Don Quixote, thanking him for his good will, took a little ſuſtenance, Sancho ate voraciouſly, and then both laid themſelves down to ſleep, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, thoſe two friends and inſeparable companions, at full liberty to feed without reſtraint, upon the luxuriant graſs with which the meadow abounded.

The day being far ſpent before they awoke, they remounted their cattle and purſued their journey with uncommon expedition, in order to reach an inn which they deſcried at a league's diſtance—I ſay an inn, becauſe it was ſo called by Don Quixote, contrary to his former cuſtom of miſtaking every inn for a caſtle. When they arrived at this place of entertainment, they aſked if they could be accommodated with lodging; and

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and the landlord replied in the affirmative, telling them, at the ſame time, that his houſe afforded as good conveniences and entertainment as could be found in the whole city of Saragoſſa. They alighted accordingly, and Sancho carried his bags into an apartment, of which the inn-keeper gave him the key; then he led the cattle to the ſtable, where he gave them their allowance; from thence went to receive the commands of his maſter, who had ſat down upon a bench, and thanked heaven in a particular manner, that Don Quixote had not committed his uſual miſtake. They retired to their chamber, and ſupper-time approaching, Sancho deſired to know what they could have for that meal? To this interrogation mine hoſt replied, that his taſte ſhould be fitted to a hair, and that he might beſpeak what he liked beſt; for, as far as the birds of the air, the fowls of the land, and the fiſh of the ſea could go, he would find the houſe provided. "Leſs than all that will ſerve, anſwered Sancho: we ſhall be ſatisfied with a couple of chickens roaſted; for, my maſter has a very delicate taſte, and eats little; and, as for myſelf, I am not a very unconſcionable cormorant."

The other frankly owned he had no chickens; for, the kites had deſtroyed the whole brood. "Well then, Mr. landlord, ſaid the ſquire, you may order a pullet to be put to the fire; but, ſee it be very tender." "A pullet! cried the inn-keeper: body o'my father! now, as I'm an honeſt man, I ſent above half an hundred yeſterday to market: but, ſetting aſide pullets, you may have what you will." "If that be the caſe, ſaid Sancho, there will be no want of veal or kid." "At preſent, replied the inn-keeper, there is really none in the houſe: we are juſt out in theſe articles; but, next week, we ſhall have enough and to ſpare." "To be ſure, we ſhall be much the better for that, anſwered Sancho: I'll lay a wager all theſe wants will be ſupplied with plenty of eggs and bacon." "'Fore God! ſaid the hoſt, my gueſt has an admirable knack at gueſſing: I have told him there is neither hen nor pullet in the houſe, and he would have me treat him with *eggs! Shift about, if you pleaſe, to ſome other delicacies, and think no more of poultry."

"Body o'me! cried Sancho, let us come to ſome reſolution; tell me at once what is in the houſe, and pray, Mr. landlord, no more of your ſhiftings." "What I really and truly can afford, ſaid the inn-keeper, is a diſh of cow-heel, ſo delicate they might be taken for calves feet; or, you may call them, calves feet that might paſs for cow-heel. They are ſtewed with peaſe, onions, and bacon, and this bleſſed minute, cry, Come,

* Why might not this inn-keeper have had eggs in his houſe, as he had ſent no leſs than fifty pullets to market the very day before?

eat

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eat me: come, eat me." "I mark them for my own, cried Sancho, from henceforth for ever, amen. Let no man touch the meſs, for which I will pay you handſomely; for, nothing in the whole world could be more agreeable to my taſte; and, provided I have cow-heel, the calves feet may go to the devil." "No man ſhall interfere with you, replied the landlord: as for the other company in the houſe, they, out of pure gentility, bring along with them, their own cook, butler, and ſumpter mule." "Nay, as for gentility, ſaid the ſquire, no man has more of that than my maſter; but, his profeſſion will not admit of travelling-ſtores and butteries: lack a-day! we lay ourſelves down in the middle of a green field, and fill our bellies with medlars and acorns." Such was the converſation that paſſed between the inn-keeper and Sancho, who would not, however, go any greater lengths in ſatisfying the curioſity of mine hoſt, who was very deſirous to know the office or profeſſion of his maſter.

Supper being ready, Don Quixote retired to his apartment, whither the landlord brought the pot juſt as it was, and very decently ſat down to partake of the meal. At that inſtant, the knight heard people talking in the next room, from which he was divided only by a partition of lath, and could plainly diſtinguiſh theſe words: "As you hope to live, Don Geronimo, I conjure you, as ſupper is not yet ready, to read another chapter of the ſecond part of Don Quixote de la Mancha."

The knight, hearing his own name mentioned, ſtarted up immediately, and liſtening with great attention, heard Geronimo reply to this effect: "What pleaſure can you have in reading ſuch abſurdities, Don John? No perſon who has ſeen the firſt part of the hiſtory of Don Quixote de la Mancha, can poſſibly be entertained with this which is called the ſecond." "Nevertheleſs, ſaid Don John, it will not be amiſs to read a little; for, there is no book ſo bad as to contain nothing that deſerves regard. The moſt diſtinguiſhed part in this performance, is, in my opinion, the author's deſcribing Don Quixote as altogether diſengaged and detached from Dulcinea del Toboſo——"

The knight, hearing this remark, was filled with rage and vexation, and exclaimed aloud, "If any perſon whatever affirms that Don Quixote de la Mancha either has forgotten or can forget Dulcinea del Toboſo, I will, with equal arms, make him know and own, that his aſſertion is far diſtant from the truth; for, the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo cannot poſſibly be forgot; nor is Don Quixote ſuſceptible of forgetfulneſs: his motto is Conſtancy, which he profeſſes to maintain with gentleneſs and ſuavity of manners." "Who is he that anſwers?" cried the voice. "Who ſhould

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ſhould it be, replied Sancho, but Don Quixote de la Mancha, in his own perſon, who will make good whatever he has ſaid, and whatever he ſhall ſay; for, A good pay-maſter wants no pawn."

Scarce had the ſquire pronounced theſe words, when two gentlemen, for ſuch they appeared, entered the apartment, and one of them throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, "Your appearance, ſaid he, does not belye your name, and your name cannot but give credit to your appearance. Without all doubt, you, ſignor, are the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the north ſtar and luminary of knight-errantry, maugre and in deſpite of him who has thought proper to uſurp your name, and annihilate your exploits; I mean, the author of this here book." Which he took from his companion and put into the hand of Don Quixote, who, without anſwering one word, began to turn over the leaves, and in a very little time gave it back to the ſtranger, ſaying, "In the little I have read, I find three things worthy of reprehenſion in the author; firſt, ſome expreſſions in the prologue or preface; ſecondly, his uſing the Aragonian dialect, and writing ſometimes without articles; and, thirdly, that which confirms my opinion of his ignorance, his erring and deviating from the truth in the moſt material circumſtance of the hiſtory; for, he ſays the wife of my ſquire Sancho Panza, is called Mary Gutierrez, whereas her name is Tereſa Panza: now, if he blunders in ſuch an eſſential circumſtance, we may juſtly conclude that his whole hiſtory is full of miſtakes *."

"A pleaſant hiſtorian, i'faith! cried Sancho: he muſt be well acquainted with our adventures, to be ſure, when he calls my dame Tereſa by the name of Mary Gutierrez! Take the book again, ſignor, and ſee if he has lugged me in too, under a borrowed name!" "From what you have ſaid, friend, replied Don Geronimo, I find you muſt certainly be Sancho Panza, ſquire to ſignor Don Quixote." "Even ſo, anſwered the ſquire; and I am proud of the occupation." "Then, in good ſooth! ſaid the cavalier, this author has not treated you ſo handſomely as from your appearance, I conclude, you deſerve: he repreſents you as a gormandizer, a ſimpleton without the leaſt vein of humour or pleaſantry; and, in ſhort, quite different from the Sancho deſcribed in the firſt part of the hiſtory of your maſter." "The Lord in heaven forgive him! cried Sancho: he might have let me ſleep in my corner, without remembring there was ſuch a ſinner as me upon the face of the earth: for,

* I am apt to believe that this remark was intended as an ironical ſarcaſm on the trivial obſervations of hypercritics; for, we cannot ſuppoſe Cervantes did not know, by this time, that he himſelf had, more than once, in the firſt part of this hiſtory, actually called Sancho's wife by the name of Mary Gutierrez; an overſight which I have taken notice of in the proper place.

He

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He * that has ſkill ſhould handle the quill—and I know that St. Peter is well at Rome."

The two gentlemen invited Don Quixote to ſup with them in their apartment, as they knew the inn could not afford any thing proper for his entertainment; and the knight, who was always the pink of courteſy, complied with their requeſt; ſo that Sancho remaining undiſputed maſter of the pot, Cum mero mixto imperio, he ſeated himſelf at the head of the table, in company with the landlord, who vied with him in affection for the cow-heel and calves feet.

Don John, in the courſe of the converſation at ſupper, aſked what news Don Quixote had concerning the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo: he begged to know if ſhe was married, brought to bed, or in a ſtate of pregnancy; or, if ſtill ſingle, ſhe maintained her honour and reputation, and ſmiled upon the paſſion of her lover Don Quixote. "Dulcinèa, anſwered the knight, is ſtill unmarried, and my paſſion more intenſe than ever, our correſpondence ſtands on the old footing, and her beauty is transformed into the appearance of a baſe born, ruſtic wench."

Then he, in a very circumſtantial manner, related the inchantment of his miſtreſs, together with his adventure in the cave of Monteſinos, and the means preſcribed by the ſage Merlin for her relief; namely, the flagellation of Sancho.

Unſpeakable was the ſatisfaction which the two cavaliers enjoyed in hearing Don Quixote recount the ſtrange incidents of his hiſtory; and they were equally aſtoniſhed at the folly of his adventures and the elegance with which he related them: here they eſteemed him as a man of ſound underſtanding, and there he ſlipped through their opinion into the ſink of madneſs; ſo that they could not determine what rank he ſhould maintain between lunacy and diſcretion.

Mean while, Sancho having finiſhed his meal, left his landlord more than half ſeas over; and entering the chamber where his maſter ſat, "Gentlemen, ſaid he, I'll be hanged if the author of that book your worſhips were talking of, has any mind or inclination that he and I ſhould be meſs-mates—Since he has given me the character of a glutton, as your worſhips have obſerved, I wiſh he may not have likewiſe called me a drunkard." "He has, indeed, replied Don Geronimo: but, I do not remember the expreſſion, tho' I know the words are very ſcurrilous and falſe above meaſure, as I can plainly perceive in the phyſiognomy of honeſt Sancho here preſent." "Take my word for it, noble gentlemen,

* The proverb, in the original, alludes to a kind of tabor: as if one ſhould ſay, He alone ſhould attempt to play, who knows how to beat the tabor.

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ſaid the ſquire, the Sancho and Don Quixote of that hiſtory muſt be perſons quite different from thoſe recorded by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who are no other than we ourſelves, here ſtanding and ſitting in your preſence: my maſter valiant, ſagacious, and enamoured; and I ſimple, and withal pleaſant; but neither ſot nor gormandizer." "I believe what you ſay, replied Don John: and wiſh it were poſſible to obtain a mandate, prohibiting any perſon or perſons from preſuming to meddle with the affairs of the great Don Quixote, excepting Hamet, his original author; in the ſame manner as Alexander the great decreed that no painter but Apelles ſhould draw his portrait." "Any body may draw my portrait, ſaid the knight; but, let no man maltreat my character; for, patience often falls to the ground, when it is overloaded with injuries." "No injury can be done to Don Quixote, but what he can eaſily revenge, anſwered Don John: unleſs he chooſe rather to ward it off with the buckler of his patience, which, I believe, is both ſtrong and ample."

In this and other ſuch converſation they ſpent great part of the night; and although Don John would fain have perſuaded Don Quixote to read a little more of the book, that they might hear him deſcant upon particulars, he could not accompliſh his purpoſe; the knight aſſuring him he conſidered it as good as read, and pronounced the whole an heap of abſurdities; nor did he chooſe that the author, who might perhaps hear it was in his hands, ſhould have the ſatisfaction of thinking he had peruſed his performance; for, from objects of obſcenity and turpitude, not only the eyes but even the imagination ought to be kept ſacred. When they aſked whither his courſe was at preſent directed, he told them he was bound for Saragoſſa, in order to ſignalize himſelf in the juſts which are yearly ſolemnized in that city.

Then Don John gave him to underſtand that the new hiſtory gives an account of the ſpurious Don Quixote's having been in that place at a courſe, the deſcription of which was barren of invention, low in ſtile, miſerably poor in devices, and rich in nothing but folly and impertinence." "For that very reaſon, ſaid Don Quixote, I will not ſet foot in Saragoſſa, and ſo demonſtrate to the wide world, the falſhood of this modern hiſtorian, and let the nations ſee I am not the Don Quixote whom he has deſcribed." "I applaud your reſolution, replied Don Geronimo; and there will be a tournament in Barcelona, where Don Quixote will have an opportunity to ſignalize his valour." "And that I ſhall ſurely embrace, anſwered the knight: at preſent, gentlemen, as it is high time, you will give me leave to retire to bed; and I beg you will eſteem and place me among the number of your moſt ſincere friends and humble ſervants."

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ſervants." "And me alſo, ſaid Sancho: peradventure my ſervice may be good for ſomething." They accordingly took their leave, and retired to their apartment, leaving Don John and his companion aſtoniſhed at the medley of ſenſe and madneſs they had obſerved in his diſcourſe; and they believed, without heſitation, theſe to be the real Don Quixote and Sancho, and not the perſons deſcribed by the Arragonian author.

Don Quixote, riſing early next morning, tapped at the partition, and bade farewel to his entertainers; and Sancho paid his reckoning like a prince, adviſing the landlord, however, either to furniſh his houſe better, or to brag leſs of his accommodations.

CHAP. VIII.

Of what befel Don Quixote in his way to Barcelona.

THE morning was cold, and ſeemed to promiſe but little for the day on which Don Quixote departed from the inn, after having informed himſelf of the neareſt road to Barcelona, which he could travel without touching at Saragoſſa; ſo eager he was to fix the lye upon the new hiſtorian by whom they ſaid he was ſo ſcurvily treated.

So it happened that he met with nothing worthy of record during ſix days; at the end of which, having quitted the high-road, he was benighted among a thick cluſter of oaks or cork trees; for, in this particular, Cid Hamet has not preſerved his uſual punctuality. The maſter and man alighting from their beaſts, and accommodating themſelves at the roots of two ſeparate trees, Sancho, who had laid in a good afternoon's luncheon, entered the gates of ſleep abruptly, and without heſitation; but, the knight, who was kept awake more by fancy than by hunger, could not cloſe an eye; but, on the contrary, rambled in his imagination through a thouſand different ſcenes. Sometimes he conceived himſelf to be in the cave of Monteſinos; ſometimes he thought he ſaw Dulcinea ſkipping and leaping upon her aſs, in that diſmal ſtate of ruſtic transformation; and then his ears ſeemed to tingle with the words of the ſage Merlin, who pronounced the conditions and endeavours to be obſerved and exerted for the diſinchantment of his miſtreſs. He was driven almoſt to deſperation, when he reflected on the ſloth and uncharitable diſpoſition of his ſquire Sancho, who, to the beſt of his belief, had hitherto given himſelf only five ſtripes; a number poor and inconſiderable in compariſon with the infinite ſcore unpaid: and this conſideration over-

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whelmed him with ſuch anxiety and chagrin, that he thus argued with his own boſom:

"If Alexander the great ventured to cut the gordian knot, on the ſuppoſition that cutting would be as effectual as untying it; and, notwithſtanding this violence, became ſole maſter of all Aſia: the ſame ſucceſs may now attend my efforts in diſinchanting Dulcinea, ſhould I ſcourge Sancho againſt his own conſent; for, if the condition of this remedy be, that Sancho ſhall receive three thouſand three hundred ſtripes, what ſignifies it to me, whether they are beſtowed by his own hand or that of ſome other perſon, ſeeing the eſſential point is in his receiving them, from what quarter ſoever they may come?"

Inſpired with this notion, he took the reins of Rozinante's bridle, which he formed into an inſtrument of flagellation; and, approaching the ſleeping ſquire, began to untruſs his points; indeed, it is the general opinion, that he had but one before which kept up his breeches. But, ſcarce had he begun to perform this operation, when Sancho, ſhaking off the fetters of ſlumber at one ſtart, exclaimed aloud, "What's the matter? Who the devil is that ſo buſy untruſſing me while I'm aſleep?" "It is I, anſwered the knight, who mean to atone for thy omiſſions, and remedy my own misfortunes. I come to ſcourge thee, Sancho, and diſcharge ſome part of the debt which thou art obligated to pay: Dulcinea pines in a ſtate of transformation; and, while thou liveſt at thine heart's eaſe, I am dying with deſire: untie theſe points, therefore, of thy own free will; for mine, I aſſure thee, is to afflict thy poſteriors with two thouſand ſtripes at leaſt, before we quit this unfrequented place." "By no manner of means! cried Sancho: I adviſe your worſhip to be quiet, or by the God of Iſrael! the deaf ſhall hear us: the ſtripes I have obliged myſelf to receive, muſt be given with my own free will and conſent, not by force or compulſion; and, at preſent, I have not the leaſt inclination to diſcipline my own fleſh: let it ſuffice, I give your worſhip my word and honour, that I will flog and fly-flap my carcaſe, as ſoon as ever I find myſelf diſpoſed for ſuch exerciſe." "I muſt not leave it to thy courteſy, replied the knight: for, thou haſt a ſtony heart; and, tho' a peaſant, art very tender of thy fleſh." He, accordingly, ſtruggled with all his might to unbreech the ſquire, who, finding the affair become very ſerious, ſtarted up from the ground, ſprung upon his maſter, and, cloſing with him in a trice, tripped up his heels, ſo that the knight came inſtantly to the ground, where he lay with his face uppermoſt: then the victor, clapping his right knee to the breaſt of the vanquiſhed party, and griping him faſt by both wriſts, hampered him in ſuch a manner that he could

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could ſcarce either breathe or move. Nevertheleſs, he made ſhift to pronounce theſe words: "How now, traytor! doſt thou preſume to rebel againſt thy maſter and natural lord, whoſe bread thou haſt eaten?" "I neither exalt kings nor dethrone them, anſwered Sancho: but, being my own maſter, I ſtand up in my own defence: if your worſhip will promiſe to be quiet, and think no more of ſcourging me for the preſent, I will forthwith free and diſencumber you from theſe bonds; otherwiſe, here thou ſhalt die, traitor and enemy to Donna Sancha."

The knight ſubſcribed to the conditions, ſwearing by the life of his inclinations, that he would not touch the nap of his garment, but leave him at full liberty to begin the flagellation when he himſelf ſhould think proper. On theſe conſiderations Sancho aroſe, and going aſide a good way, to another tree at whoſe root he reſolved to take up his lodging for the remaining part of the night, he felt ſomething bob againſt his head, and putting up his hand found two legs provided with ſhoes and ſtockings: trembling with affright, he moved with great expedition to another tree, where he met with the ſame ſalutation, which increaſed his terror to ſuch a pitch that he roared aloud for aſſiſtance. His maſter, hearing this exclamation, ran towards the place and inquired into the cauſe of his fear and confuſion; when the ſquire gave him to underſtand that all theſe trees were loaded with human legs and feet. The knight, reaching up his hand, immediately conceived the meaning of this ſtrange circumſtance; and ſaid to Sancho: "Thou need'ſt not be afraid; for, thoſe legs and feet, which thou haſt felt without ſeeing, certainly belong to ſome robbers and outlaws who are hanged upon the trees; for, when they are apprehended in this place, the officers of juſtice ſtring them up by twenties and thirties; and, from this particular, I am convinced that we muſt now be near Barcelona." And, indeed, his conjecture was right. Soon as objects were rendered viſible by the dawn, they lifted up their eyes, and ſaw that the cluſters depending from the trees, were no other than the bodies of banditti. The morning forthwith uſhered in the day; and, if they were ſcared by the dead, they were no leſs aghaſt when they found themſelves all of a ſudden ſurrounded by above forty living robbers, who called to them in the Catalonian language to be quiet, and ſuffer themſelves to be conducted peaceably to the captain of the band.

Don Quixote being a-foot, his horſe unbridled, his lance leaning againſt a tree, and, in ſhort, his perſon without any means of defence, he thought proper to croſs his arms upon his breaſt, and hung his head, reſerving himſelf for a better ſeaſon, and more happy conjuncture. Mean while,

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while, the robbers made ſuch diſpatch in plundering Dapple, that, in the twinkling of an eye, there was not the leaſt crumb left in the wallet and pillion; and lucky it was for Sancho that he had ſecured, in a concealed girdle, the duke's crowns, and the money he had brought from home: nay, notwithſtanding this precaution, thoſe honeſt gentlemen would have ſearched and rummaged him in ſuch a manner as to have found the caſh, even tho' it had been hidden between the fleſh and the ſkin, had not they been interrupted by the ſeaſonable arrival of their captain, who ſeemed to be about four and thirty years of age, of a robuſt make, middling ſtature, grave countenance, and brown complexion: he rode a ſtrong horſe, was provided with a coat of mail, and he had ſlung a pair of piſtols with firelocks at each ſide of him. Seeing his ſquires, for ſo they call the gentlemen of that profeſſion, very buſy in rifling Sancho Panza, he ordered them to deſiſt; and, as they immediately obeyed his command, the girdle happily eſcaped. Surprized to ſee a lance leaning againſt a tree, a ſhield lying on the ground, and Don Quixote armed at all points and in manifeſt deſpondence, exhibiting the moſt rueful and melancholy figure, that melancholy herſelf could have formed, he approached the knight, ſaying, "Be not ſo dejected, honeſt friend, you have not fallen into the hands of a cruel Oſiris, but of thoſe of Roque Guinart, who has more of compaſſion than cruelty in his diſpoſition."

"My dejection, anſwered the knight, does not proceed from my having fallen under thy power, O valiant Roque, whoſe fame the limits of this earth cannot confine; but, from the conſciouſneſs of my own neglect, in conſequence of which thy ſoldiers found me unprepared; whereas, I am bound, by the order of chivalry which I profeſs, to be always alert and vigilant, and to ſtand, as it were, at all times centry upon myſelf: and give me leave to tell thee, O renowned Roque! they would not have found it ſuch an eaſy taſk to ſubdue me, had I been on horſeback, armed with my lance and ſhield; for, know I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whoſe exploits are celebrated through this whole terraqueous globe."

Roque Guinart immediately perceived that the knight's infirmity partook more of madneſs than of valour; and although he had frequently heard him named, he looked upon his atchievements as altogether fabulous, and could not believe that ſuch a humour did ever prevail in the heart of man: he was, therefore, extremely well pleaſed with this encounter, that he might, with his own eyes, ſee immediately before him, what he had heard reported afar off." "Valiant knight, ſaid he, do not vex yourſelf, or conſider your preſent ſituation in the light of a misfortune:

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tune: perhaps, by ſtumbling in this manner, your crooked fate may be made ſtraight; for, heaven, by ſtrange, unforeſeen windings, which mankind cannot comprehend, is wont to raiſe the fallen and enrich the needy."

Don Quixote's mouth was already opened to thank him for his courteous behaviour, when they heard behind them a noiſe like that of a whole troop of horſe, tho' there was only one, upon which came, at full ſpeed, a youth who ſeemed to be about the age of twenty, dreſſed in green damaſk laced with gold, long breeches, a looſe coat, an hat cocked in the Walloon faſhion, with ſtrait waxed boots and ſpurs; and armed with a gold-hilted ſword and dagger, a ſmall fuſil in his hand, and a caſe of piſtols by his ſide.

Rogue, hearing this noiſe, turned about and was ſurpriſed with the ſight of this handſome figure, who accoſted him in theſe terms: "In ſearch of thee, courageous Roque, I came hither, hoping, by thy means, to find, if not a remedy, at leaſt an alleviation of my misfortune: and, to keep thee no longer in ſuſpenſe, as I am certain you never ſaw me before, know that I am Claudia Geronima, daughter of Simon Forte, who is thy intimate friend as well as the particular enemy of Clauquel Torellas thy inveterate foe, as being head of the party which thou haſt always oppoſed. This Torellas, thou knoweſt, has a ſon called Don Vincente Torellas, at leaſt he was, two hours ago, diſtinguiſhed by that name. I will be as brief as poſſible in the account of my diſaſter, and explain the occaſion of it in a few words: That youth happened to ſee me, and courted my good graces; I liſtened to his addreſſes, and gave him my heart, without the knowledge of my father; for, there is no woman whatſoever ſo retired and mewed up, but ſhe will find a time to execute and gratify her irreſiſtible deſires. In a word, he promiſed to be my huſband, I conſented to become his wife; and this was the fartheſt extent of our correſpondence. Yeſterday I was informed, that forgetting this obligation, he intended to marry another woman, and that this morning he had ſet out to celebrate his nuptials. My brain was diſturbed, and my indignation arouſed to ſuch a degree by theſe fatal tidings, that, taking the advantage of my father's abſence, I diſguiſed myſelf in this apparel, purſued a-horſeback my perfidious lover, whom, having overtaken about a league from this place, I, without ſtaying to make complaints or hear apologies, diſcharged upon him this fuſil and theſe two piſtols; ſo that, I believe, he has more than a brace of bullets in his body; thus I opened a gate through which my honour, tho' bathed in his blood, may eſcape, and left him in the hands of his ſervants, who neither could nor

nor preſumed to exert themſelves in his defence. Thence I came in queſt of thee, to beg that thou wilt conduct me ſafely to France, where I have relations; and, at the ſame time, promiſe to defend my father from the numerous kindred of Don Vincente, who may otherwiſe ſacrifice him to their inſatiable revenge."

Roque was ſtruck with admiration at the gallantry, gay appearance, genteel mien, and adventure of the beauteous Claudia, to whom he replied, "Come, madam, let us firſt ſee whether or not your enemy is actually dead, and then we will conſider about the moſt proper meaſures to be taken in your behalf." Here Don Quixote, who had liſtened with great attention to Claudia's addreſs and Roque's reply, interpoſing in the converſation, exclaimed, "No man has any occaſion to give himſelf the leaſt trouble about the defence of this lady, which I take upon my own ſhoulders. Give me my horſe and my arms, and ſtay where you are; I will go in queſt of the gentleman, and dead or alive compel him to perform the promiſe he hath made to ſo much beauty." "Who doubts that! cried Sancho: adad! my maſter has an excellent hand at match-making: a few days ago, he compelled another perſon who likewiſe refuſed to keep his word with a young woman; and if thoſe plaguy inchanters who perſecute him ſo much, had not tranſmographied the gallant into a lacquey, that very hour, ſhe that was a maid before, would have been a maid *no more."

Roque, whoſe attention was engroſſed by the adventure of the beautiful Claudia, paid very little regard to what was ſaid either by the maſter or the man; but, ordering his ſquires to reſtore the ſpoils of Dapple to Sancho, and retire to the place appointed for their quarters that night, he ſet out with Claudia, in great haſte, to reconnoitre the ſituation of the dead or wounded Don Vincente. When they arrived at the ſpot where he had been overtaken by the young lady, they found nothing but ſome recent blood; but, caſting their eyes around, they diſcovered ſome people on the ſide of an hill, and conjectured they could be no other than the ſervants of Don Vincente carrying their maſter to a proper place, where he might be cured, if alive, or buried, if dead. Their ſuppoſition was juſt: and ſpurring up their horſes, they ſoon overtook the unhappy cavalier, whom they found in the arms of his attendants, whom he entreated, with a faint and languid voice, to let him die where he was; for, the pain of his wounds would not ſuffer him to proceed farther. Then Claudia and Roque alighted and approached him, to the great terror of his ſervants, who ſtood aghaſt at ſight of this famous free-booter: but,

* This rhime is ſubſtituted in lieu of Sancho's playing on the word *fuera*, in the original.

Claudia

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Claudia was greatly diſturbed at the melancholy ſituation of Don Vincente; and, agitated by the conflicting paſſions of tenderneſs and reſentment, took him by the hand, ſaying, "Hadſt thou given me this of thy own accord, conformable to the mutual promiſe ſubſiſting between us, thou wouldſt never have been in this condition."

The wounded cavalier opened his eyes, which were almoſt ſhut for ever, and recognizing Claudia, "I plainly perceive, ſaid he, moſt beautiful and miſled young lady, that I owe my death to your hand; a puniſhment altogether unmerited and unſuited to my inclinations, which, as well as my conduct, were, in regard to your perſon, altogether void of offence." "What! cried Claudia, is it not true that you, this morning, intended to marry Leonora daughter of the rich Balvaſtro?" "No, ſurely, replied Don Vincente: my evil genius muſt have alarmed you with ſuch information, that, your jealouſy being inflamed, you might deprive me of life, which, as I leave it in your arms, and your embrace, I conſider as happily loſt: and, that you may be convinced of my ſincerity, give me your hand, and, if you pleaſe, receive me for your huſband; this being the only ſatisfaction I can make for the offence I was ſuppoſed to have given." Accordingly, Claudia and he joined hands and hearts together, in ſuch a manner that ſhe fainted away upon his bloody breaſt, and he ſunk into a mortal paroxyſm.

Roque being confounded and perplexed, the ſervants ran for water which they ſprinkled upon their faces, and Claudia recovered from her ſwoon: but, this was not the caſe with her unhappy lover who had already breathed his laſt. The young lady, perceiving her beloved huſband was no more, rent the air with her groans, wounded the heavens with her lamentation, tore her locks and ſcattered them to the winds, and disfigured her face with her own nails, exhibiting all the marks of the moſt ſevere grief that ever took poſſeſſion of an afflicted boſom. "O cruel and inconſiderate woman! ſhe cried: how eaſily waſt thou provoked to execute ſuch dire revenge! O furious jealouſy! to what fatal deſpair doſt thou conduct all thoſe who give thee harbour in their breaſts! O my dear huſband! whoſe unhappy fate, in being mine, hath made thy marriage bed thy grave!"

Such were the melancholy exclamations of Claudia, which brought water into the eyes of Roque, who had ſeldom or never ſhed tears before: their ſervants wept bitterly, the young lady ſwooned almoſt at every ſtep, and this whole circuit ſeemed to be the ſcene of ſorrow, and field of misfortune. At length, Roque Guinart ordered the ſervants to carry their maſter's body to his father's country ſeat, which was hard by, that

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it might be buried according to the old gentleman's directions; and Claudia expreſſed her deſire of retiring to a certain monaſtery, the abbeſs of which was her aunt, where ſhe intended to finiſh her life in company of a better and more eternal huſband. Roque applauded her deſign, and offered to conduct her to the place, promiſing, at the ſame time, to defend her father from the kindred of Don Vincente, and all the world, ſhould they conſpire againſt his peace. She would by no means avail herſelf of his attendance; but, thanking him for his obliging offers, in the moſt courteous terms ſhe could uſe, took her leave of him, ſhedding a torrent of tears: the ſervants of Don Vincente carried off the body, Roque returned to his gang, and thus ended the amour of Claudia Geronima; a cataſtrophe not to be wondered at, when we conſider that the web of her melancholy fate was woven by the baleful and invincible force of jealouſy.

Roque Guinart found his ſquires in the place where he had ordered them to take up their night's lodging, and in the midſt of them Don Quixote upon Rozinante, exhorting them, in a long harangue, to quit that way of life ſo dangerous both to ſoul and body; but, as the greateſt part of them were Gaſcoons, a brutal and diſorderly ſort of people, the knight's arguments made but little impreſſion. The chief arriving, aſked Sancho Panza if the men had reſtored the furniture and effects they had taken from Dapple; and the ſquire replied in the affirmative, excepting, however, three night-caps worth as many royal cities. "What the devil does the fellow ſay? cried one of the gang: here they are, and any body may ſee they would not ſell for three rials."

"True, ſaid Don Quixote: but, my ſquire values them at that rate, on account of the perſon of whom I received them in a preſent." Roque commanded the man to reſtore them inſtantly; then, forming his people into a line, gave orders for bringing before them all the cloaths, jewels, money, and every thing they had acquired by robbery ſince the laſt partition; then, making a ſhort valuation, and reducing the indiviſibles into caſh, he ſhared the whole among his company, with ſuch equity and diſcretion, that, in the moſt minute article, he neither exceeded nor fell ſhort of diſtributive juſtice.

Having made this partition, with which every individual was perfectly well ſatisfied and contented, Roque turning to Don Quixote, "If we did not obſerve this punctuality, ſaid he, there would be no living among ſuch a crew." To this declaration Sancho replied, "From what I have ſeen, I find juſtice ſo excellent in itſelf, that the practice of it is neceſſary even among thieves."

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One of the ſquires, overhearing the remark, lifted up the butt end of his muſket, with which, in all probability, he would have ſhattered Sancho's ſkull, had not the general commanded him to deſiſt; while Panza, trembling in every limb, reſolved never to open his lips again ſo long as he ſhould ſojourn among ſuch ruffians.

About this time arrived one of the gang, who was placed centinel on the road to reconnoitre travellers, and bring intelligence; and riding up to their chief, "Signor, ſaid he, not far from hence, there is a large company of people travelling to Barcelona." "Have you perceived, anſwered Roque, whether they are ſuch as we ſeek, or ſuch as are in queſt of us." When the ſquire replied that they were ſuch as he ſought; "Set out then altogether, ſaid he, and bring the whole company hither, without ſuffering one to eſcape."

This whole gang departed accordingly, leaving their chief alone with Don Quixote and Sancho, to wait the iſſue of their expedition; and, during this interval, Roque addreſſing himſelf to the knight, "This life of ours, ſaid he, muſt appear very ſtrange to Don Quixote, expoſed as it is to infinite adventures and incidents replete with danger; and, indeed, I do not wonder that it ſhould appear in that light; for, I muſt own, there can be no ſituation ſo full of terror and diſquiet as that in which I live, and into which I was miſled by a deſire of revenge, which is often powerful enough to diſturb the moſt philoſophic breaſt. I am naturally benevolent and compaſſionate; but, as I have already obſerved, the deſire of revenging an injury which I received, hath overturned all my virtuous inclinations in ſuch a manner, that I perſevere in this career, maugre and in deſpite of my own underſtanding; and, as Deep calleth unto Deep, undertake not only my own, but alſo thoſe of other people: yet, by the bleſſing of God, although I find myſelf thus involved in a labyrinth of confuſion, I have not loſt the hope of being, one day, happily extricated from all my troubles."

Don Quixote was ſurpriſed to hear Roque talk ſo ſenſibly and with ſuch moderation; for, he imagined, that among thoſe who were in the daily practice of aſſaulting, robbing, and murdering their fellow creatures, there could not ſurely be one ſingle perſon of ſenſe and reflection. "Signor Roque, ſaid he, the beginning of health is the knowledge of the diſeaſe, and the patient's deſire to comply with the phyſician's preſcription. You are now in the diſeaſed condition, ſenſible of your infirmity, and heaven, or rather God himſelf, who is the great phyſician, will apply thoſe medicines which are proper for the cure of your diſtemper; but, theſe remedies are wont to operate ſlowly, not in a ſudden miraculous

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manner. And ſenſible ſinners are much more likely to recover, than delinquents of little underſtanding. Now, as your diſcourſe evinces your diſcretion, be of good chear, and courageouſly wait for the perfect recovery of your conſcience. If you are, in earneſt, inclined to quit this road, and enter at once into that which leads to ſalvation, come along with me and learn to be a knight-errant, in which capacity you will undergo ſuch toils and diſaſters as will be deemed ſufficient penance, and exalt you to heaven in the turning of two balls."

Roque could not help ſmiling at Don Quixote's advice; and, changing the converſation, he recounted the tragical adventure of Claudia Geronima, at which Sancho was exceedingly grieved; for, he had been hugely pleaſed with the beauty, vivacity, and demeanor of the young lady.

About this time, they were joined by the ſquires of the booty, who brought along with them two gentlemen on horſeback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, attended by ſix ſervants, partly mounted and partly footmen, together with two Muleteers who waited upon the gentlemen. Theſe came all in a troop ſurrounded by the ſquires, and univerſal ſilence prevailed among the victors and the vanquiſhed; both ſides expecting, with reſignation, the commands of the great Roque Guinart, who, approaching the gentlemen, aſked who they were, whither they were going, and what money they had.

To theſe interrogations one of them replied, "Signor, we are captains of the Spaniſh infantry, our companies are in Naples; our intention is to embark on board of ſome gallies, which, they ſay, are now in the harbour of Barcelona, ready to ſail for Sicily; and our funds amount to about two or three hundred crowns, with the poſſeſſion of which we thought ourſelves rich and happy, conſidering the narrow appointments of a ſoldier which will not permit him to heap up a great deal of wealth."

Then Roque putting the ſame queſtions to the pilgrims, was anſwered that their deſign was to embark for Italy, in order to viſit Rome, and that, between both, they could muſter about ſixty rials. He, likewiſe, deſired to know the quality of thoſe who were in the coach, the place to which they were going, and the ſtate of their finances. In theſe particulars he was ſatisfied by one of the horſemen, who ſaid, "The company in the coach conſiſts of my lady Donna Guiomar de Quinones, wife to the regent of the vicarage of Naples, her little daughter, a damſel, and a duenna; I am one of the ſix ſervants who attend them, and her ladyſhip's caſh may amount to ſix hundred crowns." "At that rate then,

replied

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replied the mighty Roque, here are nine hundred crowns, and ſixty rials: I have ſixty ſoldiers; ſee what each man's ſhare will come to; for, I am but an indifferent arithmetician." "The robbers hearing this deciſion, cried aloud, "Long life to Roque Guinart, and confuſion to the knaves who endeavour to effect his ruin!"

The captains exhibited evident marks of affliction, my lady regent aſſumed a very ſorrowful countenance, and the pilgrims did not at all rejoice at this confiſcation of their effects. Although Roque kept them for ſome time in ſuſpenſe, he had no mind to protract their melancholy, which was plainly perceivable a gunſhot off; but, turning to the captains, "Gentlemen, ſaid he, be ſo good as to lend me ſixty crowns, and my lady regent will favour me with fourſcore, in order to ſatisfy my ſquadron; you know, the Abbot muſt not want, who for his bread doth chant: Then you may proſecute your journey without fear or moleſtation, by virtue of a ſafe conduct I will grant; in conſequence of which, you will be exempted from plunder, in caſe you ſhould fall in with any other of thoſe ſquadrons which I have poſted up and down in different diviſions; for, it is not my intention to aggrieve either ſoldiers or ladies, eſpecially ladies of quality."

Infinite and well turned were the compliments in which the captains acknowledged their obligation to Roque for his politeneſs and liberality, in leaving them poſſeſſed of their own money. My lady Donna Guiomar de Quinones would have thrown herſelf from the coach, in order to kiſs the feet and hands of the great Roque; but, he would by no means accept ſuch marks of ſubmiſſion; on the contrary, he begged pardon for the injury which he was compelled to do them, in compliance with the preciſe duty of his wicked profeſſion. The lady ordered her ſervant to pay inſtantly the eighty crowns which were demanded: the captains had already diſburſed three ſcore; and the pilgrims were going to ſurrender their miſerable pittance; when Roque deſired them to deſiſt; and, turning to his gang, "Of theſe crowns, ſaid he, two ſhall fall to the ſhare of each man, and then there will be an overplus of twenty, one half of which I give to the pilgrims, and the other ten to this honeſt ſquire, that he may make a favourable report of the adventure."

After this deciſion, he took pen, ink, and paper, with which he was always provided, and writing a ſafe conduct directed to the chiefs of his ſquadrons, gave it to the company whom he courteouſly diſmiſſed, and they proceeded on their journey, ſtruck with admiration at his noble demeanor, gallant diſpoſition, and ſtrange conduct, and looking upon him rather as an Alexander the great, than a notorious robber. One of the

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the ſquires diſpleaſed at the diviſion of the booty, ſaid, in his Catalonian dialect, "This captain of ours is fitter for Praying than Preying: if, henceforth, he has a mind to ſhew his generoſity, let it be from his own purſe, and not from what is ours by right of conqueſt."

The unhappy wretch did not ſpeak ſo ſoftly, but that he was overheard by Roque, who, inſtantly unſheathing his ſword, cleft his head almoſt in two, ſaying, "Thus I chaſtiſe mutiny and preſumption." All the reſt of the gang were terrified at this execution, and not one of them durſt open his lips, ſo much were they over-awed by the character of their chief.

As for Roque, he went aſide and wrote a letter to a friend at Barcelona, giving him to underſtand how he had met with the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, that knight-errant whoſe exploits were in every body's mouth; and, he aſſured him, that the adventurer was the moſt agreeable and underſtanding man in the whole world: he, likewiſe, gave him notice, that, in four days from the date of the letter, on the feaſt of St. John, the ſaid knight-errant would appear on the beach of the city, armed cap-a-pee, mounted on Rozinante, and accompanied by his ſquire Sancho upon an aſs. He, therefore, deſired his correſpondent to communicate this intelligence to his friends the Nearri, that they might enjoy the character of Don Quixote, and wiſhed his enemies the Cadelli might not partake of the diverſion. But that was a vain deſire, becauſe the mixture of madneſs and diſcretion in the knight, and the pleaſantries of his ſquire, were ſuch as could not fail to yield entertainment to the whole world in general.

This letter was diſpatched by one of his ſquires, who, diſguiſing himſelf in the habit of a peaſant, entered Barcelona, and delivered it according to the direction.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

Of what happened to Don Quixote on his entrance into Barcelona, with other circumſtances that partake more of truth than of diſcretion.

THREE days and three nights did Don Quixote remain with Roque, and, had he ſtayed as many hundred years, he would not have wanted ſubject for inquiry and admiration at their way of life: they lodged in one place, dined in another; ſometimes they fled from they knew not what, ſometimes waited for they knew not whom. They ſlept ſtanding, and even that ſlumber was often interrupted; they ſhifted from place to place: in a word, their whole time was ſpent in appointing ſpies, examining centinels, and blowing matches for their muſquets, tho' they had but few; for, they chiefly uſed firelocks. As for Roque, he paſſed the night by himſelf, in private haunts and places concealed even from the knowledge of his own gang; for, the repeated proclamations iſſued by the viceroy of Barcelona, ſetting a price upon his head, had rendered him reſtleſs, diffident, and fearful, ſo that he durſt not confide in any perſon whatever, being apprehenſive that even his own followers would either murder or deliver him up to juſtice: a life, of all others, aſſuredly the moſt tireſome and miſerable! At length, this renowned freebooter, accompanied by Don Quixote and Sancho, and attended by ſix of his own ſquires, ſet out for Barcelona, through unfrequented roads, ſhort cuts, and private paths, and arrived upon the Strand, after it was dark, on the eve of St. John.

Here Roque, embracing Don Quixote, and giving to Sancho the ten crowns, which, tho' promiſed, had not hitherto been payed, took his leave and returned to his ſtation, after mutual proteſtations of friendſhip had paſſed between him and our hero, who reſolved to ſit on horſeback, as he was, till day, which was not far off. Accordingly, they had not tarried long in this ſituation, when Aurora diſcloſed her roſy face through the balconies of the eaſt, infuſing vigour and ſeeming joy into every plant and flower, inſtead of gratifying the ear, which, however, was alſo, that inſtant, regaled with the ſound of waits and kettle-drums, together with the noiſe of morrice bells, the clatter of horſes upon the pavement, and the repetion of "Clear the way," pronounced by the couriers who came forth from the city. Aurora vaniſhed before the ſun, who, with a countenance ample as a target, gradually aroſe from below the

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the horizon: then Don Quixote and Sancho, extending their view all around, perceived the ſea, which they had never before beheld, and which ſeemed to be infinitely vaſt, and abundantly more ſpacious than even the lakes of Ruydera, which they had ſeen in La Mancha: they, likewiſe, beheld the gallies in the road, which, when their awnings were furled, diſplayed a glorious ſight of pendants, flags, and ſtreamers, that wantoned in the wind, and kiſſed and bruſhed the ſurface of the deep; while they reſounded with clarions, trumpets, and other ſorts of muſic, which filled the air for many leagues around, with ſweet and martial accents. Now they began to move and forming themſelves into line of battle, exhibiting the repreſentation of a naval fight upon the tranquil boſom of the ſea; and, at the ſame time, a mock ſkirmiſh was acted on the ſhore, by a great number of gentlemen, mounted on beautiful horſes, who came forth from the city, in gay attire, with ſplendid liveries. The ſoldiers of the gallies diſcharged an infinite number of fire arms, which were anſwered from the walls and forts of the city; and to the great guns, which ſeemed to rend the air with their tremendous ſound, the midſhip cannons of the gallies made a ſuitable reply: the joy that reſounded on board, the pleaſure that appeared on ſhore, together with the ſerenity of the air, which was ſometimes diſturbed by the ſmoke of the artillery, ſeemed to infuſe and engender a ſudden flow of ſpirits and delight in every breaſt. As for Sancho, he could not conceive how thoſe great bulks could uſe ſuch a number of feet in moving through the ſea.

About this time, the cavaliers ſo richly capariſoned, crying, hollowing, and ſhouting, in the Mooriſh manner, came riding up to the place where Don Quixote ſat on horſeback overwhelmed with ſurprize and aſtoniſhment; and one of their number, who had been appriſed by Roque, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Welcome to our city, thou mirrour, lanthorn, planet, and polar ſtar of all chivalry in its utmoſt extent! welcome, valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, not the falſe, fictitious, and apocryphal adventurer, lately in ſpurious hiſtory deſcribed; but, the real, legal, and loyal knight recorded by Cid Hamet Benengeli, the flower of hiſtorians."

Don Quixote anſwered not a word; nor did the cavaliers wait for his reply; but, with their followers, began to wheel and turn, and curvet in a circle round the knight, who, addreſſing himſelf to Sancho, "As theſe people know us ſo well, ſaid he, I will lay a wager they have read our hiſtory, and even that of the Arragonian, which hath been lately printed." The gentlemen, who had at firſt accoſted him, returning, renewed

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renewed his addreſs in theſe words: "Signor Don Quixote, be ſo good as to go along with us, who are all the intimate friends, and humble ſervants of Roque Guinart." To this entreaty the knight replied, "If courteſy ingenders courteſy, yours, ſignor cavalier, is the daughter, or, at leaſt, nearly allied to that which I experienced in the gallant Roque. Conduct me whither you pleaſe to go; my will ſhall, in all reſpects, be conformable to yours, and I ſhould be proud if you would imploy it in your ſervice."

The gentleman anſwered this compliment with expreſſions equally polite; and all his companions ſurrounding the knight in a body, they, to the muſic of the waits and kettle-drums, conducted him to the city, his entrance into which was attended with a ſmall misfortune. The miſchief, from which all miſchief is produced, ordained, that two bold and impudent boys, more miſchievous than miſchief itſelf, ſhould ſqueeze themſelves through the crowd, and, approaching Rozinante and Dapple, clap an handful of furze under the tail of each: the poor animals, feeling the ſeverity of this new kind of ſpurs, augmented the pain by preſſing their tails more cloſely to their buttocks, ſo that, after a thouſand plunges, they came with their riders to the ground, to the unutterable ſhame and indignation of Don Quixote, who, with great diſpatch, delivered the poſteriors of his companion from this diſagreeable plumage; while Sancho performed the ſame kind office for his friend Dapple.

The gentlemen would have willingly chaſtiſed the boys for their preſumption; but, it was not in their power to give the ſtrangers that ſatisfaction; for, they had no ſooner executed their purpoſe, than they concealed themſelves among the crowd of above a thouſand people who followed the cavalcade: ſo that Don Quixote and Sancho were obliged to pocket the affront; and, remounting their beaſts, proceeded with the ſame muſic and acclamation, to the houſe of their conductor, which was large and magnificent, and, in all reſpects, ſuitable to the rank of an opulent cavalier. Here then we ſhall leave him for the preſent; for, ſuch is the will of Cid Hamet Benengeli.

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CHAP. X.

Containing the adventure of the inchanted head, with other trivial incidents which, however, muſt not be omitted.

DON Quixote's landlord was called Don Antonio Moreno, a wealthy gentleman of good underſtanding, who loved a joke in a fair and good humoured way; ſo that, finding our knight ſafely houſed under his roof, he began to contrive means for extracting diverſion from the madneſs of his gueſt, without prejudice to his perſon; for, thoſe are no jeſts that give pain; nor is that paſtime to be indulged which tends to the detriment of a fellow creature. His firſt ſtep was to unarm Don Quixote, and in that ſtrait ſhamoy doublet, which we have already painted and deſcribed, expoſe him to public view in a balcony that jetted out into one of the chief ſtreets in the city, where he was ſurveyed by the people and the children, who gazed upon him as if he had been a monſter or baboon. While he ſtood in this ſituation, the gentlemen with the rich liveries performed their courſes before him, as if for his ſake only, and not in order to celebrate the feſtival, they had provided all their finery; and Sancho was raviſhed with the thoughts of having ſo luckily found, without knowing how, or wherefore, another wedding of Camachio, another houſe like that of Don Diego de Miranda, and another palace equal to the duke's caſtle, where he had been ſo hoſpitably entertained.

Don Antonio had that day invited ſome friends to dinner, and all of them payed particular reſpect to Don Quixote, whom they treated as a renowned knight-errant; a circumſtance that elevated his vanity to ſuch a pitch, that he could ſcarce contain his ſatisfaction: while Sancho's conceits flowed ſo faſt and humorous, that all the ſervants of the family, and all who heard his ſallies, ſeemed to hang upon his lips. While he waited at table, Don Antonio accoſting him, "Honeſt Sancho, ſaid he, we are informed you are ſuch a lover of fowls and balls of forced meat, that, when you can eat no longer, you pocket what remains for the next day." "No, ſignor, anſwered Sancho; that is not the caſe; and your worſhip muſt have been miſinformed; I am a cleanly ſquire, and no ſuch filthy glutton; for, my maſter, here preſent, knows very well, that we have often paſſed eight whole days without any other ſuſtenance than an handful of nuts or acorns. True it is, If ever the heifer is offered, the tether is at hand; my meaning is, I eat what I get, and ride the ford

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ford as I find it*. If, therefore, any perſon whatever hath ſaid that I am an exceeding glutton, and foul feeder, your worſhip may take it for granted that he is in a miſtake; and I would tell him my mind in another manner, if it was not for the reſpect I bear to the honourable beards of this company." "Aſſuredly, ſaid Don Quixote, Sancho's cleanlineſs, and moderation in eating, might be inſcribed and ingraved on tables of braſs, for an everlaſting memorial and example to ſucceeding ages. True it is, when very hungry, he may ſeem to be a little voracious; for, he eats with precipitation, chewing with both ſides of his jaws; but, cleanlineſs he punctually maintains; and, while a governor, learned to eat ſo delicately, that he took up grapes, and even the grains of a pomegranate, with a fork." "How! cried Don Antonio, hath Sancho been a governor?" "Yes, ſure, replied the ſquire; and that of an iſland called Barataria, which I governed according to my own will and pleaſure, for the ſpace of ten days, during which I loſt my natural reſt, and learned to deſpiſe all the governments upon earth: I, therefore, fled from it, as I would fly from the devil, and tumbled into a cavern, from whence, tho' I gave myſelf up as a dead man, I was brought up alive by a perfect miracle." Then Don Quixote gave them a circumſtantial account of Sancho's government, which afforded extraordinary entertainment to the whole audience.

Dinner being ended, and the table uncovered, Don Antonio took our hero by the hand and conducted him into an apartment, where there was no furniture, but a table that ſeemed to be of jaſper, ſupported by one foot of the ſame ſubſtance; and upon this table was placed a buſt of bronze, from the breaſt upwards, repreſenting a head of one of the Roman emperors. Don Antonio, after having traverſed the room with his gueſt, and more than once walked round the table, "Signor Don Quixote, ſaid he, now that I am aſſured no perſon overhears us, as no body liſtens, and the door is bolted, I will impart to your worſhip one of the rareſt adventures, or, rather, one of the greateſt rarities that ever was known; on condition, however, that you will depoſit the ſecret in the moſt hidden receſſes of your heart." "I ſwear to that condition, anſwered Don Quixote: and, for the greater ſecurity, will put a tombſtone over whatever you ſhall communicate; for, know, ſignor Don Antonio, (by this time he had learned his name) your worſhip is talking to one, who, tho' he has ears to ear, has never a tongue to tattle; ſo that you may ſecurely transfuſe the contents of your own breaſt into mine, and take it for granted, you have ingulphed them in the abyſs of ſilence." "On the

* Literally, *Uſe the terms as I find them.*

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faith of that promiſe, replied Don Antonio, I will excite your worſhip's admiration with what you ſhall ſee and hear; and I, myſelf, will enjoy ſome alleviation of the pain I have felt from having no perſon to whom I could communicate the ſecret, which is not to be truſted to every body's diſcretion." Don Quixote waited with impatience and ſurpriſe to ſee the reſult of this preamble; when his landlord, taking him by the hand, made him feel all around the buſt, the table, and the jaſper foot upon which it was ſupported; then accoſting him with great ſolemnity of aſpect, "This buſt, ſignor Don Quixote, ſaid he, was made and contrived by one of the greateſt inchanters and negromancers that ever the world produced. He was a native of Poland and diſciple of the famous *Eſcotillo, of whoſe knowledge ſuch wonders are reported. As he chanced to be in this part of the world, I took him into my houſe, where, in conſideration of a thouſand crowns which I payed, he wrought this head, in which is centered the ſurprizing power and virtue of anſwering every queſtion communicated to its ear. The maſter performed certain rites, erected ſchemes, conſulted the ſtars, and carefully obſerved the lucky and unlucky minutes, until, at length, he brought it to that perfection which we ſhall perceive to-morrow; for, on Fridays it is mute, and this being Friday, we muſt wait till another day: in the mean time, your worſhip may conſider and prepare your queſtions, which, I know by experience, it will truly anſwer." Don Quixote was confounded and aſtoniſhed at this property and virtue of the head, and, indeed, almoſt tempted to diſbelieve Don Antonio's account; but, ſeeing how little time was required to make the experiment, he would not mention his incredulity; but, in very polite terms, thanked his entertainer for having entruſted him with ſuch an important ſecret. They, accordingly, quitted the apartment, and Don Antonio, having locked the door, returned to the reſt of the company, who were highly entertained with Sancho's recapitulation of many adventures and incidents to which his maſter had been expoſed.

That ſame evening, they perſuaded Don Quixote to make a progreſs along the ſtreets with them, not in his armour, but in a looſe coat of tawny-coloured cloth, which would have made ice itſelf ſweat at that ſeaſon; and, in the mean time, they directed their ſervants to amuſe Sancho within doors, that he might not come forth and ſpoil their diverſion. The knight was not mounted on Rozinante, but accommodated with an

* This was *Michael Scot*, who lived in the thirteenth century, and was ſuch an adept in medicine, mathematics, chymiſtry, alchymy, and other branches of natural knowledge, that the vulgar looked upon him as a wizard or magician. But, as this philoſopher died in 1291, and this converſation between Don Antonio and our knight muſt have happened after the year 1605, when the firſt part of Don Quixote was licenſed, how could the diſciple of *Scot* be in the houſe of Don Antonio? Yet, this anachroniſm might eaſily paſs upon Don Quixote, as it related to matters of inchantment.

ambling

ambling mule gayly caparisoned; and, upon the back of his coat or cloak, they pinned a parchment inscribed in large letters, This is Don Quixote de la Mancha. The procession no sooner began than this scroll attracted the eyes of the people; and, when they read it aloud, the knight was astonished to find himself known, and hear his name repeated by all the spectators. He, therefore, turning to Don Antonio, who rode by his side, "Great, said he, is the prerogative that centers in knight-errantry, the professors of which are known and celebrated through all the corners of the earth: take notice, signor Don Antonio, how my name is repeated by the very boys who never saw me before." "It is even so, signor Don Quixote, replied Antonio: for, as light cannot be shut up and concealed, so neither can virtue remain unknown; and, that which is acquired by the profession of arms shines with superior splendor over all other acquisitions—"

While our knight thus proceeded amidst the acclamation of the crowd, a certain Castilian happened to pass, and, reading the scroll, exclaimed aloud, "Now, the devil take thee, Don Quixote de la Mancha! how hast thou made shift to come so far without expiring under some of those infinite drubbings which thy ribs have received? A madman surely thou art; and if the defect of thine understanding affected thyself only, and was confined within the gates of thy own madness, the misfortune would be the smaller; but, thy frenzy is of such a peculiar nature as to turn the brains of all those with whom thou hast any commerce or communication; witness these gentlemen by whom thou art now accompanied. Return to your own house, Mr. Goose-cap, mind your family concerns, and look after your wife and children; and discard these vain maggots which have eaten and burrowed into your brain, and skimmed off the very cream of your understanding." "Heark ye, brother, said Don Antonio, go about your business; and do not pretend to offer your advice to those who want none of your counsel: signor Don Quixote de la Mancha is renowned for wisdom, and we who accompany him are not so mad as you may imagine. Virtue ought to be honoured wheresoever it is found: therefore, begone with a vengeance; and seek not to meddle in those affairs with which you have no concern." "'Fore God! your worship is in the right, replied the Castilian: advising that honest man is kicking against the pricks. Nevertheless, I am extremely sorry that the good sense which, they say, this madman displays in some things, should be unprofitably wasted through the canal of his knight-errantry: and may that vengeance, which your worship imprecated, overtake me and all my posterity, if, from this day forwards, I give advice to any person whatever, asked

aſked or unaſked, even tho' I ſhould live to the age of Methuſalem." So ſaying, this counſellor went away, and the proceſſion went on; but, the throng was ſo great, occaſioned by the boys and other idle people who preſſed in to read the ſcroll, that Don Antonio was fain to take it off, on pretence of freeing the knight from ſome other annoyance.

In the twilight, they returned to the houſe of Don Antonio, where they found a ball prepared by his lady, who was a woman of birth, beauty, good humour, and diſcretion; and had invited a number of her friends to come and honour her gueſt, and enjoy the ſtrange peculiarities of his madneſs: they, accordingly, came, and after ſupper, at which they were entertained in a very ſplendid manner, the ball began about ten o'clock. Among the company were two ladies who had a turn for ſatire accompanied with a great deal of humour; and who, tho' perſons of unblemiſhed honour, indulged themſelves with uncommon freedom of behaviour, in order to keep up the ſpirit of the diverſion, which would otherwiſe have flagged. This pair of female wags perſiſted with incredible eagerneſs, in dancing with Don Quixote, until not only his body, but even his very ſoul ſeemed fainting with fatigue; and nothing could be more ludicrous than the figure of the knight, ſo long, ſo lank, ſo lean, ſo yellow, capering about in a ſtrait ſhamoy doublet, with an air unſpeakably aukward, and legs that were never deſigned for ſuch exerciſe. The young ladies affected to court his good graces by ſtealth; and he privately treated their advances with diſdain, until, finding them become more and more preſſing, he pronounced aloud, "Fugite partes adverſæ! diſturb not my repoſe, ye unwelcome thoughts! avaunt, ladies, with your unruly deſires; for, ſhe who is queen of mine, the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, will not conſent that I ſhould ſurrender or be ſubject to any other than her own!"

So ſaying, he ſat down upon the floor in the middle of the hall, quite exhauſted and demoliſhed with the violent exerciſe he had undergone; ſo that Don Antonio gave orders for his being carried forthwith to bed; and the firſt perſon who touched him in obedience to this order, was his own ſquire Sancho Panza, who, as he endeavoured to raiſe him upon his legs, could not help reprehending him in theſe words: "What a plague tempted your worſhip to fall a capering? did you ſuppoſe every valiant man was as nimble as an harlequin, or that all knights-errant muſt needs be maſterly dancers? if that was your opinion, I ſay you were much deceived: for, there be men who would rather undertake to ſlay a giant than to cut a caper. Had it been the ſhoe-flapping hornpipe, I could have ſupplied your place; for, I ſlap like a jerfaulcon; but, as for your figured dances, I know not a ſtitch of the matter."

With

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With this addreſs Sancho raiſed a laugh from the aſſembly, and his maſter from the floor, and carrying the knight to bed, covered him up very warm that he might ſweat out the cold caught in dancing.

Next day, Don Antonio thought proper to try the experiment of the inchanted head, and for this purpoſe entered the apartment, accompanied by Don Quixote, Sancho, a couple of friends, with our hero's two waggiſh partners who had ſtayed all night with Antonio's lady. The door being juſt bolted, he explained the property of the buſt, after having laid injunctions on the company to keep the ſecret, and declared this was the day on which he intended to make the firſt trial of the virtue contained in the inchanted head *. Indeed, except his two friends, no other perſon knew the myſtery; and if they had not been previouſly informed by Don Antonio, they would certainly have ſhared in the ſame admiration which neceſſarily ſeized the reſt who were preſent at the execution of a ſcheme ſo artfully contrived.

The firſt who approached the ear of this inchanted head was Don Antonio himſelf, who ſaid in a low voice, but ſo as to be overheard by all preſent, "Tell me, O head, by thy inherent virtue, what are my preſent thoughts?" To this interrogation the head, without moving its lips, replied in a clear and diſtinct voice which was heard by the whole company, "I do not pretend to inveſtigate the thoughts." Thoſe who knew not the plot were confounded at hearing this anſwer, as they plainly perceived there was not a living ſoul under the table or in the whole apartment to utter this reply. Don Antonio addreſſing himſelf again to it, aſked how many perſons are here in company? and was anſwered in the ſame key." "You and your † wife, two friends of yours, and two of her companions, with a famous knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his Squire Sancho Panza by name." Here was freſh amazement! here was their hair ſtanding on end with affright: while Don Antonio ſtepping aſide from the table, ſaid, "This is enough to convince me that I have not been deceived by the perſon of whom I purchaſed thee, thou ſage, ſpeaking, oracular and admirable head! Let ſome other perſon go and queſtion it at will."

As women are uſually very curious and impatient, the next who approached was one of the two ladies; and her queſtion was this: "Tell me, O head, what I ſhall do to be extremely beautiful?" She received for anſwer, "Be extremely virtuous:" and replied, "I aſk no more."

* But in this very chapter, he has already told Don Quixote, that he knew the virtue of the head from experience.

† Antonio's wife muſt have been here before the others entered: for, ſhe is not in the liſt of thoſe who went in with her huſband.

Then

Then her companion advanced, ſaying, " I want to know, ſagacious head, whether or not I am fondly beloved by my huſband." And ſhe was anſwered ; " That you will learn by obſerving his behaviour." The married lady retired, obſerving that it required no magic to ſolve that queſtion, for, in effect, an huſband's behaviour to his wife will always declare the ſtate of his affection. The third perſon that approached the table was one of Don Antonio's friends, who aſked, " what am I ?" And when the voice anſwered, " Thou knoweſt beſt ;" he replied, " That is not the purport of my queſtion; I deſire thou wilt tell me if thou knoweſt my name." " Yes, ſaid the oracle : I know thou art Don Pedro Norroz." Then I am ſatisfied, anſwered Don Pedro ; for, that anſwer is ſufficient to convince me, O head, that thou knoweſt every thing. Then he withdrew, and was ſucceeded by the other gentleman, who advancing to the table, " Tell me, O head, ſaid he, the wiſh of my eldeſt ſon ?" " I have already owned that I cannot dive into the thoughts of men, ſaid the voice ; nevertheleſs I will tell thee that the wiſh of thy ſon is to bury his father." " That is indeed his wiſh, replied the cavalier ; I ſee it with my eye and touch it with my finger." As he did not chooſe to aſk another queſtion, Don Antonio's lady approached, ſaying ; " I know not how to interrogate thee, O head ; but, I ſhould be glad to know if I ſhall long enjoy my good huſband." " Yes, you will, replied the voice ; his healthy conſtitution and moderate way of life promiſe a long ſucceſſion of years and a good old age, of which many men deprive themſelves by their own intemperance."

Don Quixote now took his turn, and addreſſing himſelf to the buſt, " Tell me then, whatſoever thou art, ſaid he, is my account of what befell me in the cave of Monteſinos really fact, or only the illuſion of a dream ? will the flagellation of my ſquire Sancho be certainly accompliſhed ? and will the diſinchantment of Dulcinea take effect ?" " With reſpect to the cave, replied the oracle, much may be ſaid : the adventure partakes both of truth and of illuſion. The flagellation of Sancho will proceed ſlowly ; but Dulcinea will be diſinchanted in proceſs of time." " And that is all I deſire to know, cried the knight ; for, in the diſinchantment of Dulcinea, I ſhall reckon all my wiſhes at once happily fulfilled !"

The laſt interrogator was Sancho, who approaching the table, " Pray, good Mr. head, ſaid he, ſhall I peradventure obtain another government ? ſhall I ever riſe above the humble ſtation of a ſquire ? and laſtly, ſhall I ever ſee again my wife and children ?" To theſe queſtions he received theſe anſwers : " If it be thy fate to return to thy own houſe, thou wilt

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F. Hayman inv. et del. C. Grignion Sculp.

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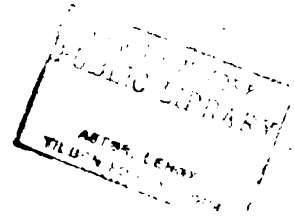

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wilt govern thy family and ſee thy wife and children; and in ceaſing to ſerve, thou wilt ceaſe to be a ſquire." "'Fore God! an excellent reſponſe! cried Sancho, that I could have foretold myſelf: and the prophet Perogrullo could have ſaid no more." "What anſwer would you have, you beaſt? ſaid Don Quixote; is it not ſufficient that the reſponſes delivered by the head correſpond with the queſtions you have aſked?" "It ſhall ſuffice, replied the ſquire; but, I wiſh it had explained itſelf a little more fully, and told me ſome more of my fortune."

Thus ended the queſtions and anſwers; but not the admiration of the whole company, except Antonio's two friends who had been let into the ſecret, which Cid Hamet Benengeli will now explain, that the world may not be kept longer in ſuſpenſe, or imagine that any negromantic Taliſman or extraordinary myſtery was contained in this wonderful buſt. He gives us therefore to underſtand, that Don Antonio Moreno, in imitation of ſuch another head which he had ſeen at Madrid, contrived by an engraver, ordered this to be made in his own houſe for his private amuſement, and with a view to ſurprize the vulgar; and in this manner was the whole fabricated. The table was of wood painted and varniſhed like jaſper, and the foot that ſupported it of the ſame materials carved into the reſemblance of eagles talons which kept it firm and ſteady in its poſition. The head formed from the medal of one of the roman emperors, and covered with a copper colour, was hollow, as well as the table in which it was ſo nicely fixed, that no eye could perceive the joining: the foot was likewiſe hollow, and anſwered to the neck and breaſt of the buſt; and the whole correſponded with another chamber below, by means of a concealed tin pipe which paſſed through the buſt, the table and the foot. In this lower apartment communicating with that of the inchanted head, did the perſon who uttered the reſponſes, fix his mouth to the pipe, ſo as that the voice aſcended and deſcended in diſtinct and articulate ſounds, and it was impoſſible for any perſon to diſcover the deception. The reſpondent was Antonio's nephew, a ſtudent of acute parts and a well cultivated underſtanding, who being previouſly informed by his uncle of the number and names of the perſons whom he intended to introduce into the chamber of the inchanted head, was enabled to anſwer the firſt queſtion with great facility and preciſion; and to the reſt he replied by conjectures which were equally ingenious and diſcreet.

Cid Hamet moreover relates, that for ten or twelve days the virtue of this wonderful machine continued in full force; but, a report diffuſing itſelf through the city, that Don Antonio had in his houſe an in-

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chanted head which could anſwer all manner of queſtions, he began to be afraid that theſe tidings might reach the ears of the vigilant centinels of our faith; for which reaſon he explained the whole affair to the fathers of the inquiſition, who forbad him to proceed with the deception, and gave orders that the head ſhould be broke in pieces, leſt it ſhould give umbrage to the ſuperſtitious vulgar; but, in the opinion of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, it paſſed for a head that was really inchanted and oracular; tho' it had given more ſatisfaction to the knight than to the ſquire.

The gentlemen of the city, in complaiſance to Don Antonio, and for the entertainment of Don Quixote, whom they wanted to furniſh with an opportunity of diſcovering his diverting follies, appointed a running at the ring to be performed in ſix days; but, this was prevented by an incident which will be explained in the ſequel. Mean while, the knight was deſirous of going out and viewing the city at leiſure and a-foot, fearing, that ſhould he appear on horſeback, he would again be perſecuted by the boys and vulgar. He, accordingly, went forth, attended by Sancho and two of Antonio's ſervants whom their maſter had choſen for that purpoſe; and, chancing to lift up his eyes in paſſing through one of the ſtreets, he ſaw, inſcribed over a gate in capital letters, THIS IS A PRINTING-HOUSE; a circumſtance which gave him uncommon ſatisfaction, as hitherto he had never ſeen a printing preſs, and longed much to know ſomething of that art: he, therefore, entered the houſe with all his train, and ſaw people caſting off in one part, correcting in another, compoſing in a third, reviſing in a fourth; and, in ſhort, the whole œconomy of a large printing-houſe. Going up to one box, he aſked what was doing; and, being informed by the workmen, expreſſed his admiration and proceeded to a ſecond. Among others, he went up to one, and putting the ſame queſtion, the workman replied, "Signor, that there gentleman, pointing to a grave perſon of a very prepoſſeſſing appearance, has tranſlated a book from the Tuſcan into the Caſtilian language, and I am now compoſing it for the preſs." "What is the name of the book?" ſaid Don Quixote. "Signor, anſwered the author, the book in the original is called Le Bagatelle." "And what is the ſignification of Le Bagatelle in our language?" reſumed the knight. "Le Bagatelle, replied the author, is, as if we ſhould ſay, in Caſtilian, Juquetes *: and, although the title of the book be ſo humble, it includes and contains a great deal of excellent and ſubſtantial writing." "I am not altogether ignorant of the Tuſcan language, ſaid Don Quixote: for, I value myſelf upon ſinging ſome ſtanzas of Arioſto;

* Trifles.

but,

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but, pray tell me, ſignor, and what I am going to aſk is not with any intention to ſound your genius, but meerly to ſatisfy my own curioſity, have you ever, in compoſing your books, met with the word Pignatta?' "Yes, frequently," replied the author. "And how do you tranſlate it into Caſtilian?" reſumed the knight. "How ſhould I tranſlate it, ſaid the other, but by the word Olla?" "Body o'me! cried Don Quixote, what progreſs you have made in the knowledge of the Tuſcan idiom! I will lay a good wager that you tranſlate Piace into Plaze, Più into Mas, Su into Arriba, and Giù into Abaxo." "Certainly, ſaid the author: becauſe theſe words of the two languages correſpond with one another." "Notwithſtanding all your learning, replied the knight, I could almoſt ſwear you are hitherto unknown to the world, which is ever averſe to remunerate flouriſhing genius, and works of merit. What talents are loſt, what abilities obſcured, and what virtues are undervalued in this degenerate age! yet, nevertheleſs, a tranſlation from one languge to another, excepting always thoſe ſovereign tongues the Greek and Latin, is, in my opinion, like the wrong ſide of Flemiſh tapeſtry, in which, tho' we diſtinguiſh the figures, they are confuſed and obſcured by ends and threads, without that ſmoothneſs and expreſſion which the other ſide exhibits: and to tranſlate from eaſy languages, argues neither genius nor elocution, nor any merit ſuperior to that of tranſcribing from one paper to another; but, from hence, I would not infer that tranſlation is not a laudable exerciſe; for, a man may employ his time in a much worſe and more unprofitable occupation. At any rate, my obſervation cannot affect our two famous tranſlators doctor Chriſtoval de Figueroa, in Paſtor Fido, and Don Juan de Xaurigui in Aminta, two pieces they have ſo happily executed, as to render it doubtful which is the original and which the tranſlation: but, pray, ſignor, is this book to be printed on your own account; or, have you ſold the copy to a bookſeller?" "I publiſh it on my own account, replied the author; and expect to gain a thouſand ducats, at leaſt, upon the firſt impreſſion, of which there will be two thouſand copies that will fetch ſix rials a piece, in the turning of a ſtraw." "That is a very clear and comfortable reckoning, anſwered Don Quixote: but, you ſeem to be very little acquainted with the outgoings and the incomings, the ſchemes, conſpiracies, and cabals of bookſellers: when you find your back burthened with two thouſand copies, I give you my word, both your mind and body will be terribly fatigued; eſpecially if the books ſhould be harſh or a little deficient in point of ſpirit." "What! ſaid the author, your worſhip thinks then, I ought to offer my performance to a bookſeller, who would give me three maravedis for the copy, and inſiſt upon it that

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he had done me a favour into the bargain? I do not publiſh with a view to acquire reputation in the world, where, thank heaven, I am already well known by my works; I print for profit, without which, reputation is not worth à doit." "God ſend you good luck, ſignor, anſwered the knight:" who advancing to another box, where he ſaw the corrector employed on the ſheet of a book, intituled, 'The Light of the Soul;' "Ay, ſaid he, theſe are the books that ought to be printed; for, although there is, already, a pretty large number of this kind in print, numerous are the ſinners for whoſe uſe they are intended, and for ſuch multitudes who are in darkneſs, an infinite number of lights is required." He proceeded in his inquiry, and when he aſked another corrector the name of a book, on which he ſaw him at work; he underſtood it was the ſecond part of the SAGE HIDALGO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, written by a certain perſon, a native of Tordeſillas." "I have heard of this performance, ſaid the knight; and really, in my conſcience, thought it was, long before this time, burned into aſhes, or pounded into duſt, for the impertinence it contains; but, as we ſay of hogs, 'Martinmas will come in due ſeaſon*.' Works of imagination are the more uſeful and entertaining, the nearer they approach to truth, and the more probability they contain; and, even hiſtory is valued according to its truth and authenticity."

So ſaying, he quitted the printing-houſe with ſome marks of diſpleaſure; and that ſame day, Don Antonio propoſed that he ſhould go on board, and ſee the gallies in the road; a propoſal which was extremely agreeable to Sancho, who had never ſeen the inſide of a galley, in the whole courſe of his life; and he ſent a meſſage to inform the commodore of his intention, to viſit him in the evening, with his gueſt the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, whoſe name and perſon were already well-known to this commander, and all the citizens of Barcelona. What paſſed during this viſit, will be related in the following chapter.

* About Martinmas, they killed the hogs deſigned for bacon.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XI.

Of the misfortune which befel Sancho Panza on board of the gallies, and the rare adventure of the beautiful Moor.

MANIFOLD and profound were the ſelf-deliberations of Don Quixote on the reſponſe of the inchanted head, without his being able to diſcover the deceit; and the reſult of all his reflections, was the promiſe of Dulcinea's being diſinchanted, on which he repoſed himſelf with the moſt implicit confidence. This was the goal of all his thoughts, and he rejoiced, in full aſſurance of ſeeing it ſuddenly accompliſhed; and, as for Sancho, although he abhorred the office of a governor, as we have already obſerved, he could not help wiſhing for another opportunity of iſſuing out orders and ſeeing them obeyed; a misfortune which never fails to attend the exertion of power, even though founded on mock authority.

In a word, that very evening, his landlord, Don Antonio Moreno, and his two friends, went on board of the gallies with Don Quixote and Sancho; and the commodore being appriſed of the viſit intended by two ſuch famous perſonages, no ſooner perceived them coming towards the ſea-ſide, than he ordered the awnings to be ſtruck, and the muſic to play: the barge was hoiſted out, covered with rich carpets, and furniſhed with velvet cuſhions, and the minute Don Quixote embarked, the cannon a-midſhips of the captain-galley was diſcharged, and the others followed her example. When the knight aſcended the accommodation ladder, on the ſtarboard ſide, the whole crew ſaluted him with three chears, a compliment uſually paid to perſons of the firſt quality; and the general, for, by this name we ſhall henceforth call him, who was a noble Valentian, preſented his hand, and embracing Don Quixote, "This day, ſaid he, will I mark with a white ſtone, as one of the happieſt I ſhall ever enjoy, on account of ſeeing the renowned ſignor Don Quixote de la Mancha, in whom the whole worth of knight-errantry is cyphered and concentred." No leſs courteous and polite was the reply of Don Quixote, who rejoiced above meaſure, at ſeeing himſelf treated with ſuch reſpect. The whole company having aſcended the poop, which was very gayly ornamented, and ſeated themſelves upon benches, the boatſwain repaired to the gangway, and making a ſignal with his whiſtle, for all the ſlaves to ſtrip, was obeyed in an inſtant, to the no ſmall diſcompoſure of Sancho, who was terrified at the ſight of ſo many naked backs; nor did his apprehenſion abate, when he ſaw the awning ſtretched with ſuch incredible

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credible diſpatch, that he thought all the devils in hell had aſſiſted in the operation. Yet this was nothing but cakes and gingerbread to what I am going to relate.

The ſquire ſat upon the ſtentril, cloſe by the aftermoſt rower on the ſtarboard-ſide; who, in conſequence of the previous inſtructions he had received, lifted up Sancho in his arms, and while the whole crew of ſlaves, ſtood up, alert with the proſpect of the joke, toſſed him like a tennis-ball to his fellow, who, in the ſame manner committed him to a third; and thus he was bandied forwards on the ſtarboard-ſide, from ſlave to ſlave, and bench to bench, with ſuch expedition, that poor Panza loſt his eye-ſight entirely, and firmly believed himſelf in the poſſeſſion of the fiends: nor did they deſiſt from this exerciſe, until he was reconveyed by the larboard-ſide, to the poop, where this miſerable object lay bruiſed, breathleſs and covered with a cold ſweat, and in ſuch perturbation of ſpirits that he ſcarce knew what he had undergone.

Don Quixote ſeeing Sancho flying in that manner without wings, aſked the general, if it was a ceremony practiſed upon every perſon at his firſt going on board; for, in that caſe, as he himſelf did not intend to make profeſſion of a ſea-faring life, he had no ambition to perform ſuch an exerciſe; and he vowed to God, if any man ſhould attempt to ſeize him, as a fit ſubject for flying, he would ſpurn his ſoul out of his body: in confirmation of which reſolve, he ſtarted up, and laying his hand upon his ſword, put himſelf in a poſture of defence.

At that inſtant, the awning was furled, and the main-yard lowered with ſuch a terrible noiſe, that Sancho imagined the heavens were torn from off their hinges, and tumbling down upon his head, which he forthwith ſhrunk between his legs in an agony of terror; nor was all ſerene in the breaſt of Don Quixote, who, while his legs trembled under him, ſhrugged up his ſhoulders and changed colour. The crew, having hoiſted the main-yard, with the ſame expedition and noiſe which were made in its deſcent; while they themſelves, continued as ſilent as if they had been altogether without breath or utterance; the boatſwain piped all hands to weigh anchor, and leaping into the middle of the gangway, began to ply their ſhoulders with his Subtle-Jack or bull's-pizzle, and the galley, by little and little, ſtood out to ſea.

Sancho beholding ſuch a huge body, moved by ſo many painted feet, for ſuch he took the oars to be, ſaid, within himſelf, "This, indeed, is really inchantment; though, what my maſter takes for it, is no ſuch matter? what have theſe miſerable wretches done to be ſcourged in this manner? and, I wonder, how the devil, that ſingle man, who ſkips up and

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and down, piping and whiſtling, dares whip and flog ſo many people! now, on my conſcience, I believe, this is hell itſelf, or purgatory at leaſt!"

Don Quixote perceiving, with what attention the ſquire obſerved every circumſtance, "Friend Sancho, ſaid he, with what facility and diſpatch might you now, if you pleaſe, ſtrip yourſelf from the middle upwards, and taking your place among theſe gentlemen, finiſh, at once, the diſinchantment of Dulcinea; for amidſt the diſtreſs of ſo much good company, you would hardly be ſenſible of bodily pain: and who knows, but the ſage Merlin would reckon each of theſe ſtripes, which are beſtowed with good-will, equivalent to ten of thoſe, which, at the long run, you muſt receive from your own hand." The general had juſt opened his mouth to inquire about the nature of this flagellation and Dulcinea's diſinchantment, when a mariner came and told him, that the fort of Munjuy had made ſignal of a rowing-bark upon the coaſt, to the weſtward. He no ſooner received this intelligence, than advancing into the gangway, "Pull away, my lads, cried he, let not this Corſair brigantine eſcape; for, certainly ſhe muſt be a veſſel belonging to Algiers, which the caſtle has diſcovered."

The other three gallies ranging along-ſide of the admiral to receive orders, the general directed that two of them ſhould ſtand out to ſea, and the other keep along ſhore, ſo as that the Algerine could not eſcape. The ſlaves, immediately, began to ply their oars, which impelled the gallies with ſuch velocity, that they ſeemed to fly; while the two that put to ſea, at the diſtance of two miles, diſcovered a bark, which from the view, they judged to have fourteen or fifteen banks, and their conjecture was right. This veſſel no ſooner deſcried the galleys, than ſhe made the beſt of her way, in hope of being able to eſcape by her nimbleneſs; but ſhe was baffled in this expectation; for, the admiral being one of the ſwifteſt gallies that ever ſailed, came up with her apace, and the captain of the brigantine perceiving plainly that he could not eſcape, deſired the rowers to quit their oars and ſtrike, that he might not, by his obſtinacy, incenſe the officer who commanded the gallies: but fate, which conducted their affairs in another manner, ordained, that even after the admiral was within hearing, and ordered them to ſtrike, two Toraquis, that is, a couple of drunken Turks, diſcharged two firelocks, which killed as many ſoldiers who chanced to be in the head of the galley: an incident, which was no ſooner perceived by the general, than he ſwore he would not leave one perſon alive in the brigantine, which he ordered his people to board with all expedition; nevertheleſs, ſhe, for the

the preſent, eſcaped under the oars, and the galley had ſuch way, that ſhe ſhot a-head to a good diſtance, ſo that the people on board the chace, ſeeing themſelves in danger of being deſtroyed, hoiſted their ſails and put before the wind, while the galley tacked and purſued with all her force of canvas and oars. The diligence and dexterity of the Algerines did not turn out ſo much to their advantage, as their preſumption conduced to their prejudice; for, the admiral running along ſide, grappled with the brigantine, and took their whole crew priſoners. The other two galleys came up, and all four returned with the prize to the road, while a great concourſe of people ſtood on the beach to ſee the contents of the ſhip they had taken. The general anchored cloſe by the ſhore, and underſtanding the viceroy of the city was among the ſpectators, he ordered the barge to be hoiſted out to fetch him on board, and commanded the yard to be lowered for the convenience of hanging the maſter of of the brigantine, and the other Turks he had taken, to the number of thirty-ſix, all ſtout young fellows, and moſtly Turkiſh muſqueteers. When he aſked, who commanded the brigantine, one of the priſoners, who was afterwards known to be a Spaniſh renegado, anſwered in Caſtilian; "That there young man is our maſter:" pointing to one of the moſt beautiful and genteel youths that human imagination can conceive, whoſe age to all appearance was under twenty." "Ill-adviſed dog, ſaid the general, what induced thee to kill my ſoldiers, when thou ſaweſt it was impoſſible to eſcape? Is that the reſpect which is due to admiral-galleys? Doſt thou not know, that raſhneſs is not valour, and that doubtful hopes ought to make men reſolute, but not deſperate?"

The Moor was about to reply, but, the general could not at that time hear his anſwer; becauſe, he was obliged to go and receive the viceroy, who had juſt entered the galley, with ſome of his own ſervants, and a few other perſons. "General, ſaid this nobleman, you have had a fine chace." "Ay, ſo fine, replied the other, that your Excellency ſhall ſee it preſently hoiſted up at the yards-arm." "For what reaſon? ſaid the viceroy." "I mean, the maſter of the brigantine and his crew, anſwered the commodore, who have, againſt all law, reaſon, and cuſtom of war, killed two of the beſt ſoldiers that ever ſerved on board; ſo, that I have ſworn, to hang all the priſoners, eſpecially this youth who was their captain." pointing to the handſome Moor, who, by this time, waited for execution, with his hands tied, and a rope about his neck.

The viceroy, ſurveying this unhappy priſoner, whoſe beauty, genteel mein and humility, ſerved him inſtead of a recommendation, was ſeized with the deſire of ſaving his life, and approaching him; "Tell me, corſair,

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corſair, ſaid he, art thou a Turk, Moor, or Renegado? To this queſtion the youth anſwered, in the Caſtilian tongue, "I am neither Turk, Moor, nor Renegado." "Then what art thou?" reſumed the viceroy. "A chriſtian woman," replied the captive. "A chriſtian woman, cried the viceroy, in ſuch dreſs and ſituation! this is a circumſtance more worthy of admiration than of credit." "Gentlemen, ſaid the youth, be ſo good as to ſuſpend my execution, until I ſhall have recounted the particulars of my ſtory; and that ſmall delay will not much retard the accompliſhment of your revenge." What heart could be ſo obdurate as not to relent at this addreſs; ſo far, at leaſt, as to hear the ſtory of the afflicted youth? The general, accordingly, told him he might proceed with his relation, but, by no means, expect pardon for the crime of which he was convicted. With this permiſſion, he began in theſe terms.

"I was born of that nation, more unfortunate than wiſe, which hath been lately overwhelmed by a ſea of trouble: in other words, my parents were Moors, and in the torrent of their misfortune, I was carried by two uncles into Barbary, notwithſtanding my profeſſing myſelf a chriſtian; not one of thoſe impoſtors, who are ſo only in appearance, but a true and faithful Roman catholic. This declaration did not avail me with thoſe who had the charge of our miſerable expulſion; nor was it believed by my uncles, who, on the contrary, ſuppoſing it no more than a lie, and expedient, by which I thought to obtain permiſſion to remain in my native country, hurried me along with them in a forcible manner. My mother was a chriſtian, and my father a prudent man, of the ſame religion: I ſucked in the catholic faith when an infant at the breaſt, and was trained up in the ways of virtue; nor do I think, I have ever given the leaſt marks of mahometaniſm, either in word or deed. In equal pace with my virtue, (for, I really think my life was virtuous) my beauty, ſuch as it is, hath ever walked; and notwithſtanding the extraordinary reſerve in which I lived, concealed from public view, it was my fate to be ſeen by a young cavalier, called Don Gaſpar Gregorio, eldeſt ſon of a gentleman who had an eſtate in our neighbourhood. How he became deſperately enamoured of me, and how I grew fond of him to diſtraction, it would be tedious to relate, conſidering my preſent ſituation, ſtanding as I am, with the fatal cord between my tongue and throat: I ſhall, therefore, only obſerve, that Don Gregorio reſolved to accompany me in my exile, and actually mingled with thoſe Moors who joined us in different places, without being diſcovered; for, he ſpoke the language perfectly well. Nay, in the courſe of our voyage, he inſinuated himſelf into the friendſhip of my two uncles, with whom I travelled; for, my

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father, who was a man of prudence and foreſight, no ſooner heard the firſt mandate for our expulſion, than he went abroad to foreign kingdoms in queſt of an aſylum for his family, leaving a large quantity of pearls, valuable jewels, with ſome money in cruzados and doubloons of gold, concealed and interred in a certain place, to which I alone was privy; and laying ſtrong injunctions upon me to avoid touching this treaſure, in caſe we ſhould be exiled before his return. I obeyed his commands in this particular, and, as I have already obſerved, ſet ſail with my uncles, relations and friends, for Barbary; and the place in which we ſettled was Algiers, whereas we might as well have taken up our habitation in hell itſelf. The king hearing of my beauty, and the report of my wealth, which was partly fortunate for my deſigns, ordered me to be brought before him, and aſked from what part of Spain I had come, and what money and jewels I had brought to Barbary. I told him the place of my nativity, and gave him to underſtand that the money and jewels were buried under ground; but, that I ſhould eaſily recover the whole hoard, provided I could return alone for that purpoſe. This information I gave, that he might be more blinded by his own avarice than by my beauty: but, during the converſation a perſon told him that I was accompanied, in my voyage, by one of the moſt beautiful and genteel youths that ever was ſeen. I immediately underſtood, that this was no other than Don Gaſpar Gregorio, whoſe beauty far exceeds the faireſt that ever was extolled; and was exceedingly afflicted at the proſpect of danger to which the dear youth might be expoſed; for, among thoſe barbarous Turks, a boy or handſome youth is more prized and eſteemed than any woman, let her be never ſo beautiful.

The king forthwith ordered his people to bring Don Gregorio into his preſence, and in the mean time aſked me if his perſon actually correſponded with this report: then I, as if inſpired by heaven, anſwered in the affirmative, tho' at the ſame time I aſſured him, it was no youth, but a woman like myſelf; and begged leave to go and dreſs her in her natural attire, which would ſhew her beauty to the beſt advantage, and enable her to appear in his preſence with leſs confuſion. He ſaid I might go, in good time, and that ſome other day he would concert meaſures for my return into Spain to bring off the hidden treaſure. Thus diſmiſſed, I went and explained to Don Gaſpar the riſque he would run in appearing as a man, and dreſſing him in the habit of a Mooriſh woman, accompanied him that ſame evening to the preſence of the king, who was ſeized with admiration at ſight of her beauty, and reſolved to keep her for a preſent to the Grand Signor. In order to avoid the danger to which this young creature might be expoſed in his

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ſeraglio, from his own inordinate deſires, he ordered her to be lodged quartered and attended in the houſe of ſome Mooriſh ladies, whither ſhe was immediately conveyed; and what we both felt at parting, for I cannot deny that I love him tenderly, I leave to the conſideration of lovers who have experienced ſuch a cruel ſeparation.

The king afterwards contrived a ſcheme for my returning to Spain in this brigantine, accompanied by two native Turks, the very perſons who killed your ſoldiers, and that Spaniſh renegado, pointing to him who ſpoke firſt, who I know is a chriſtian in his heart, and was much more deſirous of remaining in Spain than of returning to Barbary; the reſt of the crew are Moors and Turks, whom we engaged as rowers. The two inſolent and rapacious Turks, without minding the order they received, to land the renegado and me in the habit of chriſtians, with which we were provided, on the firſt part of Spain they ſhould make, reſolved previouſly to ſcour the coaſt, with a view to take prizes, fearing that ſhould they ſet us on ſhore before-hand, we might meet with ſome accident which would oblige us to diſcover that there was a corſair on the coaſt, and they of conſequence run the riſque of being taken by the galleys. At night we deſcried this road, tho' we did not perceive the four galleys, and being diſcovered, were taken as you ſee. In a word, Don Gregorio remains in the habit of a woman among the Mooriſh ladies, at the imminent hazard of his life, and here I ſtand fettered and manacled, in expectation, or rather in fear, of loſing that exiſtence of which I am already tired. This, ſignor, is the end of my lamentable ſtory, which is equally true and unfortunate; and all I beg of you is, that I may die like a chriſtian, ſeeing, as I have already obſerved, I have in no ſhape been guilty of the fault which hath been charged upon our unhappy nation!"

So ſaying, ſhe ſtood ſilent, her lovely eyes impregnated with tears, which not one of the ſpectators could behold unmoved; and the viceroy, whoſe diſpoſition was humane and compaſſionate, unable to ſpeak, advanced to the place, and with his own hands releaſed thoſe of the beautiful Moor.

While this chriſtian Moor related her peregrinations, an antient pilgrim who had followed the viceroy into the galley, kept his eyes cloſe fixed upon her countenance, and her ſtory was no ſooner finiſhed than he threw himſelf at her feet, which he bathed with his tears, while in accents interrupted with a thouſand ſighs and groans, he exclaimed, "O, Anna Felix! my unhappy daughter! I am thy father Ricote, who have returned in ſearch of thee to Spain, becauſe I could not live without thee, who art dear to my affection even as my own ſoul."

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At theſe words, Sancho opened his eyes, and raiſed his head, which he had hitherto hung in manifeſt deſpondence, reflecting upon the diſgrace of his flying adventure; and, looking at the pilgrim, recognized that ſame Ricote whom he had encountered the very day on which he quitted his government; and he likewiſe recollected the features of his daughter, who being by this time unbound, mingled her tears with thoſe of her father, whom ſhe tenderly embraced; and then the old man addreſſing himſelf to the viceroy and general, "My lords, ſaid he, this is my daughter, not ſo happy in the incidents of her life as in her name, which is Anna Felix, with the addition of Ricote, as famous for her beauty as I her father for my wealth. I left my country in queſt of a place where we ſhould be received and hoſpitably entertained; and having found ſuch an aſylum in Germany, I returned as a pilgrim, in the company of ſome people of that nation, hoping to find my daughter, and fetch away the wealth which I had buried in the earth: my daughter was gone, but I recovered my hoard, which is in my poſſeſſion; and now, by this ſtrange viciſſitude, I have retrieved that treaſure which is the chief object of my affection, I mean my beloved daughter. If our innocence and mutual tears can have influence enough upon your integrity and juſtice, to open the gates of mercy, O let it prevail in favour of us who never offended you even in thought, nor in any ſhape correſponded with the deſigns of our people, who have been juſtly expelled." Here Sancho interpoſing, "I am very well acquainted with Ricote, ſaid he, and know all he has ſaid about his daughter Anna Felix to be true; but, with reſpect to that other traſh of his comings and goings, and his good or evil deſigns, I neither meddle nor make." Every perſon preſent expreſſed admiration at this ſtrange incident; and the general turning to the daughter, "Every tear you let fall, ſaid he, conſpires in preventing the performance of my oath. Live, beauteous Anna Felix, the term of your life, preſcribed by heaven; and let thoſe inſolent and preſumptuous wretches ſuffer puniſhment for the crime they have committed."

So ſaying, he ordered the two Turks, who had killed his ſoldiers, to be hanged at the yard's arm; but, the viceroy earneſtly entreating him to ſpare their lives, as their crime was rather the effect of madneſs than of preconceived deſign. The general granted his requeſt, eſpecially as he did not think it commendable to execute revenge in cold blood.

Then they began to contrive ſome method for extricating Don Gaſpar Gregorio from the danger in which he was involved; and Ricote offered to the value of above two thouſand ducats, which he had about him in pearls and jewels, to any perſon who could effect his deliverance. Many ſchemes

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ſchemes were projected; but none of them ſeemed ſo ſenſible as that which was preſented by the fore-mentioned Spaniſh renegado, who offered to return to Algiers in ſome ſmall bark of about ſix banks, manned with chriſtians, as he knew where, how and when he might land with ſafety, and was well acquainted with the houſe in which Don Gaſpar remained. The general and viceroy were dubious of the renegado, and ſcrupled to truſt him with the command of chriſtian rowers: but Anna Felix was ſatisfied of his integrity, and her father ſaid he would engage to ranſom them, ſhould they chance to be taken and enſlaved.

Matters being ſettled on this footing, the viceroy went aſhore, after having laid ſtrong injunctions on Don Antonio Moreno, who had invited the Mooriſh beauty and her father to his houſe, to make much of his gueſts, and command whatever his own palace could afford for their entertainment. Such was the charity and benevolence which Anna's beauty had infuſed into his heart.

CHAP. XII.

Giving the detail of an adventure which gave Don Quixote more mortification than he had received from all the misfortunes which had hitherto befallen him.

DON Antonio's lady, as the hiſtory relates, was extremely pleaſed at ſight of Anna Felix, whom ſhe received with great cordiality, equally enamoured of her beauty and diſcretion, for, indeed, the Moor excelled in both; and here ſhe was viſited by all the people of faſhion, in town and country. As for Don Quixote, he gave Antonio to underſtand, that, in his opinion, the plan they had formed for the deliverance of Don Gregorio was more dangerous than expedient, and that it would be much more effectual to ſet him on ſhore in Barbary, with his arms and horſe; in which caſe, he would releaſe the young gentleman, in deſpite of the whole Mooriſh race, as heretofore Don Gayferos had releaſed his wife Meliſendra." Sancho hearing this propoſal, "Conſider, ſaid he, that ſignor Don Gayferos delivered his wife from captivity, on the main land, and carried her off to France through the high road; but, in this caſe, even granting we ſhould have the good luck to releaſe Don Gregorio from his confinement, we ſhall not be able to convey him hither to Spain, becauſe the ſea is between us and Barbary." "There's a remedy for all things but death, replied the knight: for, if there is a bark by

by the ſhore, we can go aboard, in oppoſition to the whole univerſe." "Your worſhip deſcribes it a very eaſy matter, ſaid the ſquire: but, between Said and Done, a long race may be run: and, for my part, I would ſtick to the offer of the renegado, who ſeems to be a very honeſt perſon, and a man of compaſſionate bowels." Don Antonio ſaid, that if the renegado ſhould fail in his undertaking, they would certainly find ſome means for tranſporting the great Don Quixote to Barbary: and, in two days, the renegado departed in a light bark with ſix oars on a ſide, manned with a crew of approved valour. In two days after her departure, the galleys, likewiſe, ſet ſail for the Levant, after the general had begged and obtained the viceroy's promiſe to let him know the ſucceſs of the ſcheme they had contrived for the deliverance of Don Gregorio, together with the fate of the lovely Anna Felix.

One morning, Don Quixote rode forth upon the ſtrand, completely armed; for, as he often obſerved, arms were his ornaments, and fighting his diverſion, and he never cared to appear in any other dreſs; and, as he pranced along, he ſaw coming towards him, a knight, likewiſe, armed cap-a-pee, having a full moon painted on his ſhield. This apparition was no ſooner within hearing, than he addreſſed his diſcourſe to Don Quixote, pronouncing aloud, "Renowned cavalier, never enough applauded Don Quixote de la Mancha, I the knight of the white moon, whoſe unheard-of exploits may, peradventure, recal him to your remembrance, am come with hoſtile intent to prove the force of thine arm; to convince and compel thee to own that my miſtreſs, whoſoever ſhe is, exceeds in beauty thy Dulcinea del Toboſo, beyond all compariſon: which truth, if thou wilt fairly and fully confeſs, thou wilt avoid thy own death, and ſpare me the trouble of being thy executioner; but, ſhouldſt thou preſume to engage with me in ſingle combat, and be overcome, all the ſatisfaction I demand is, that thou wilt lay aſide thine arms, deſiſt from travelling in queſt of adventures, and, quitting the field, retire to thine own habitation, where thou ſhalt continue a whole year, without drawing a ſword, in comfortable peace and profitable tranquillity, which may tend to the augmentation of thy fortune, and the ſalvation of thy precious ſoul. On the other hand, if it be my fate to be vanquiſhed, my life ſhall exiſt at thy diſcretion; thine ſhall be the ſpoils of my arms and horſe, and to thee ſhall be transferred all the fame of my atchievements: conſider which of theſe alternatives thou wilt chooſe, and anſwer me on the ſpot; for, on this very day, the affair muſt be diſpatched and determined."

Don

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Don Quixote was aſtoniſhed and confounded, as well at the arrogance of the knight of the white moon, as at the cauſe of his defiance; and, after a ſhort pauſe of recollection, replied with a ſolemn tone, and countenance ſevere, "Sir knight of the white moon, whoſe exploits have not, as yet, reached mine ear, I dare ſwear you have never ſeen the illuſtrious Dulcinea; for, had you enjoyed that happineſs, I know you would not have dreamed of making ſuch a raſh demand: one glimpſe of her would have undeceived you perfectly, and plainly demonſtrated, that there never was, or will be, beauty comparable to that which ſhe poſſeſſes. I, therefore, without giving you the lie, but only affirming that you are egregiouſly miſtaken, accept of your defiance on the conditions you have propoſed, and will fight you forthwith before the day you have pitched upon ſhall be elapſed; with this exception, however, that I will, by no means, adopt the fame of your exploits; becauſe, I know not how, where, or wherefore they were atchieved, and am content with my own ſuch as they are: chooſe your ground, therefore, and I will take my ſhare of the field; and, Let St. Peter bleſs what God ſhall beſtow."

The knight of the white moon being diſcovered from the city, and ſeen talking with Don Quixote, notice was given to the viceroy, who, ſuppoſing it was ſome new adventure contrived by Don Antonio Moreno, or ſome other gentleman of the town, went down to the ſtrand, accompanied by the ſaid Don Antonio and a number of other cavaliers, and reached the ſpot juſt as Don Quixote wheeled about on Rozinante to meaſure his diſtance. Seeing both parties ready for returning to the encounter, he placed himſelf in the middle between them, and demanded the cauſe that induced them ſo ſuddenly to engage in ſingle combat. The knight of the white moon anſwered, that it was the precedency of beauty, and briefly repeated his propoſal to Don Quixote, with the mutual acceptation of the conditions propoſed. Then the viceroy, taking Don Antonio aſide, aſked if he knew this knight of the white moon, and if this was a joke which he intended to perpetrate upon Don Quixote. Don Antonio aſſured him that he knew not the ſtranger, nor could gueſs whether the challenge was given in jeſt or earneſt. He was a little perplexed, and dubious whether or not he ſhould allow the battle to be fought; but, as he could not conceive it to be any thing elſe than a preconcerted joke, he retired, ſaying, "Valiant knights, ſeeing there is no other remedy, but you muſt confeſs or die; and ſignor Don Quixote perſits in denying what you of the white moon preſume to affirm, I leave you to your fate, and God ſtand by the righteous."

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The ſtranger, in very polite terms, and well ſelected phraſe, thanked the viceroy for the permiſſion he had granted, and his example was, in this particular, followed by Don Quixote, who, having recommended himſelf heartily to heaven and his Dulcinea, according to his uſual practice when he engaged in any combat, turned about to take a little more ground, in imitation of his antagoniſt; then, without receiving a ſignal for engaging, either by ſound of trumpet, or any other inſtrument, both parties wheeled about at the ſame inſtant. The knight of the white moon having the fleeter horſe, coming up with his adverſary, before this laſt had run one third of his career, lifted up his lance, purpoſely, that he might not wound Don Quixote, whom, however, he encountered with ſuch an irreſiſtible ſhock, that both he and Rozinante came to the ground with a very dangerous fall: the victor inſtantly ſprung upon him, and, clapping his lance to his vizor, "Knight, ſaid he, you are vanquiſhed and a dead man, unleſs you acknowledge the terms of the defiance." To this addreſs the battered and aſtoniſhed Don Quixote, without lifting up his beaver, replied in a languid tone, and feeble voice, that ſeemed to iſſue from a tomb, "Dulcinea del Toboſo is the moſt beautiful woman in the world, and I the moſt unfortunate knight on earth; and, as it is not reaſonable that my weakneſs ſhould diſcredit this truth, make uſe of your weapon, knight, and inſtantly deprive me of life, as you have already diveſted me of honour." "By no means, ſaid he of the white moon: let the fame of my lady Dulcinea's beauty flouriſh in full perfection; all the ſatisfaction I aſk is, that the great Don Quixote ſhall retire to his own houſe, and there abide for the ſpace of one year, or during the term which I ſhall preſcribe, according to the articles agreed upon before we engaged." This whole dialogue was overheard by the viceroy, Don Antonio, and a number of other people who were preſent, and they were alſo ear-witneſſes of the anſwer made by Don Quixote, who ſaid, that as the victor had demanded nothing to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would comply with his propoſal like a true and punctual knight.

He of the white moon hearing this declaration, turned his horſe, and, bowing courteouſly to the viceroy, entered the city at an half gallop, whither he was followed by Don Antonio, at the deſire of the viceroy, who entreated him to make inquiry, and obtain ſatisfactory information concerning this romantic ſtranger. In the mean time, they raiſed up Don Quixote, and, uncovering his face, found him pale as death, and his forehead bedewed with a cold ſweat, while Rozinante lay motionleſs from the rough treatment he had received. As for Sancho, he was ſo overwhelmed with ſorrow and vexation, that he knew not what to ſay or do; this unlucky

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lucky incident ſeemed to be a dream, and he looked upon the whole ſcene as a matter of inchantment. Seeing his lord and maſter overcome, and obliged to lay aſide his arms for the ſpace of a whole year, he imagined the ſplendour of his exploits was eclipſed, and all thoſe fair hopes, produced from his late promiſe, diſperſed in air, as ſmoak is diſſipated by the wind: in a word, he was afraid that Rozinante was maimed for ever, and his maſter's bones diſlocated, and even thought it would be a great mercy if he was not in a worſe condition.

Finally, the viceroy ordered his people to bring a ſedan, in which the knight was carried to the city, accompanied by that nobleman, who longed very much to know who this knight of the white moon was, by whom Don Quixote had been left in ſuch a cruel dilemma.

CHAP. XIII.

Which diſcovers who the knight of the white moon was, and gives an account of the deliverance of Don Gregorio, with other incidents.

DON Antonio Moreno followed the knight of the white moon, who was alſo accompanied, and even perſecuted by a number of boys, until they had houſed him in one of the city inns; which was, at the ſame time, entered by Don Antonio, who burned with impatience to know what he was, and, without ceremony, intruded himſelf into the apartment to which the ſtranger retired, with his ſquire, to be unarmed. He of the white moon, perceiving how much the gentleman's curioſity was inflamed, and that he was reſolved to ſtick cloſe by him until it ſhould be ſatisfied, "Signor, ſaid he, I am not ignorant that you are come hither on purpoſe to know who I am; and, as there is no reaſon why I ſhould refuſe you that ſatisfaction, I will, while my ſervant is employed in taking off my armour, explain the whole myſtery, without the leaſt reſerve. You muſt know, then, ſignor, that I am called the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, a townſman of Don Quixote de la Mancha, whoſe madneſs and extravagance have given great concern to all his acquaintance, and to me in particular. Believing that his recovery would depend upon his living quietly at his own habitation, I projected a ſcheme for compelling him to ſtay at home, and, about three months ago, ſallied forth upon the highway, as a knight-errant, aſſuming the appellation of the knight of the mirrours, and fully reſolved to engage and vanquiſh Don Quixote, without hurting

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him dangerouſly, after I ſhould have eſtabliſhed, as the condition of our combat, that the vanquiſhed ſhould be at the diſcretion of the victor: and, as I deemed him already conquered, my intention was to demand that he ſhould return to his own houſe, from which he ſhould not ſtir for the ſpace of one year, in which time I hoped his cure might be effected. But, fate ordained things in another manner: I was conquered and overthrown, and my deſign entirely fruſtrated; he proceeded in queſt of new adventures, and I returned vanquiſhed, aſhamed, and ſorely bruiſed by the dangerous fall I had ſuſtained in battle: nevertheleſs, I did not lay aſide the deſign of returning in queſt of him to overthrow him in my turn, and you have, this day, ſeen my intention ſucceed; for, he is ſo punctual in obſerving the ordinances of chivalry, that he will, doubtleſs, perform his promiſe in complying with my demand. This, ſignor, is an account of the whole affair; nor have I omitted one circumſtance; and I beg you will not diſcover and diſcloſe to Don Quixote who I am, that my chriſtian intention may take effect, and the poor gentleman retrieve his judgment, which would be altogether excellent, were he once abandoned by thoſe mad notions of chivalry." "God forgive you, ſignor, cried Don Antonio, for the injury you have done the world, in ſeeking to reſtore to his ſenſes the moſt agreeable madman that ever lived! do not you perceive, ſignor, that the benefit reſulting from the cure of Don Quixote will never counterbalance the pleaſure produced by his extravagancies? But, I imagine, all the care and induſtry of ſignor batchelor will hardly be ſufficient to effect the recovery of a man who is ſo thoroughly mad; and, if it was no breach of charity, I would ſay, May Don Quixote never be cured; for, in his recovery, we not only loſe his own diverting flights, but alſo thoſe of his ſquire Sancho Panza; and the conceits of either are ſuch as might convert melancholy herſelf into merriment and laughter: nevertheleſs, I ſhall put a ſeal upon my lips and ſay nothing, that I may ſee whether or not I ſhall judge aright, in ſuppoſing that the diligence of ſignor Carraſco will not anſwer his expectation." The batchelor anſwered, that all things conſidered, the buſineſs was already in a fair way, and, he did not doubt, would be bleſſed with a proſperous iſſue; and Don Antonio having made a tender of his ſervices and taken his leave, Sampſon ordered his arms to be faſtened upon a mule, then mounting the horſe on which he engaged Don Quixote, he quitted the city that ſame day, on his return to his own country, in which he arrived without having met with any incident worthy of being recorded in this authentic hiſtory. Don Antonio made the viceroy acquainted with all the particulars he had learned from

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from Carraſco, which afforded no great pleaſure to that nobleman, as the retirement of Don Quixote would deſtroy all that entertainment enjoyed by thoſe who had the opportunity of obſerving his madneſs.

Six whole days did Don Quixote lie a-bed, penſive, melancholy, mauled, and meagre, revolving in his imagination, and meditating inceſſantly on the unfortunate incident of his overthrow; notwithſtanding the conſolations of Sancho, who, among other arguments of comfort, exhorted his worſhip to hold up his head, and diſpel his ſorrow, if poſſible." "Your worſhip, ſaid he, has reaſon to thank God, that, tho' you are overthrown, your ribs are ſtill whole: you know that, in thoſe matters, we muſt take as well as give; and where there are hooks we do not always find bacon —A fig for the phyſician, ſeeing we do not want his help in the cure of this diſtemper: let us return to our habitation, and leave off travelling about in queſt of adventures, through lands and countries unknown: nay, if we rightly conſider the caſe, I am the greateſt loſer, tho' your worſhip is the moſt roughly handled; for, tho' when I quitted the government, I, likewiſe, quitted all thought of governing, I did not give up the deſire of being a count, which will never be fulfilled if your worſhip ſhould renounce your deſign of being a king, and quit the exerciſe of chivalry; in that caſe all my hopes muſt vaniſh into ſmoke." "Peace, Sancho, ſaid the diſconſolate knight; the term of my penance and retirement will not exceed a year, at the end of which I will return to the honourable duties of my profeſſion, and then we ſhall find kingdoms to conquer and countſhips to beſtow." "The Lord give ear, and my ſin never hear! cried Sancho: and I have always heard it ſaid, that righteous hope is better than unjuſt poſſeſſion."

Their converſation was interrupted by Don Antonio, who, entering the apartment with marks of infinite ſatisfaction, exclaimed, "Money for my good news, ſignor Don Quixote: Don Gregorio, and the renegado who undertook his deliverance, are now in the road—in the road! they are, by this time, in the viceroy's palace, and will be here in an inſtant." The knight was a little revived by theſe tidings, and replied, "In truth, I was going to ſay, I ſhould have been glad to hear that the ſcheme had not ſucceeded, ſo that I ſhould have been obliged to croſs over into Barbary, where I would, by the ſtrength of my arm, have given liberty not only to Don Gregorio, but alſo to all the chriſtian captives in Algiers—but, what am I ſaying, miſerable caitif? am not I vanquiſhed? am not I overthrown? am not I excluded from the exerciſe of arms for the ſpace of a whole year? wherefore then promiſe what I cannot perform? wherefore praiſe my own valour, when I am fitter for handling a diſtaff than for wielding

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a ſword ?" " No more of that, good ſignor, replied the ſquire : Let the hen live tho' ſhe has the pip : To-day for thee, and to-morrow for me : as to thoſe matters of encounters and dry baſtings, they are not be minded ; for, he that falls to-day may riſe to-morrow, if he does not chooſe to lie a-bed ; I mean, if he does not chooſe to deſpair, without endeavouring to recover freſh ſpirits for freſh adventures. Get up, therefore, I beſeech your worſhip, and receive Don Gregorio ; for, the people are in ſuch an uproar, that, by this time, he muſt be in the houſe."

This was really the caſe : Don Gregorio and the renegado having given the viceroy an account of the voyage and ſucceſs of the undertaking, the young gentleman, impatient to ſee his dear Anna Felix, was come with his deliverer to the houſe of Don Antonio ; and, although Don Gregorio was in woman's apparel when they delivered him from Algiers, he had exchanged it in the veſſel with another captive by whom he was accompanied ; but, in any dreſs whatſoever, his appearance was ſuch as commanded friendſhip, ſervice, and eſteem ; for, he was exceedingly beautiful, and ſeemingly not above ſeventeen or eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter went forth to receive him, the father with tears of joy, and Anna with the moſt modeſt deportment : nor did this fair couple embrace one another ; for, where genuine love prevails, ſuch freedom of behaviour is ſeldom indulged. The beauty of Don Gregorio and his miſtreſs excited the admiration of all the ſpectators ; while ſilence ſpoke for the lovers themſelves, and their eyes, performing the office of the tongue, diſcloſed the joy of their virtuous thoughts. The renegado recounted the ſtratagem and means he had uſed for the deliverance of the youth, who, likewiſe, entertained the company with a detail of the dangers and diſtreſſes to which he was expoſed among the women with whom he had been left ; and this taſk he performed, not with diffuſed prolixity, but in elegant and conciſe terms, which plainly proved that his diſcretion far exceeded his years. Finally, Ricote liberally rewarded the rowers, and the renegado, who reunited and reincorporated himſelf with the church, and, from a rotten member, became fair and ſound, by dint of mortification and ſincere repentance.

Two days after the arrival of Don Gregorio, the viceroy conſulted with Don Antonio about the means of obtaining permiſſion for Anna Felix and her father to reſide in Spain, as they were perſuaded that no inconvenience could ariſe from ſuch indulgence to a daughter who was ſo perfectly a chriſtian, and a father ſo righteouſly diſpoſed. Don Antonio offered to negotiate this affair at court, whither he was preſſingly called by his own occaſions ; obſerving, that by dint of intereſt and preſents many difficulties

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difficulties are removed. Ricote, who was preſent at this converſation, ſaid, "Neither tears, entreaties, promiſes, nor preſents will avail with the great Don Bernandino de Velaſco, to whom his majeſty has entruſted the charge of our expulſion; for, although he really tempers juſtice with mercy, as he perceives the whole body of our nation contaminated and gangrened, he applies the actual cautery inſtead of the mollifying ointment; ſo that, by his diligence, prudence, ſagacity, and terrifying threats, he has ſuſtained upon his able ſhoulders the weight of that vaſt project which he hath ſucceſsfully put in execution, without ſuffering his Argus eyes, which are always alert, to be blinded by all our induſtry, ſtratagem, fraud, and ſollicitation. He is reſolved that none of our people ſhall remain concealed, leſt, like an hidden root, they may hereafter bud and bring forth fruit which may be poiſonous to Spain, already cleanſed and delivered from thoſe fears that aroſe from the prodigious number of the Moors: an heroic reſolution of the great Philip III. who has, at the ſame time, diſplayed the moſt conſummate wiſdom, in committing the execution of the ſcheme to the courage and ability of Don Bernardino de Velaſco." "Nevertheleſs, ſaid Don Antonio, I will, while at court, uſe all poſſible means in your behalf, and leave the determination to heaven: Don Gregorio ſhall go along with me, and conſole his parents for the grief they have ſuffered from his abſence; Anna Felix ſhall ſtay with my wife, or be boarded in a monaſtery; and, I know, my lord viceroy will be pleaſed to lodge honeſt Ricote until we ſhall ſee the iſſue of my negotiation." The viceroy agreed to every circumſtance of the propoſal; but, Don Gregorio, being informed of the ſcheme, declared he neither could nor would leave his charming Anna Felix. At length, however, he aſſented to the propoſal, reſolving to go and viſit his parents, with whom he would concert meaſures for returning to fetch away his miſtreſs; ſo that Anna Felix remained with Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote ſtayed in the viceroy's palace.

The hour of Antonio's departure arrived, and, in two days, was followed by that of Don Quixote, whoſe fall would not permit him to travel before that time. The parting of the lovers was attended with weeping, ſighing, ſobbing, and ſwooning; and Ricote offered to accommodate Don Gregorio with a thouſand crowns; but, the young gentleman would take but five, which he borrowed of Don Antonio, promiſing to repay them at court. Thus they ſet out together for Madrid; and ſoon after, as we have already obſerved, Don Quixote and Sancho departed from Barcelona; the knight unarmed, in a travelling dreſs, and the ſquire trudging a-foot, becauſe Dapple carried the armour of his maſter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIV.

Treating of that which will be ſeen by him who reads, and known by him who hears it read.

DON Quixote, in leaving Barcelona, turned about to ſurvey the fatal ſpot in which he had fallen, and thus exclaimed, "Here Troy once ſtood! here, by misfortune, not by cowardice, was I deſpoiled of all the glory I had acquired! Here did I feel the viciſſitudes of fortune! here all my atchievements were eclipſed! and finally, here fell my fortune never more to riſe!" Sancho hearing this effuſion, "Signor, ſaid he, it is the part of a valiant man to bear with patience his ſufferings in adverſity, as well as to enjoy his proſperity with moderation: I judge from my own feeling; for, if I was merry when a governor, I am not melancholy now that I am a poor ſquire travelling a-foot: and I have often heard that ſhe we call fortune is a drunken, fickle female, and ſo blind withal, that ſhe ſees not what ſhe does, and knows not whom ſhe is abuſing, or whom exalting." "Sancho, anſwered the knight, thou art very philoſophical, and haſt ſpoke with great diſcretion, which I know not where thou haſt learned: I can tell thee, however, there is no ſuch thing as fortune in the whole world; nor do thoſe things which happen, whether good or evil, proceed from chance, but, ſolely from the particular providence of heaven; and hence comes the uſual ſaying, that every man is the maker of his own fortune: I, at leaſt, have been the maker of mine, tho' not with ſufficient prudence, and therefore my preſumptuous hopes miſcarried. I ought to have conſidered that Rozinante's weakneſs could not reſiſt the weight and magnitude of my adverſary's horſe: in a word I tried my fortune, did what I could, found myſelf vanquiſhed and overthrown, and tho' I loſt mine honour, I neither did nor can forfeit my integrity and the merit of fulfilling my promiſe: while I was a knight errant valiant and intrepid, my hand and my performance gave credit to my exploits; and now that I am no more than a pedeſtrian ſquire, my word ſhall be confirmed by the accompliſhment of my promiſe. Make haſte then, friend Sancho, let us return to our own country, and paſs the year of our probation, and during that term of confinement acquire freſh vigour and virtue to reſume the never by me forgotten exerciſe of arms." "Signor, anſwered the ſquire, the paſtime of trudging a-foot is not quite ſo pleaſant, as to move

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move and inſtigate me to travel at a great pace: let us leave theſe arms of yours, hanging like a malefactor on ſome tree; and then I occupying the back of Dapple, with my feet no longer in the mire, we may travel juſt as your worſhip ſhall deſire or demand; but, to think that I can make long marches a-foot, is a vain ſuppoſition." "Thou art in the right, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, let my arms be ſuſpended in form of a trophy; and beneath, or around them, we will engrave upon the tree, an inſcription like that which appeared under the armour of Orlando:

Let him alone theſe arms diſplace,
Who dares Orlando's fury face."

"A moſt excellent device! cried the ſquire, and if it were not that we ſhould feel the want of him in our journey, it would not be amiſs to hang up Rozinante at the ſame time." "Nevertheleſs, replied Don Quixote, neither Rozinante nor my arms will I ſuffer to be hung up; for, it ſhall never be ſaid of me that a good ſervice met with a bad remuneration." "Your worſhip talks very much to the purpoſe, ſaid Sancho; for, according to the opinion of wiſe men, the pannel ought not to ſuffer for the fault of the aſs; and ſince your worſhip alone was to blame for the bad ſucceſs of the laſt adventure, you ought to puniſh your ſelf only, and not vent your indignation upon your bloody and already ruſted arms, or upon the meekneſs of Rozinante, or laſtly, upon the tenderneſs of my feet, in deſiring them to walk at a pace which they cannot maintain."

In this converſation and other ſuch diſcourſe they paſſed that whole day, and the next four, without meeting with any incident that could interrupt their journey: on the fifth, which was an holiday, they entered a village, where they ſaw a number of people making merry at the gate of an inn; and when Don Quixote approached, a countryman exclaimed aloud, "One of theſe gentlemen travellers, who are unacquainted with the parties, ſhall decide our wager." The knight aſſuring them he would give his opinion freely and honeſtly as ſoon as he ſhould be informed of the matter, the peaſant replied, "Worthy ſignor, this here is the caſe: One of our townſmen, who is ſo fat and bulky that he weighs little leſs than three hundred weight, has challenged one of his neighbours, a thin creature not half ſo heavy, to run with him one hundred yards with equal weight. The match was accordingly made; but when the challenger was aſked how the weight of both ſhould be made equal, he inſiſted upon the others carrying the difference in bars of iron, by which means Limberham would be upon a footing with Loggerhead." "By no

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no means, cried Sancho, interpoſing before his maſter could anſwer one word, to me who have been lately a governor and judge, as all the world knows, it belongs to reſolve theſe doubts, and give my opinion in this diſpute." "Speak then in happy time, friend Sancho, ſaid the knight; for, my judgment is ſo confounded and diſturbed that I am hardly fit to throw crumbs to a cat." With this permiſſion Sancho addreſſing himſelf to the peaſants, who had aſſembled around him, and waited his deciſion with open mouths, "Brothers, ſaid he, the demand of Loggerhead will not hold water, and is indeed without the leaſt ſhadow of juſtice; for if what all the world ſays be true, namely, that the challenged party has the choice of the weapons, it is not reaſonable that the ſaid Loggerhead ſhould pretend to chooſe ſuch arms as will encumber his adverſary and ſecure the victory to himſelf; it is therefore my opinion, that Loggerhead the challenger ſhall ſcrape, ſhave, pare, poliſh, ſlice and take away one hundred and fifty pound weight of his own individual fleſh from different parts of his body, according to his own fancy and convenience; ſo that leaving the other moiety, which will be ſufficient to counterbalance his antagoniſt, the parties may run with equal advantage." "'Fore God! cried one of the countrymen, hearing this wiſe deciſion, the gentleman has ſpoken like a ſaint and given ſentence like a canon: but, ſure I am, Loggerhead will not part with an ounce, much leſs one hundred and fifty pounds of his fleſh." "The beſt part of the joke, replied another peaſant, is that the match cannot be run; for, Limberham will not touch a bar of iron, and Loggerhead will not pare himſelf; let us therefore ſpend the half of the money in treating theſe gentlemen at the tavern with ſome of the beſt wine, and when it rains, let the ſhower fall upon my cloak." "Gentlemen, ſaid Don Quixote, I thank you for your invitation; but, I really cannot tarry a moment; for, melancholy thoughts and unlucky adventures oblige me to appear uncivil on this occaſion, and to travel faſter than the ordinary pace." So ſaying, he clapped ſpurs to Rozinante, and ſet on, leaving them aſtoniſhed in conſequence of having ſeen and obſerved the ſtrange figure of the maſter and the ſagacity of the ſervant, for, ſuch they ſuppoſed Sancho to be. One of them could not help ſaying, "If the ſervant is ſo wiſe, what muſt the maſter be? I'll lay a wager they are going to ſtudy at Salamanca, and will in a trice be created Alcaldes of the court; for, it is nothing but childrens play, ſtudying and poring, and having intereſt and good luck, and when a man thinks leaſt about the matter, he finds himſelf with a white rod in his hand or a mitre upon his head."

That

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That night our adventurer and his ſquire paſſed in the middle of an open field, under the ſpacious cope of heaven; and next day proceeding on their journey, they ſaw coming towards them a man on foot, with a javelin or half pike in his hand and a wallet on his back; circumſtances from which they judged he was a poſt or courier. As he advanced he quickened his pace, and running up to Don Quixote, embraced his right thigh, for, he could reach no higher, exclaiming with marks of extraordinary ſatisfaction: "O my good ſignor Don Quixote! how will the heart of my lord duke be rejoiced when he knows your worſhip is returning to his caſtle, where he ſtill continues with my lady dutcheſs!" "Friend, ſaid the knight, I do not recollect your features, nor do I know who you are, unleſs you will be pleaſed to tell me." "Signor Don Quixote, replied the courier, I am my lord duke's lacquey Toſilos who refuſed to fight with your worſhip concerning the marriage of the duenna's daughter." "God in heaven protect me! cried the knight, is it poſſible that you are he whom my enemies the inchanters transformed into that ſame lacquey you mention?" "No more of that, worthy ſignor, replied the poſt; there was no inchantment in the caſe, nor any ſort of transformation: I was as much the lacquey Toſilos when I entered the liſts, as when I left them. I thought the girl handſome, and therefore would have married her without fighting; but, the event did not anſwer my expectation. Your worſhip was no ſooner gone from the caſtle, than my lord duke ordered me to be ſeverely baſtinado'd, for having contradicted the inſtructions he had given me before I entered the liſts: and this is the upſhot of the whole affair; the girl is by this time a nun, Donna Roddriguez is gone back to Caſtile, and I am now bound for Barcelona with a packet of letters from his grace to the viceroy. If your worſhip is inclined to take a ſmall draught of good wine, tho' not very cool, I have here a calabaſh full of the beſt, and ſome ſlices of Tronchon cheeſe, which will ſerve as provocatives and rouſers of thirſt, if perchance it ſhould be aſleep." "Your invitation is accepted, cried Sancho; truce with your compliments and ſkink away, honeſt Toſilos, maugre and in deſpite of all the inchanters of the Indies." "Verily, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, thou art the moſt inſatiate glutton in the univerſe, and the moſt ignorant animal upon earth: but, as thou art not perſuaded that this courier is inchanted, and no other than a counterfeit Toſilos, thou mayeſt tarry along with him and fill thy belly; and I will jog on at a ſlow pace until thou ſhalt overtake me." The lacquey ſmiled at his infatuation, unſheathed his calabaſh, unwalleted his cheeſe, and producing a ſmall loaf, he and Sancho ſat down upon the graſs, where in peace and

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harmony they diſpatched and diſcuſſed the contents of the wallet with great perſeverance and good will, and even licked the packet, becauſe it ſmelled of cheeſe. During the repaſt, Toſilos ſaid to the ſquire, "Doubtleſs, friend Sancho, thy maſter is bankrupt in common ſenſe." "How bankrupt! anſwered Panza, he owes no man a farthing, but pays like a prince, eſpecially where madneſs is the current coin: I ſee the matter plain enough, and tell him my opinion freely: but, to what purpoſe? Now, indeed, he is going home in deſpair for having been vanquiſhed by the knight of the white moon." Toſilos earneſtly begged he would recount that adventure; but, Sancho declined the taſk, obſerving that it would be unmannerly to let his maſter wait for him; tho' at their next meeting he ſhould have more leiſure. He accordingly ſtarted up, and ſhaking the crumbs from his garment and beard, bad adieu to Toſilos; then driving Dapple before him, ſoon came up with his maſter, whom he found waiting for him under the ſhade of a tree.

CHAP. XV.

Of the reſolution which Don Quixote took to become a ſhepherd and lead a paſtoral life, until the term of his confinement ſhould be elapſed, with other incidents truly entertaining.

IF Don Quixote was perplexed with cogitation before his overthrow, much more was he fatigued by his own thoughts after his late misfortune. Under the ſhade of a tree, as we have already obſerved, did he remain, and there he was ſtung with reflections that ſwarmed like flies about honey; ſome dwelling upon the diſinchantment of Dulcinea, and others revolving plans for the life he was to lead in his compulſive retirement. When Sancho joined him, and began to expatiate upon the liberal diſpoſition of Toſilos, "Is it poſſible, O Sancho, ſaid the knight, that thou ſtill believeſt that man to be the individual lacquey? one would think thou hadſt forgot that thy own eyes have ſeen Dulcinea converted and transformed into a country wench, and the knight of the mirrours into the batchelor Carraſco, by the wicked arts of thoſe inchanters who perſecute my virtue. But, tell me now, didſt thou aſk Toſilos how providence hath diſpoſed of Altiſidora? hath ſhe bewailed my abſence, or already conſigned to oblivion thoſe amorous thoughts by which ſhe was tormented during my reſidence at the caſtle?" "My thoughts, anſwered Sancho, were not ſuch as allowed me to aſk theſe childiſh queſtions.

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queſtions. Body O me! ſignor, is your worſhip at preſent in a condition to inquire about other peoples thoughts, eſpecially thoſe you call amorous." "Sancho, ſaid the knight, you muſt conſider there is a wide difference between the ſuggeſtions of love, and thoſe of gratitude: a gentleman may very well be inſenſible to love; but, ſtrictly ſpeaking, he can never be ungrateful. Altiſidora, in all appearance, loved me to diſtraction: ſhe, as thou very well knoweſt, made me a preſent of three night-caps; ſhe bewailed my departure, loaded me with curſes and reproach, and, in ſpite of maiden ſhame, complained of me in public; undoubted proofs of my being the object of her adoration; for, the indignation of lovers uſually vents itſelf in maledictions. I had no hopes to give, nor treaſures to offer; all my affections are yielded to Dulcinea; and the treaſures of knights errant are like thoſe of the fairies, altogether phantom and illuſion: all, therefore, that I can return, is a kind remembrance, without prejudice, however, to the memory of Dulcinea, who is greatly aggrieved by thy remiſſneſs in delaying to ſcourge and chaſtiſe that fleſh which I hope will be a prey to the wolves; ſeeing thou ſeemeſt more inclined to reſerve it for the worms, than to uſe it in behalf of that poor diſtreſſed lady." "Signor, anſwered the ſquire, if the truth muſt be told, I cannot perſuade myſelf that the whipping of my poſteriors can have any effect in diſinchanting thoſe who are inchanted; no more than if we ſhould anoint the ſhins to cure the head-ach: at leaſt, I will venture to ſwear that in all the hiſtories your worſhip has read concerning knight errantry, you have never found that any perſon was diſinchanted by ſuch a whipping: but, be that as it may, I will lay it on when I have time, convenience and inclination to make free with my own fleſh." "God grant thou mayeſt, ſaid Don Quixote; and heaven give thee grace to underſtand and be ſenſible of the obligation thou lieſt under, to aſſiſt my miſtreſs, who, as thou art mine, is thine alſo."

With ſuch converſation they amuſed themſelves in travelling, until they arrived at the very ſpot where they had been overturned by the bulls; when Don Quixote recognizing the ground, "This is the meadow, ſaid he, where we met the gay ſhepherdeſſes and gallant ſwains, who ſought to renew and react the paſtoral Arcadia, a project equally original and ingenious, in imitation of which, ſhouldſt thou approve of the ſcheme, I am reſolved to aſſume the garb and employment of a ſhepherd during the term of my retirement. I will purchaſe ſome ſheep, together with all the neceſſary implements of a paſtoral life, and taking the name of Quixotiz, while thou ſhalt bear that of the ſwain Pancino; we will ſtroll about through mountains, woods, and mea-

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dows, ſinging here, lamenting there, drinking liquid chryſtal from the gelid ſprings, the limpid rills and mighty rivers. The lofty oaks will ſhed upon us abundance of their delightful fruit; the trunks of hardeſt cork-trees will yield us ſeats; the willows will afford us ſhade; the roſe, perfume; the extended meadow, carpets of a thouſand dyes; the pure ſerenity of air will give us breath; the moon and ſtars will grant us light in ſpite of darkneſs; our ſinging will inſpire delight; our lamentations, mirth; Apollo, verſes; and Love himſelf, conceits to render us immortal and renowned, not only in the preſent age, but alſo to lateſt poſterity." "Odds tens! cried Sancho, ſuch a life will ſquare, ay, and be the very corner-ſtone of my wiſhes: the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco and maſter Nicolas the barber, as ſoon as they have a glimpſe of it, will wiſh to join us in the ſcheme, and turn ſhepherds for our company; and God grant that the curate himſelf may not take it in his head to enter the fold: for, he is a merry companion and a great friend to good fellowſhip." "Thou haſt a very good notion, ſaid the knight; and if the batchelor ſhall be inclined to join our paſtoral aſſociation, as he doubtleſs will, he may take the appellation of the ſhepherd Sanſonino, or of the ſwain Carraſcon: Nicholas the barber may be called Niculoſo, as old Boſcan called himſelf Nemoroſo: and as for the curate, I know not what title we can confer upon him, except ſome derivative from his own name, ſuch as the ſhepherd Curiambro. For the nymphs of whom we muſt be enamoured, there is plenty of names to chooſe; but, ſeeing that of my miſtreſs will ſuit as well with a ſhepherdeſs as with a princeſs, I need not give myſelf the trouble to invent any other that might be more proper; as for thee, Sancho, thou mayeſt give thy miſtreſs what appellation will pleaſe thy own fancy." "I have no intention, replied the ſquire, to give her any other than that of Tereſona, which will fit her fatneſs to an hair, as well as be agreeable to her own name Tereſa; eſpecially as in celebrating her in verſe, I ſhall diſcloſe my chaſte deſires, without going in ſearch of fine bread in a neighbour's houſe: the curate would be in the wrong to chooſe a ſhepherdeſs, becauſe he ought to ſet a good example to his flock; and, as for the batchelor, if he has any ſuch inclination, let him pleaſe his own ſoul without let or controul."

"Good Heaven! friend Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, what a life ſhall we lead! how will our ears be regaled with pipes and bagpipes of Zamora, Tambourines, Timbrels and Rebecks! and if theſe different kinds of muſic be reinforced with the ſound of the Alboques, we ſhall have a full concert of all the paſtoral inſtruments." "And pray what are the

Alboques?

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Alboques? ſaid Sancho, I never ſaw nor heard them named before, in the whole courſe of my life." "Alboques, anſwered the knight, are plates of braſs reſembling candleſticks, the hollow parts of which being claſhed together produce a ſound, if not raviſhing or harmonious, at leaſt not diſagreeable nor unſuited to the ruſticity of the bagpipe and tabor. The name of Alboques is Mooriſh, as are all the words in our language beginning with al; for example Almoaca, Almorcar, Alhombra, Alguazil, Alucima, Almacen, Alcanzia, and a few others; and we have only three Mooriſh words ending in i, namely Borcequi, Zaquicami and Maravedi; as for Alheli and Alfaqui, they are known to be Arabic, as well from their beginning with al, as from their ending in i: theſe obſervations I have made by the bye, in conſequence of having mentioned Alboques which recalled them to my remembrance. But, to return to our ſcheme, nothing will conduce ſo much to the perfection of it, as my having a talent for verſification, as thou very well knoweſt, and the batchelor's being an excellent poet. Of the curate I ſhall ſay nothing; tho' I would lay a good wager that his collars and points are truly poetical: and that maſter Nicholas is in the ſame faſhion I do not at all doubt; for, people of his profeſſion are famous for making ballads and playing on the guitarre. For my own part, I will complain of abſence; thou wilt extol the conſtancy of thy own love; the ſwain Carraſcon will lament the diſdain of his miſtreſs; the curate Curiambro chooſe his own ſubject; and every thing proceed in ſuch a manner as to fulfill the warmeſt wiſhes."

To this effuſion Sancho replied, "Verily, ſignor, I am ſuch an unlucky wretch, that I am afraid the time will never come when I ſhall ſee myſelf in that bleſſed occupation. O what delicate wooden ſpoons ſhall I make when I am a ſhepherd! O what crumbs and cream ſhall I devour! O what garlands and paſtoral nick-nacks ſhall I contrive! and tho' theſe may not, perhaps, add much to my reputation for wiſdom, they will not fail to convince the world of my ingenuity. My daughter Sanchica ſhall bring our victuals to the fold; but, 'ware miſchief! the wench is buxome; and there are ſome ſhepherds more knaviſh than ſimple: I would not have her come out for wool and go home ſhorn. Thoſe ſame amours, and unruly deſires, are gratified in the open field as well as in the city-chamber, in a ſhepherd's cot as well as in a royal palace. The ſin will ceaſe when the temptation is removed: The heart will not grieve for what the eye does not perceive; and, What prayers ne'er can gain, a leap from an hedge will obtain." "No more of your proverbs, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote; any one of thoſe thou haſt repeated is ſufficient to explain thy meaning; and

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and I have often exhorted thee to be leſs prodigal of old ſaws, and keep them more under command; but, I ſee it is like preaching to the deſart: and, My mother whips me, and I ſcourge the top." "Under correction, anſwered the ſquire, your worſhip, methinks, is like the frying-pan which called to the pot, Avaunt, black-a-moor, avaunt! Even in the very act of rebuking me for uttering proverbs, your worſhip ſtrings them together in pairs." "But, then, you muſt conſider, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, that, when I uſe them, they are ſeaſonably brought in, and fit the purpoſe as the ring fits the finger: whereas, by thee, they are not brought in, but lugged in, as it were, by the head and ſhoulders. If my memory fails me not, I have formerly told thee, that proverbs are ſhort ſentences extracted from the experience and ſpeculation of ancient ſages; and a proverb, unſeaſonably introduced, is rather an abſurdity than a judicious apothegm. But, let us us quit the ſubject, and, as the day is already ſpent, retire from the high-way to ſome place where we may paſs the night; for, God alone knows what will be to-morrow."

They accordingly retired to a grove, where they made a late and very indifferent ſupper, to the no ſmall mortification of Sancho, who ruefully reflected upon the meagre commons of chivalry, ſo uncomfortably diſcuſſed among woods and mountains; tho' his imagination was alſo regaled with the remembrance of that abundance which he had enjoyed at the caſtle, as well as at the wedding of the rich Camacho, and in the houſes of Don Diego de Miranda, and Don Antonio de Morens: but, finally, conſidering it could not be always day, or always night, he reſolved, for the preſent, to ſleep, while his maſter indulged his contemplations, awake.

CHAP

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CHAP. XVI.

Of the briſtly adventure in which Don Quixote was involved.

THE night was a little dark; for, although the moon was in the heavens, ſhe was inviſible to the people of our hemiſphere, madam Diana having taken a trip to the Antipodes, and left our mountains obumbrated, and our vallies obſcured.

Don Quixote, in compliance with nature, enjoyed his firſt ſleep without indulging himſelf in a ſecond, quite contrary to the practice of Sancho, who never deſired a ſecond, becauſe the firſt always laſted from night till morning; a ſure ſign of little care, and an excellent conſtitution. As for the knight, his cares interfered ſo much with his repoſe, that he wakened his ſquire, to whom he ſaid, "I am amazed, Sancho, at the indifference of thy diſpoſition, and imagine thou art made of marble or obdurate braſs, unſuſceptible of ſentiment or emotion. I watch whilſt thou art ſnoring; I weep whilſt thou art ſinging; I faint with faſting, whilſt thou art overloaded and out of breath with eating! It is the province of a good ſervant to ſympathize with his maſter's pain, and to ſhare his anguiſh, even for the ſake of decorum. Obſerve the ſerenity of the ſky, and the ſolitude of the place, which invite us to make an intermiſſion in our repoſe. I conjure thee, by thy life, to riſe and go aſide to ſome proper place, where, with good will and grateful inclination, thou mayeſt conveniently inflict upon thyſelf three or four hundred ſtripes, on account of Dulcinea's inchantment; and, this favour I humbly requeſt, without any intention to try again the ſtrength of thine arms, which I know to be heavy and robuſt: after the performance of that taſk, we will paſs the remainder of the night in harmony; I, in ſinging the torments of abſence, and thou in chanting the conſtancy of thy paſſion; and thus will we begin the paſtoral life which we are to lead at our own village." "Signor, anſwered the ſquire, I am no monk to riſe and diſcipline my fleſh in the middle of the night; nor do I think the extremity of pain is ſuch a provocative to muſic: I, therefore, deſire your worſhip will let me take out my nap, without preſſing me further to ſcourge myſelf, leſt I ſhould grow deſperate, and ſolemnly ſwear never to whip the nap of my garment, much leſs an hair of my ſkin." "Soul of a ſavage! flinty hearted ſquire! cried Don Quixote: O ill digeſted bread! O ill requited benefits, intended or conferred! By my means waſt thou created governor;

and

and through me alone doſt thou now enjoy the near proſpect of being a count, or ſomething elſe of equal title; nor will the accompliſhment of thy wiſhes be retarded longer than the term of one fleeting year; for, Poſt tenebras ſpero lucem." "Your concluſion, ſaid Sancho, I do not underſtand; but, well I know, that, while I ſleep, I am troubled neither with fear nor hope, nor toil nor glory; and praiſe be to him who invented ſleep, which is the mantle that ſhrouds all human thoughts, the food that diſpels hunger, the drink that quenches thirſt, the fire that warms the cold, the cool breeze that moderates heat; in a word, the general coin that purchaſes every commodity; the weight and balance that makes the ſhepherd even with his ſovereign, and the ſimple with the ſage: there is only one bad circumſtance, as I have heard, in ſleep; it reſembles death; inaſmuch, as between a dead coarſe and a ſleeping man there is no apparent difference." "Truly, Sancho, ſaid the knight, I never heard thee talk ſo elegantly before, whence I perceive the truth of the proverb which thou haſt often repeated, Not he with whom you was bred, but he by whom you are led." "Odds my life! ſir maſter of mine, cried Sancho, I am not the only perſon who ſtring proverbs: they fall from your worſhip's mouth in couples, faſter than from mine: indeed, there is ſome difference; for, your worſhip's proverbs come at a proper time, whereas mine are always out of ſeaſon; but, nevertheleſs, they are all proverbs."

Thus far the converſation had proceeded, when they heard a dull confuſed noiſe, intermingled with very harſh ſounds, that ſeemed to extend through the whole valley. The knight immediately ſtarted up and unſheathed his ſword; while the ſquire ſquatted down under Dapple, fencing himſelf on each ſide with his maſter's armour and the pannel of the aſs, being as much afraid as Don Quixote was aſtoniſhed; for, the noiſe increaſed every moment, as the cauſe of it approached the two tremblers, or rather one trembler; for, the other's valour and courage are well known. The caſe, in fact, was this: Some dealers were driving about ſix hundred hogs to a fair, and, as they travelled in the night, the noiſe of their feet, together with their grunting and blowing, made ſuch a din, as almoſt deafened Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not conceive the meaning of ſuch an uproar. Mean while, the numerous grunting herd advanced, and, without ſhewing the leaſt reſpect to the authority of Don Quixote or Sancho, ran over them in a twinkling, demoliſhed the barricadoes of the ſquire, and trampled down not only the maſter, but alſo his ſteed Rozinante. The thronging, the grunting, and the hurry of thoſe unclean animals, throwing every thing in confuſion, and ſtrewing the maſter and the man, the horſe and the aſs, the pannel and the armour,

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along the ground. Sancho, getting up as well as he could, demanded his maſter's ſword, in order to ſacrifice half a dozen of thoſe diſcourteous gentlemen porkers; for, by this time, he had diſcovered what they were: but, the knight refuſed to grant his requeſt, ſaying, "Let them paſs, friend Sancho; this affront is the puniſhment of my crime, and the juſt chaſtiſement of heaven inflicted upon a vanquiſhed knight, is, that he ſhall be devoured by dogs, ſtung by waſps, and trampled upon by ſwine." "At that rate, then, replied the ſquire, the chaſtiſement which heaven inflicts upon ſquires of vanquiſhed knight-errants, is, that that they ſhall be bitten by fleas, devoured by lice, and aſſaulted by famine: if we ſquires were ſons of the knights we ſerve, or even their near relations, it would be no great wonder if the puniſhment of their faults ſhould overtake us to the fourth generation; but, what affinity is there between the Panzas and the Quixotes? At preſent, let us put things to rights again, ſo that we may ſleep out the remainder of the night, and we ſhall be in better plight when God ſends us a new day." "Enjoy thy repoſe, ſaid Don Quixote; thou waſt born to ſleep and I to watch; and, during the little of night that remains, I will give my thoughts the rein, and cool the furnace of my reflections with a ſhort madrigal, which I have this evening, unknown to thee, compoſed in my own mind." "In my opinion, anſwered the ſquire, your thoughts could not be very troubleſome and unruly, if they gave you leiſure to make couplets; but, however, your worſhip may couple as many as you pleaſe, and I will ſleep as much as I can." So ſaying, he choſe his ground, on which he huddled himſelf up, and enjoyed a moſt profound ſleep, which received no interruption from the remembrance of debt, ſurety, or any other grievance. As for Don Quixote, he leaned againſt a beech or cork tree; for, Cid Hamet Benengeli has not diſtinguiſhed the genus; and, to the muſic of his own ſighs, ſung the following ſtanzas:

I.

O cruel love! when I endure
The dreadful vengeance of thy bow,
I fly to death, the only cure
For ſuch immenſity of woe.

II.

But, when I touch the peaceful goal,
That port ſecure from ſtorms of ſtrife,
The ſight revives my drooping ſoul,
I cannot enter for my life!

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III.

Thus life exhauſts my vital flame,
But death ſtill keeps the ſpark alive;
O wond'rous fate! unknown to fame!
That life ſhould kill and death revive.

Every verſe he accompanied with a multitude of ſighs, and a torrent of tears, as if his heart had been tranſpierced with grief for his overthrow and the abſence of Dulcinea. In this ſituation he was found by the day, when Phœbus darting his rays into Sancho's eyes, the ſquire awoke, yawned, turned, ſtretched his lazy limbs, and, ſurveying the havock which the ſwine had made in his ſtore, he bitterly curſed the whole herd; ay, and even went farther with his maledictions.

Then the two mounted in order to proceed on their journey, and, towards the cloſe of the afternoon, they deſcried about ten men on horſeback, and half that number on foot, advancing towards them; a ſight which made the knight's heart throb with ſurprize, and the ſquire's with terror; for, this company was armed with lance and target, and approached in a very hoſtile manner. Don Quixote turning to his ſquire, "Sancho, ſaid he, if I could now exerciſe my arms, and my hands were not tied by a ſolemn promiſe, I would look upon that machine, which comes upon us, with contempt, as ſo much cake and gingerbread; but, perhaps, it may be ſomething elſe than we apprehend." He had ſcarce pronounced theſe words, when the horſemen coming up, and couching their lances, ſurrounded him in a trice; then clapping the points of their weapons to his back and breaſt, ſeemed to threaten immediate death and deſtruction; while one of thoſe on foot, laying his finger on his mouth, as a ſignal for him to be ſilent, ſeized Rozinante's bridle, and led him out of the highway. The reſt of the foot-pads drove Sancho and Dapple before them, and, while a wonderful ſilence prevailed, followed the knight, who attempted twice or thrice to aſk whither they conducted him, and what they wanted; but, ſcarce had he begun to move his lips, when they threatened to ſhut them for ever with the points of their ſpears. The ſame menaces were practiſed upon Sancho, who no ſooner expreſſed a deſire to be talking, than he was pricked in the poſteriors with a goad by one of his attendants; and Dapple met with the ſame fate, as if he too had made a motion to ſpeak, like his maſter.

As night approached they quickened their pace, and the terrors of the captives increaſed in proportion as the darkneſs deepened, eſpecially as their

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their guard pronounced from time to time, "Diſpatch, ye Troglodytes! ſilence, ye Barbarians! now ye ſhall ſuffer, ye Anthropophagi! not a word of complaint, ye Scythians! open not your eyes, ye murderous Polyphemuſes! ye carnivorous lions and beaſts of prey." With theſe and other ſuch appellations, they tormented the ears of the miſerable maſter and the forlorn Sancho, who ſaid within himſelf, "Draggle doits! Barber Anns! Henry puff a Jay! City hens! and Paulfamouſes! theſe are fine names with a vengeance! I'm afraid this is a bad wind for winnowing our corn! the miſchief comes upon us altogether, like drubbing to a dog; and I wiſh this miſventurous adventure, that threatens ſo diſmally, may end in nothing worſe!" As for Don Quixote, he was utterly aſtoniſhed and confounded; nor could he, with all his reflection, comprehend the meaning of his own captivity, and thoſe reproachful terms, from which he could only conclude, that no good, but a great deal of miſchief, was to be expected. In this ſtate of anxious ſuſpenſe he continued 'till about an hour after it was dark, when they arrived at a caſtle, which the knight immediately recognizing to be the duke's habitation, where he had ſo lately reſided, "Good heaven! cried he, where will this adventure end! ſurely this is the dwelling place of politeneſs and hoſpitality; but, to thoſe who are vanquiſhed, good is converted to bad, and bad to worſe." This ejaculation he uttered as they entered the court of the caſtle, which was decorated in a ſtrange manner, that increaſed their admiration, and redoubled their fear, as will be ſeen in the following chapter.

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CHAP. XVI.

Of the moſt ſingular and ſtrangeſt adventure that happened to Don Quixote in the whole courſe of this ſublime hiſtory.

THE horſemen alighting, with the aſſiſtance of thoſe who were on foot, ſnatched up the bodies of Don Quixote and Sancho, and carried them haſtily into the court of the caſtle, round which above an hundred flaming torches were placed, and the corridores of the court were illuminated by five hundred tapers ſhining with ſuch a blaze, that, in ſpite of the night, which was dark, there was no want of the day. In the middle of the court appeared a monument raiſed about two yards from the ground, and covered with a ſpacious canopy of black velvet; and, upon the ſteps that led up to it, above an hundred tapers of virgin wax ſtood burning in ſilver candleſticks. On the tomb lay the body of a young damſel, whoſe beauty was ſuch as rendered death itſelf beautiful: her head was raiſed on a cuſhion of brocard, and crowned with a garland of various odoriferous flowers; and in her hands, that were croſſed upon her breaſt, appeared a bough of green victorious palm. On one ſide of the court was erected a theatre, on which were ſeated two perſonages, whom their crowns and ſceptres declared to be either real or fictitious kings; and hard by the theatre, which was furniſhed with ſteps, two other chairs upon which Don Quixote and Sancho were ſeated by their captors, who ſtill maintained their former ſilence, the obſervance of which they, likewiſe, recommended, by ſigns, to our hero and his ſquire; tho' theſe injunctions were altogether ſuperfluous; for, their aſtoniſhment, at what they ſaw, had effectually tied their tongues: and, indeed, how could they help being aſtoniſhed at ſight of this apparatus; conſidering too, that, by this time, the knight had diſcovered the dead body on the tomb to be no other than the beauteous Altiſidora? At this juncture, two noble perſonages, with a numerous retinue, aſcended the theatre and ſeated themſelves in magnificent chairs, hard by the figures that were crowned; then Don Quixote and Sancho, perceiving the new comers to be their former entertainers the duke and dutcheſs, roſe up and bowed with great veneration, and their graces, riſing alſo, returned the compliment with a ſlight inclination of the head. And now, an officer croſſing the court, and approaching Sancho, threw over his head a robe of black buckram painted all over with flames of fire; at the ſame time, pulling off his cap, he put upon his

his head one of thoſe paſteboard mitres which are worn by the penitents of the holy office; and, in a whiſper, adviſed him to keep his lips faſt ſewed together, unleſs he had a-mind to be gagged or put to death without mercy. Sancho ſurveyed himſelf from head to foot, and ſaw his robe in flames; but, as they did not burn, he valued them not a farthing; then he took off his mitre, and, perceiving it figured with pictures of fiends, ſet it on his head again, ſaying to himſelf, "As the flames do not burn, and the fiends do not fly away with me, I am very well ſatisfied." "Don Quixote, likewiſe, ſurveyed the ſquire, and, although his reflection was ſtill diſturbed with fear and ſuſpenſe, could not help ſmiling at the ludicrous figure.

Sancho being thus equipped, a low yet agreeable ſound of flutes ſeemed to iſſue from beneath the tomb, and being uninterrupted by any human voice, for, here ſilence itſelf kept ſilence, produced a very ſoft and pleaſing melody. Then all of a ſudden a beautiful youth in a Roman habit, appeared cloſe by the cuſhion on which the ſeemingly dead body repoſed, and to the ſound of the harp on which he himſelf played, with a ſweet harmonious voice he ſung the two following ſtanzas:

I.

'Till fair Altiſidora ſlain
By Quixote's cruelty, return;
And all th' inchanted female train
Her hapleſs fate in ſack-cloth mourn;
Until duennas clad in bays
Appear in preſence of her grace,
I'll celebrate the nymph in lays
That would not ſhame the bard of Thrace.

II.

Nor ſhall thy beauty fade unſung,
When life forſakes my gelid veins;
My clay-cold lips and frozen tongue
In death ſhall raiſe immortal ſtrains.
My ſoul when freed from cumb'rous clay,
Her flight o'er Stygian waves ſhall take;
And while on Lethe's banks I ſtray,
My ſong ſhall charm th' oblivious lake.

Here he was interrupted by one of the two pretended kings, who ſaid, "Enough, divine ſongſter; it would be an infinite taſk to deſcribe the death

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death and beauties of the peerleſs Altiſidora, not dead as the ignorant world imagines, but alive in the voice of fame and in the penance which Sancho Panza here preſent muſt undergo, in order to reſtore her to the light ſhe has loſt; and therefore O Rhadamanthus! who ſitteſt with me in judgment, within the gloomy caverns of Lethe, as thou art intimately acquainted with all the determinations of the inſcrutable fates, touching the revival of this damſel, relate and declare them without loſs of time, that we may no longer delay that happineſs which we expect from her recovery."

Scarce had Minos pronounced theſe words, when his fellow judge and companion Rhadamanthus ſtood up, ſaying, "So ho, ye miniſters of this houſe, high and low, great and ſmall, come hither one by one, and mark the face, the arms and loins of Sancho with two dozen of tweaks, one dozen of pinches, and half a dozen pricks with a pin: for, upon this execution depends the revival of Altiſidora." Sancho Panza hearing this ſentence, broke ſilence and exclaimed aloud, "I vow to God, I will ſooner turn Turk, than allow my face to be marked or my fleſh to be handled in any ſuch manner! Body o' me! what has the pinching of my face to do with the reſurrection of that damſel. The old woman has got a liquoriſh tooth, and ſhe is ſtill licking her fingers, forſooth. Dulcinea is inchanted, and I muſt be ſcourged for the diſinchantment of her ladyſhip: Altiſidora is dead by the hand of God, and in order to bring her to life, I muſt ſuffer two dozen of tweaks; my body muſt be pinked into a ſieve with large pins, and my arms pinched into all the colours of the rain-bow! ſuch jokes may paſs upon a brother-in-law; but, I am an old dog, and will not be coaxed with a cruſt." "Then thou ſhalt die, cried Rhadamanthus with an audible voice, tame that ſavage heart of thine, thou tyger: humble thyſelf, thou proud Nimrod; ſuffer and be ſilent: we aſk not impoſſibilities, and therefore, thou muſt not pretend to examine the difficulties of this affair: tweaked thou ſhalt be; pinked ſhalt thou find thyſelf, and pinched until thy groans declare thine anguiſh. So ho, I ſay, ye miniſters, execute my command, or by the faith of an honeſt man, you ſhall ſee for what you were born."

In conſequence of this ſummons, ſix duennas came walking through the court yard in proceſſion one by one, the four firſt with ſpectacles, and each with her right arm raiſed, about four inches of the wriſt being bared according to the preſent faſhion, that the hand may ſeem the larger. Sancho no ſooner beheld theſe matrons, than he began to bellow like a bull, exclaiming. "I might have allowed myſelf to be handled by all the world beſides, but, that duennas ſhould touch me, I will by no means

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means conſent! they may cat-claw my face, as my maſter was ſerved in this very caſtle: they may run me through the guts with daggers of ſteel: they may tear the fleſh off my arms with red hot pincers: all theſe tortures will I bear patiently, for the ſervice of theſe noble perſons: but, I ſay again, the devil ſhall fly away with me, before I ſuffer a duenna to lay a finger on my carcaſe!" Then Don Quixote addreſſing himſelf to Sancho, broke ſilence in theſe terms; "Exert thy patience, my ſon, for the ſatisfaction of theſe noble perſonages, and give thanks to heaven which hath indued thy perſon with ſuch virtue, that by the martyrdom of thy fleſh, the inchanted are delivered from inchantment, and even the dead revived."

By this time, the duennas had ſurrounded Sancho, who being ſoftened and perſuaded, ſeated himſelf in a proper poſture, and held out his face and beard to the firſt, who treated him with a well planted twitch, and then dropped a profound curt'ſy. "Leſs courteſy, leſs anointing, good madam duenna, cried the ſquire; for, by the Lord, your fingers ſmack of vinegar!" In a word, he was tweaked by all the duennas, and pinched by a great number of other perſons belonging to the family: but, what he could by no means be brought to endure, was the puncture with pins, which they no ſooner began to perform, than ſtarting up in a rage, and ſeizing a lighted torch that ſtood near him, he aſſaulted the duennas and all the reſt of his executioners, crying, "Avaunt ye miniſters of hell! I am not made of braſs, to be inſenſible to ſuch torture." At this inſtant Altiſidora, who muſt have been tired with lying ſo long upon her back, turned herſelf on one ſide; and this motion was no ſooner perceived by the ſpectators, than all of them exclaimed as if with one voice, "Altiſidora moves, Altiſidora lives!" Then Rhadamanthus deſired Sancho to lay aſide his indignation, ſeeing the intended aim was already accompliſhed.

Don Quixote ſeeing Altiſidora ſtirring, fell upon his knees before Sancho, ſaying, "Now is the time, dear ſon of my bowels, and no longer, my ſquire! now is the time to inflict upon thyſelf ſome of thoſe laſhes thou art obliged to undergo for the diſinchantment of Dulcinea. This I ſay, is the time, when thy virtue is ſeaſoned, and of efficacy ſufficient to perform the cure which we expect from thy compliance." To this apoſtrophe the ſquire replied, "This is reel upon reel, and not honey upon pancakes: ſcourging, to be ſure, is a very agreeable deſert to a diſh of twitches, pinches and pin-prickings. There is no more to be done, but to take and tie a great ſtone about my neck, and toſs me into a well; it will be much better for me to die at once, than to be always the wedding heifer,

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heifer, to remedy the misfortunes of other people: either let me live in peace, or, before God! all ſhall out, ſell or not ſell."

By this time Altiſidora ſat upright on the tomb, and at that inſtant the waits beginning to play, were accompanied by the muſic of flutes, and the voices of all the ſpectators, who acclaimed, "Live Altiſidora! Altiſidora live!" The duke and dutcheſs, together with Minos and Rhadamanthus, riſing from their ſeats, and being joined by Don Quixote and Sancho, went to receive this young lady and help her in deſcending from the tomb; while they were thus employed, ſhe aſſumed a languid and fainting air, and inclining her head towards the duke and dutcheſs and the two kings, darted a ſidelong glance to Don Quixote, ſaying, "God forgive thee, unrelenting knight! by thy cruelty I have been doomed to remain, as I believe, above a thouſand years in the other world! but, as for thee, thou moſt compaſſionate ſquire that this wide earth contains! I thank thee kindly for that life I now enjoy. From this day, friend Sancho, thou mayeſt command ſix of my ſhifts to be converted into ſhirts for thy own body; and if they are not quite whole, at leaſt they are white and clean." Sancho thanked her for the preſent, with mitre in hand and knee on ground: and when the duke ordered his ſervants to take away thoſe badges of diſgrace, and reſtore his own cap and coat; the ſquire entreated his grace to let him keep the mitre and the flaming robe, and carry them to his own country, as a mark and memorial of this incredible adventure. To this ſupplication the dutcheſs replied, "That he might keep theſe teſtimonials; for, he knew how much ſhe was his friend."

The duke ordered the court to be cleared, the company to retire to their ſeveral chambers, and the knight and ſquire to be conducted to the apartments which they had formerly occupied.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVII.

Which follows the preceding, and treats of matters that muſt be diſcloſed, in order to make the hiſtory the more intelligible and diſtinct.

SANCHO ſlept that night in a truckle-bed, in the apartment of Don Quixote; a circumſtance which he would have waved, if poſſible, becauſe he well knew his maſter would keep him awake with queſtions and replies, and he was not at all in a talkative humour; for, the pain of his paſt ſufferings kept them ſtill preſent in his fancy, depriving his tongue of its uſual freedom; and he would have much rather ſlept alone in a hut, than in the richeſt chamber, thus accompanied. His apprehenſion was ſo true and his ſuſpicion ſo juſt, that ſcarce had his maſter committed his body to the bed, when he accoſted the ſquire in theſe words: "What is thy opinion, Sancho, of this night's adventure? Great and powerful is the force of amorous diſdain, as thou haſt ſeen with thy own eyes: Altiſidora dead—not by ſhaft or ſword, or warlike inſtrument, or mortal poiſon, but ſolely by the reflection of that rigour and diſdain with which I have always treated her advances." "She might have died in good time, when and how ſhe had thought proper, cried Sancho, and left me in quiet at my own houſe, ſeeing I never treated her either with love or diſdain in the whole courſe of my life; for my own part, I neither know nor can I conceive, as I have formerly obſerved, what the health or life of ſuch a whimſical girl as Altiſidora has to do with the martyrdom of Sancho Panza: but, now at length I can clearly and diſtinctly perceive that this world actually abounds with inchanters and inchantments, from which I pray God may deliver me, ſince I cannot deliver myſelf: in the mean time, I humbly beſeech your worſhip to let me ſleep, without further queſtion, if you have not a mind to ſee me throw myſelf out of the window." "Sleep then, friend Sancho, ſaid the knight, if thou canſt enjoy the benefit of ſlumber, after the pinching, twitching, and pricking thou haſt undergone." "No pain is comparable to that of the twitching, replied the ſquire; for no other reaſon, but becauſe it was inflicted by duennas, whom God in heaven confound. I again intreat your worſhip to leave me to my repoſe; for, ſleep is a remedy for thoſe miſeries which we feel when awake." "Be it ſo, ſaid the knight, and the Lord make thy ſleep refreſhing—"

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While theſe two are left to their repoſe, Cid Hamet, author of this ſublime hiſtory, takes occaſion to explain the motives that induced the duke and dutcheſs to raiſe the edifice of the adventure above related. He ſays, the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco ſtill remembring how, as knight of the mirrours, he had been vanquiſhed and overthrown by Don Quixote, and his whole deſign blotted and defaced by that unlucky fall and defeat; he reſolved to try his fortune once more, in hope of meeting with better ſucceſs; and learning where the knight was, from the information of the page who carried the letter and preſent to Sancho's wife Tereſa Panza; he purchaſed a new ſuit of armour, and an horſe, ordered a white moon to be painted on his ſhield, and faſtened the whole cargo on the back of an he-mule, which was conducted by a certain ploughman, and not by his old ſquire Tom Cecial, leſt he ſhould be known by Sancho or Don Quixote. With this equipage he ſet out for the duke's caſtle, where he was informed of the knight's motions and route, together with his intention to aſſiſt at the tournament in Saragoſſa. His grace likewiſe gave him an account of the jokes they had executed upon our adventurer, with the contrivance of Dulcinea's diſinchantment, to be effected at the expence of Sancho's poſteriors. Nor did he forget to relate the trick which Sancho had practiſed on his maſter, in making him believe that Dulcinea was inchanted and transformed into a country wench; as alſo how my lady dutcheſs had perſuaded the ſquire that Dulcinea was really and truly inchanted and transformed, and he himſelf the perſon that was miſtaken and deceived: particulars which afforded abundance of mirth to the batchelor, who could not help admiring afreſh the mixture of archneſs and ſimplicity in Sancho, as well as the unaccountable madneſs of Don Quixote. The duke begged he would return that way and communicate his ſucceſs, whether he ſhould be vanquiſhed or victor: and Sampſon, having promiſed to comply with his requeſt, ſet out in queſt of our knight; and, as he did not find him in Saragoſſa, he proceeded to Barcelona where he met with the adventure we have already related in its proper place: then he returned to the duke's caſtle, where he gave an account of the whole engagement and the conditions of the combat; in conſequence of which, Don Quixote was already on his return, to fulfil, like a worthy knight-errant, the promiſe he had made to reſide at his own habitation for the term of one year, during which the batchelor ſaid he might poſſibly be cured of his madneſs; and declared this was his ſole motive for diſguiſing himſelf in ſuch a manner; as it was a thouſand pities that a gentleman of Don Quixote's excellent underſtanding ſhould continue under the influence of ſuch infatuation. He accordingly took his leave

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of the duke, and returned to his own country, in full hope that the knight was not far behind.

From this information, his grace took the opportunity to contrive this laſt adventure, ſo much was he delighted with the behaviour of Sancho and Don Quixote; and ordered a great number of his people on horſeback and a-foot, to ſcour the country far and near, and patrole through every road by which he thought the knight could poſſibly return, with orders to bring him to the caſtle, either by fair means or foul. Accordingly, when they found him, they gave notice to his grace, who having already preconcerted what was to be done, no ſooner heard of his coming than he directed that the torches and tapers ſhould be lighted around the court, and Altiſidora placed upon the tomb, together with all the apparatus already deſcribed, which was ſo naturally and artfully executed, that it differed very little from the real truth. Nay, Cid Hamet moreover obſerves, that he looked upon the jokers to be as mad as thoſe who were joked, and the duke and dutcheſs to be within two fingers breadth of lunacy; ſeeing they placed ſuch happineſs in playing pranks upon two confirmed madmen, one of whom the new-day found ſleeping at full ſnore, and the other watching over his diſaſtrous thoughts, and very impatient to quit his couch; for, whether vanquiſhed or victor, Don Quixote never took pleaſure in lolling on the lazy down.

It was now that Altiſidora, who in the knight's opinion had returned from death, in compliance with the humour of her lord and lady, entered his apartment, crowned with the ſame garland ſhe had worn on the tomb, clad in a robe of white taffety powdered with flowers of gold, her hair flowing looſe upon her ſhoulders, and ſupporting herſelf upon a ſtaff of fine poliſhed black ebony. This apparition diſcompoſed our hero to ſuch a degree that he ſhrunk within his neſt, in ſilent confuſion, and almoſt covered himſelf wholly with the ſheets, fully determined againſt making any return of compliment. Mean while Altiſidora, ſitting down upon a chair, at his bed's-head, heaved a profound ſigh, and thus addreſſed herſelf to him, in a faint and tender tone: "When women of faſhion, and damſels of reſerve, trample upon honour, and give their tongues the liberty to break through all inconveniences, ſo as to divulge the ſecrets which their hearts conceal; their condition muſt be deſperate indeed. I am one of thoſe, ſignor Don Quixote de la Mancha; ſorely hampered, vanquiſhed and enamoured, but withal ſo patient and modeſt, that my ſoul broke through my ſilence, and I loſt my life: in conſequence of thy rigour, O flinty-hearted knight! more deaf than marble to my complaints, have I been dead for two days, or at leaſt ſuppoſed to be dead by

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thoſe who ſaw me; and if love, in pity to my fate, had not depoſited a remedy in the tortures of that worthy ſquire, I ſhould have remained for ever in the other world." "Love, ſaid Sancho, might as well have depoſited the remedy in the tortures of my aſs, and I ſhould have been as much obliged to him, as I think myſelf at preſent: but, pray, madam, tell me, ſo may heaven ſend you a kinder lover than my maſter, what did you ſee in the other world? what is going forward in hell? for, ſurely thoſe who die in deſpair, muſt go to that baiting-place." "To tell you the truth, anſwered Altiſidora, I could not be quite dead, ſeeing I did not enter the infernal regions; for, had I been once fairly introduced, I could not have left the place again, whatever inclination I might have had to return. The truth is, I went no farther than the gate, where I ſaw about a dozen devils playing at tennis, in their drawers and doublets, having bands edged with flanders lace, and ruffles of the ſame at their wriſts, which were naked to the length of four inches, in order to enlarge the appearance of their hands, in which they wielded rackets of fire: but, what I chiefly admired, was, that inſtead of balls they made uſe of books, which ſeemed to be filled with wind and rubbiſh; a circumſtance equally new and ſurpriſing! and yet there was another particular, which ſtill increaſed my aſtoniſhment: for, whereas among the gameſters of this world, it is natural for the winners to be merry and for the loſers to be ſad; in that diabolical paſtime, all the players growled and grumbled and curſed one another." "That is not to be wondered at, replied the ſquire; for the devils, play or not play, win or not win, can never be content." "That muſt certainly be the caſe, anſwered Altiſidora; but, there was likewiſe another peculiarity at which I wonder, I mean at which I then wondered; namely, that after the firſt toſs, the ball was uſeleſs, and could not be uſed a ſecond time; ſo that they whirled them away, new and old, in a marvellous manner. On one of theſe, which was finely gilt and lettered, they beſtowed ſuch a violent ſtroke, that the guts flew out in ſcattered leaves. "What book is that?" ſaid one devil to his fellow. The other anſwered, that it was the ſecond part of the hiſtory of Don Quixote de la Mancha, compoſed not by the original author Cid Hamet, but by an Arragonian, who calls himſelf a native of Tordeſillas. "Away with it! cried the firſt, plunge it into the loweſt abyſs of hell, that mine eyes may never behold it again." "What! is it ſo bad?" ſaid the ſecond. "So very bad, replied the other, that if I myſelf had endeavoured to make it worſe, it would not have been in my power." They proceeded with their play, driving about the unfortunate books; and I hearing them mention Don Quixote, whom I love and

and adore, endeavoured to retain the viſion in my memory." "A viſion it muſt have been, without all doubt, ſaid Don Quixote; for, there is no other I in the whole world; and, as for that hiſtory, it is bandied from hand to hand, without finding a reſting-place; and every body has a fling at the author: nor am I, in the leaſt, mortified to hear that I wander like a fantaſtic ſhadow through the dark abodes of hell, as well as through the enlightened manſions of this globe, as I am not the perſon recorded in that hiſtory, which, were it elegant, faithful, and authentic, would live for ages; but, being falſe and execrable as it is, there will be no great diſtance between its birth and burial."

Altiſidora was going to proceed with her lamentations, when ſhe was prevented by the knight, who ſaid with great ſolemnity, "I have often told you, madam, that I am ſorry you have placed your affection upon me, who can make no other return than that of gratitude and thanks: I was born for Dulcinea del Toboſo, and the fates, if ſuch there be, have conſecrated me for her ſervice; ſo that to imagine any other beauty ſhall ever occupy the place which ſhe poſſeſſes in my heart, is to ſuppoſe a meer impoſſibility. Let this declaration, therefore, undeceive and prevail upon you to retire within the limits of virtue and decorum, ſeeing no man is obliged to perform impoſſibilities." Altiſidora, in conſequence of this repulſe, aſſumed an air of indignation, and, in an affected tranſport of rage, exclaimed, "How now, Don ſtockfiſh! ſoul of a mortar! ſtone of a date! more poſitive and obſtinate than a courted peaſant when his arrow hath chanced to hit the mark! by the Lord! if I once fall upon you, I will tear your eyes out. Hark ye, Don beaten and cudgelled, are you ſuch a wiſeacre as to ſuppoſe I died for love of you? All you have ſeen, this laſt night, was pure fiction; for, I am not the woman to have a finger ach, much leſs to die, for ſuch a camel." "O my conſcience! I believe what you ſay, cried Sancho; that of dying for love, is a moſt ridiculous affair: your lovers, indeed, may eaſily ſay they are dying; but, that they will actually give up the ghoſt, Judas may believe it for me."

During this converſation, the muſician and poet, who had ſung the two ſtanzas which we have already repeated, came into the apartment, and made a profound bow to Don Quixote, ſaying, "Sir knight, I beg you will eſteem and reckon me among the number of your moſt humble ſervants; for, many days are elapſed ſince I have conceived the warmeſt affection for your perſon, from the fame of your character and atchievements." When Don Quixote deſired to know who he was, that he might reſpect him according to his merit, he anſwered, that he was the muſician

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and panegyriſt of the preceding night. "Aſſuredly, your voice is extremely ſweet, ſaid the knight; but, methinks, the verſes you ſung were not much to the purpoſe; for, what affinity is there between the ſtanzas of Garcilaſſo and the death of this young lady?" "Your worſhip muſt not wonder at that impropriety, anſwered the muſician; it is a common practice among the beardleſs poets of this age, to write what they will, and ſteal from whom they pleaſe to pillage, whether it be or be not to the purpoſe, and every abſurdity that occurs in their ſinging or writing, they attribute to the Licentia poetica."

Don Quixote's reply was prevented by the entrance of the duke and dutcheſs, who came to viſit him in his chamber, and a long diverting converſation enſued, in the courſe of which Sancho uttered ſo many humorous ſallies and ſatirical jokes, that their graces admired anew the mixture of his acuteneſs and ſimplicity. As for the knight, he humbly requeſted that he might be allowed to depart that very day, as it was much more proper that vanquiſhed knights, like him, ſhould live in hogſties, than in ſumpt'ous palaces. They graciouſly complied with his requeſt, and when the dutcheſs inquired if Altiſidora had, as yet, acquired his good graces, "Your grace muſt know, ſaid he, that damſel's diſtemper wholly proceeds from idleneſs, which may be eaſily cured by continual and decent occupation: ſhe tells me it is the faſhion in hell to wear lace, and as ſhe knows how to make it, let the work never be out of her hand, which being employed in moving the bobbins, the idea or ideas of what ſhe loves will no longer move in her imagination; and this is the truth, the ſubſtance of my opinion, and the marrow of my advice." "Ay, and of mine too, cried Sancho; for, never in my born days did I know a lace-maker die for love: the thoughts of girls employed at that work, run more upon the finiſhing of their taſks than upon the idle fancies of love; and, for myſelf, I can ſafely ſay, that while I am digging in the field, I never ſo much as dream of my duck; I mean, my wife Tereſa Panza, whom I love as the apple of mine eye." "You talk like an oracle, Sancho, ſaid the dutcheſs; and I will take care, that, from this day forward, Altiſidora ſhall be employed in ſome plain work, which ſhe underſtands to perfection." "Your ladyſhip ſhall not need to uſe any ſuch expedient, replied Altiſidora; for, the conſideration of the cruelty with which I have been uſed by that felonious monſter, will blot him effectually from my remembrance, without any other aſſiſtance; and, in the mean time, with your grace's permiſſion, I will retire, that I may no longer have before my eyes—I will not ſay his rueful countenance, but his frightful and abominable

abominable aſpect." "Theſe reproaches, ſaid the duke, put me in mind of the old obſervation, that ſcolding among lovers is the next neighbour to forgiveneſs."

Altiſidora, making a ſhew of wiping the tears from her eyes with a white handkerchief, dropped a low curtſy to her lord and lady, and withdrew; and Sancho ſending after her an earneſt look, "Poor damſel! cried he, I can bequeath, bequeath thee nothing, I ſay, but bad luck, ſeeing thou haſt placed thine affection upon a ſoul of ruſh, and an heart of oak; had it lighted upon me, another ſort of a cock would have crowed thy fortune."

Thus the converſation ended, Don Quixote put on his cloaths, dined with the duke and dutcheſs, and ſet out that ſame evening for his own habitation.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of what happened to Don Quixote and his ſquire, in their journey to their own village.

THE perplexed and vanquiſhed Don Quixote travelled along, extremely chagrined on one account, tho' greatly rejoiced on another: his melancholy was occaſioned by his overthrow, and his joy produced from the conſideration of that virtue inherent in his ſquire, which he had ſeen demonſtrated in the reſurrection of Altiſidora, tho' he had ſome ſcruples in perſuading himſelf that the enamoured damſel was actually dead. As for Sancho, he felt no ſort of pleaſure; but, on the contrary, was much mortified to find that Altiſidora had failed in performing her promiſe touching the preſent of the ſhifts; and, his imagination dwelling upon this circumſtance, he ſaid to his maſter, "Truly, ſignor, I muſt certainly be the moſt unfortunate phyſician that ever lived upon the earth, in which there are many leeches, who, tho' they kill their patients, inſiſt upon being payed for their trouble, which, by the bye, is no more than writing and ſigning a liſt of medicines upon a ſcrap of paper; for, the apothecary makes up the preſcription, and ſo the farce is acted; whereas, I receive not a doit, tho' I cure other people's maladies at the expence of pinches, twitches, pin-pricks, laſhes, and drops of blood; but, I vow to God! if any other patient is put into my hands, they ſhall be well anointed before I undertake the cure; for, The abbot chants, but to ſupply his wants: and I cannot believe that heaven hath beſtowed ſuch virtue upon me, in order that I ſhould throw it away upon the undeſerving." "Thou art in the

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the right, friend Sancho, replied Don Quixote; and Altisidora is much to blame in having with-held the promised shifts, altho' thy virtue is gratis data, without having put thee to the trouble of studying aught but the art of enduring personal torture; for my own part, I can say, that if thou hadst demanded payment for the disinchanted stripes, I should have allowed it to thy own satisfaction; tho' I know not how such hire might interfere with the cure; and I should not wish that the premium might impede the effect of the medicine: nevertheless, I do not think the experiment could be attended with any bad consequence. Consider, Sancho, what thou wouldst have; then proceed to the flagellation, and pay thyself fairly out of my money which is in thy own hands."

At this proposal, the squire opened his eyes and ears a full span, and resolving in his heart to scourge himself with good will, answered in these words: "Ay, now, signor, I find myself extremely well disposed to comply with your worship's desire, since my compliance will be attended with some profit; and, I own, my regard for my poor wife and children makes me seem a little selfish.—Pray what will your worship please to give for every stripe?" "Were I to pay thee, Sancho, said the knight, according to the greatness of thy deserts, and the quality of the cure, the bank of Venice and mines of Potosi would not afford a sufficient recompence: but, see how much of my money thou hast got, and set thy own price upon every lash." "The number of stripes to be given, answered the squire, amounts to three thousand three hundred and odd: of these I have received about five, which shall stand for the odd; so that three thousand three hundred remain. Now, if we value each lash at a quarter of a rial, and I would not bate a doit tho' the whole world should desire me, the sum will be three thousand three hundred quartillos; the three thousand quartillos make fifteen hundred half rials, which are equal to seven hundred and fifty rials; and the other three hundred quartillos make one hundred and fifty half rials, which are equal to seventy-five rials, and these being added to the former seven hundred and fifty, the whole reckoning amounts to eight hundred and twenty-five rials. These I will deduct from your cash that is in my hands, and then I will return to my own house, rich and satisfied, tho' well scourged; for, We cannot catch trouts without wetting our clouts: and I will say no more upon the subject." "O, blessed Sancho! O, lovely Sancho! cried Don Quixote; Dulcinea and I will be bound to serve thee all the days that heaven shall permit us to live; provided she shall retrieve her lost form: and, in this hope, we cannot possibly be mistaken; her misfortune will prove fortunate, and my overthrow a most happy triumph. And now, Sancho, consider when

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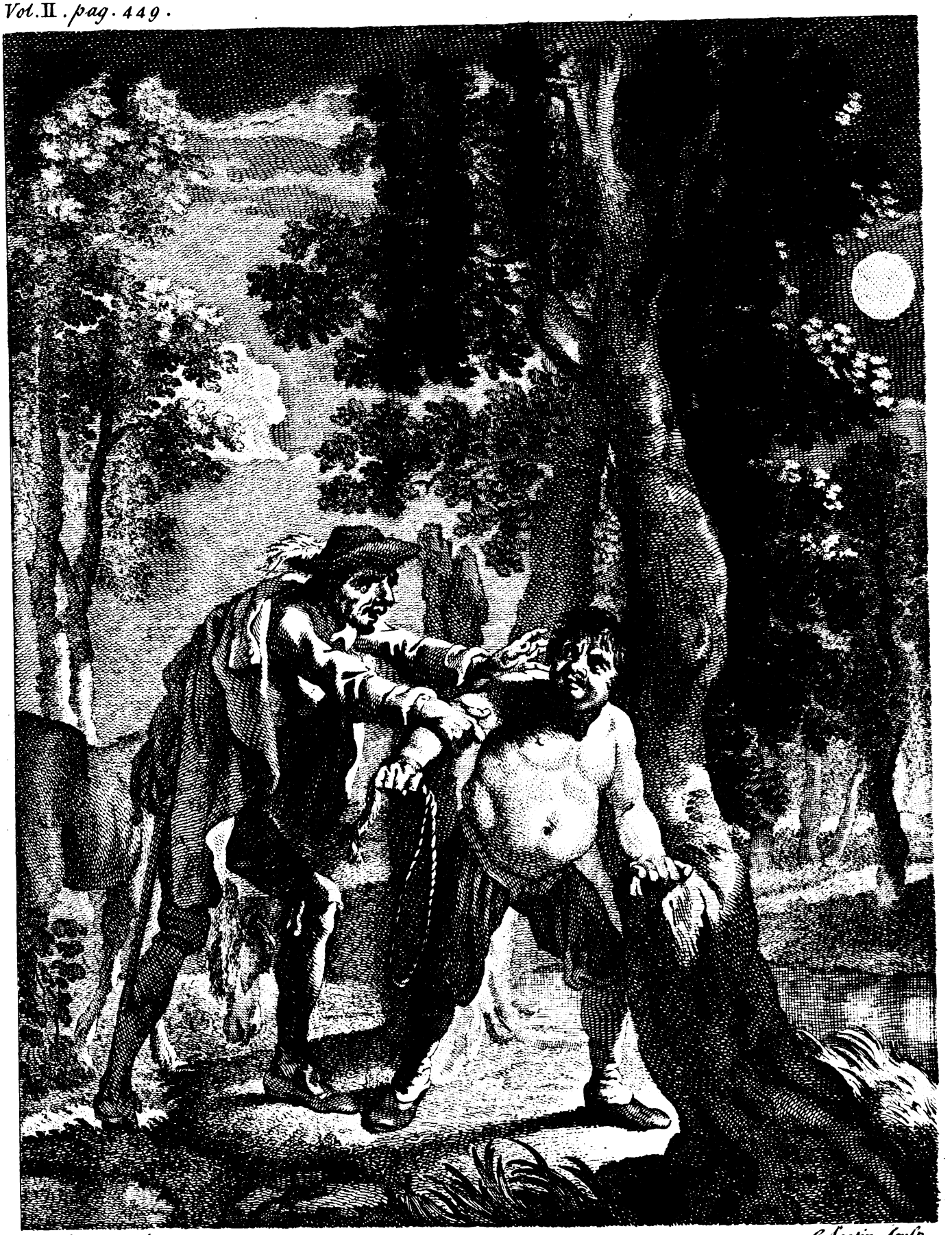

T. Hayman inv.t et Delin.

G. Scotin Sculp.

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when thou wilt begin this diſcipline; towards the ſpeedy performance of which, I add another hundred rials." "When! replied the ſquire; this very night without fail: if your worſhip will take care to chooſe our lodging in the open field, I will take care to open my own carcaſe."

At length the night arrived, after it had been impatiently expected by Don Quixote, who thought the wheels of Apollo's car had broken down, and that the day was extended to an unuſual length; like thoſe lovers whoſe deſires ever outſtrip the career of time.

In the evening, they betook themſelves to the covert of ſome pleaſant trees at a little diſtance from the highway, and, vacating the ſaddle of Rozinante and the pannel of the aſs, ſat down together upon the graſs, and ſupped upon the ſtore contained in the wallet of Sancho, who, forming a ſtrong and flexible ſcourge with Dapple's halter, retired into a tuft of beeches about twenty paces from his maſter. The knight ſeeing him withdraw ſo briſk and reſolute, "Beware, friend Sancho, ſaid he, of ſcourging thyſelf to pieces; perform thy diſcipline at leiſure; let the ſtripes follow one another in a regular ſucceſſion, and do not run ſo faſt as to be out of breath in the middle of thy career; I mean, do not laſh thyſelf ſo ſeverely, as to deſtroy thy own life before the number be completed; and, that thou mayeſt not loſe it by a card too many, or too few, I will ſtand aſide and count the ſtripes upon my roſary. Mayeſt thou enjoy the protection of heaven which thy chriſtian intention ſo richly deſerves." "A good paymaſter needs no bail, anſwered the ſquire: I intend to ſcourge myſelf in ſuch a manner as will mortify my fleſh, without any hazard of my life; for, in that medium the ſubſtance of the miracle muſt conſiſt." He forthwith ſtripped himſelf naked from the waiſt upwards, and, ſnatching the ſcourge, began to whip himſelf, while his maſter reckoned the ſtripes. About half a dozen or eight laſhes had Sancho beſtowed upon himſelf, when he found the joke very expenſive, and the reward dog cheap; and, ſuſpending the inſtrument, told the knight he had been deceived, and claimed the benefit of an appeal; for, every one of theſe ſtripes was well worth half a rial inſtead of a quartillo. "Proceed, friend Sancho, without diſmay, replied Don Quixote, and I will double the allowance." "At that rate, replied the ſquire, to it again, by the grace of God, and let it rain laſhes." But, the cunning knave no longer made application to his own ſhoulders, in lieu of which he began to ſcourge the trees, venting, between whiles, ſuch diſmal groans as ſeemed to tear his very ſoul up by the roots. The knight, from the tenderneſs of his own diſpoſition, being apprehenſive that he would actually put an end to his life, and of conſequence defeat the purpoſe of his flagel-

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lation, exclaimed, "I conjure thee, by thy life, friend Sancho, to let the buſineſs reſt where it now ſtands: the medicine ſeems to have a very rough operation, and it will be better to proceed leiſurely; for, Zamora was not taken in one hour. Above a thouſand ſtripes haſt thou already inflicted upon thyſelf, if my reckoning is juſt, and theſe ſhall ſuffice for the preſent; for, if I may uſe a vulgar expreſſion, Tho' the load muſt lie over the aſs, he muſt not be overloaded." "No, no, ſignor, replied Sancho, they ſhall never ſay of me, When money's paid before it's due, a broken limb will ſtraight enſue. Pray, ſtand aſide a little, ſignor, and let me lay on another thouſand, if you pleaſe: two ſuch bouts will perform the bargain, and leave ſomething to boot." "Since thou findeſt thyſelf in ſuch an excellent frame and diſpoſition, ſaid the knight, heaven protect thee; ſtick to the ſtuff, and I ſhall withdraw." Sancho, reſuming his taſk and reckoning, had already diſbarked a number of trees, with the rigorous application of his ſcourge, when beſtowing a dreadful ſtroke upon an unfortunate beech, he exclaimed with great vociferation, "Here, Sampſon, ſhalt thou die with all thine abettors." Don Quixote, hearing this diſmal ejaculation, and the terrible ſound of the ſtroke, ran up to the ſpot, and ſeizing the twiſted halter that Sancho uſed inſtead of a bull's pizzle, "Fate, ſaid he, friend Sancho, will not permit, that, for my pleaſure, thou ſhouldſt loſe that life on which the ſuſtenance of thy wife and family muſt depend. Dulcinea ſhall wait for a more favourable conjuncture, and I will contain myſelf within the limits of the neareſt hope, until thou ſhalt recover new ſtrength to conclude this affair to the ſatisfaction of all parties." "Since your worſhip is ſo inclined, anſwered the ſquire, ſo be it in happy time; and pray, good ſignor, throw your cloak about my ſhoulders; for, I am all in a ſweat, and would not willingly catch cold, which is ſo often the caſe with new diſciplinants." The knight, in compliance with his requeſt, ſtripped himſelf of his upper garment, with which he covered up Sancho, who ſlept until he was wakened by the ſun: then they proceeded on their journey, which, for that day, did not exceed three leagues.

They alighted at an inn; for, ſuch it was acknowledged by Don Quixote, who did not, as uſual, ſuppoſe it a caſtle furniſhed with a foſſée, turrets, portcullices, and draw-bridges: indeed, ſince his defeat, he had talked with more ſanity on all ſubjects, as will preſently appear. He was ſhewn into a low apartment hung with old painted ſerge, ſuch as is uſed in country places, in one piece of which ſome wretched hand had drawn the rape of Helen, who was carried off from Menelaus by her preſumptuous gueſt; and in another was repreſented the ſtory of Dido and Æneas,

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the unhappy queen ſtanding upon a lofty tower, making ſignals with a white ſheet to her fugitive lover, who, in a frigate or brigantine, was flying from her coaſt. He obſerved, of theſe two hiſtory pieces, that Helen ſhewed no marks of compulſion; but, rather exhibited her ſatisfaction in a roguiſh ſmile: whereas, from the eyes of the beautiful Dido, tears as big as walnuts ſeemed to fall. Don Quixote, having conſidered both pictures, "Theſe two ladies, ſaid he, were moſt unfortunate, becauſe they did not live in this our age; and I, above all men unhappy, becauſe I did not live in theirs. Had I encountered theſe gentlemen, Troy had ne'er been burnt, nor Carthage laid in ruins; for, by killing Paris only, I ſhould have prevented ſuch diſaſters." "I'll lay a wager, ſaid Sancho, that, in a very little time, every cook's cellar, tavern, inn, and barber's ſhop in the kingdom, will be ornamented with pictures containing the hiſtory of our atchievements; but, I ſhould be glad to ſee them painted by a better workman than him who made theſe daubings." "Thou art in the right, replied Don Quixote; he that painted theſe pieces is juſt ſuch another as Orbaneja, a painter of Ubeda, who, being aſked what he was about, anſwered, Juſt as it happens: and, if he chanced to repreſent a cock, he wrote under it, This is a cock; that it might not be miſtaken for a fox. Such a perſon, I ſuppoſe, is that ſame painter or author; for, it is the ſame thing, who uſhered into the world the lately publiſhed hiſtory of the new Don Quixote; for, he has painted or deſcribed whatever came uppermoſt; or, perhaps, he reſembles an old court poet called Mauleon, who pretended to anſwer every queſtion extempore; and being, one day, aſked the meaning of Deum de Deo, replied, De donde diere *. But, waving this ſubject, tell me, Sancho, if thou art reſolved to take the other turn to night, and whether thou wouldſt chooſe to go to work under an humble roof, or beneath the high canopy of heaven?" "'Fore God! ſignor, replied the ſquire, as to what I intend to take, it matters not much, whether it be taken within doors or without: nevertheleſs, I ſhould chooſe to go to work among trees; for, they ſeem to accompany and aſſiſt me wonderfully in bearing the brunt of the application." "But, it muſt not be ſo at preſent, friend Sancho, anſwered the knight; in order to recruit your ſtrength, the execution ſhall be poſtponed until we arrive at our own village, which we ſhall reach the day after to-morrow, at fartheſt." Sancho ſaid he might take his own way; tho' he himſelf ſhould be glad to diſpatch the buſineſs now he was warm, and while the mill was a-going; for, Delay breeds danger; and we ought ſtill to be do-

* *Wherever it may hit:* An anſwer that has no affinity with the queſtion, but the faint reſemblance of ſound.

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ing while to God we are ſueing: I will give thee, is good; but, Here take it, is better: A ſparrow in hand is worth an eagle on wing." "No more proverbs, Sancho, for the love of God! cried the knight: thou ſeemeſt to be returning to ſicut erat. Speak plainly and perſpicuouſly without ſuch intricate mazes, as I have often adviſed thee, and thou wilt find thyſelf one loaf per cent. in pocket." "I am ſo unlucky, anſwered the ſquire, that I cannot give a reaſon without a proverb, nor a proverb that I do not think a good reaſon; but, I will mend if I can:" And here the converſation ended for that time.

CHAP. XIX.

Giving an account of Don Quixote's arrival at his own habitation.

THAT whole day Don Quixote and Sancho tarried at the inn, waiting for night, during which the one intended to finiſh his whipping taſk in the open field, and the other hoped to ſee the accompliſhment of that diſcipline on which depended the accompliſhment of his deſire. In the mean time, a gentleman on horſeback arrived at the door, attended by three or four ſervants, one of whom ſaid to him who ſeemed to be the maſter, "Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worſhip may paſs the afternoon in this houſe; the lodging ſeems to be cool and cleanly." Don Quixote hearing this addreſs, "Hark ye, Sancho, ſaid he, when I glanced over the ſecond part of my hiſtory, I am very much miſtaken if I did not perceive, as I turned over the leaves, this very name of Don Alvaro Tarfe." "Very likely, replied the ſquire; firſt let him alight, and then we can aſk queſtions." Accordingly the traveller having alighted, was conducted by the landlady into a room that fronted the knight's apartment, and ornamented with the ſame kind of paintings which we have already deſcribed. This new come cavalier, laying aſide his upper garment, came out into the porch, which was cool and ſpacious, where ſeeing Don Quixote walking backwards and forwards for the benefit of the air, aſked in a courteous manner, which way his worſhip was travelling. The knight told him he was going to the place of his nativity, which was a village in the neighbourhood; and in his turn expreſſed a deſire of knowing the direction of the ſtranger's courſe. "Signor, ſaid the cavalier, I am travelling to Grenada, which is my native country." "And a good country it is, replied Don Quixote; but, will your worſhip be ſo good as to tell me your name, which I believe is of more importance to me to know than I can well explain." "My name, ſaid the

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the ſtranger, is Don Alvaro Tarfe." "Without doubt then, replied the knight, you muſt be the gentleman mentioned in the ſecond part of the hiſtory of Don Quixote de la Mancha, lately printed and publiſhed by a modern author." "The very ſame, anſwered the cavalier: Don Quixote, the principal character of that hiſtory, was an intimate acquaintance of mine: I brought him from his own habitation; at leaſt I perſuaded him to aſſiſt at the tournament of Saragoſſa, whither I was going, and where I really and truly did him many ſignal ſervices; and particularly ſaved his back from being very roughly handled by the hangman, for his exceſſive impudence and knavery." "And pray, ſignor Don Alvaro, is there any reſemblance betewen me and that Don Quixote whom your worſhip mentions?" ſaid the knight. "No, ſurely; none at all," replied the ſtranger. "Is that Don Quixote attended by a ſquire called Sancho Panza?" reſumed our hero. "Yes, he is, anſwered the other; and although he was reported to be a very humorous companion, I never heard him utter one merry conceit." "That I can very well believe, ſaid Sancho, mingling in the diſcourſe; it is not every body that can utter conceits; and that ſame Sancho, whom your worſhip mentions, muſt be a very great knave, and indeed both fool and knave; for, I am the true Sancho Panza, who have as many conceits as there are drops of rain: if your worſhip will but try the experiment, and keep me company for a year or ſo, you will ſee them fall from me at every ſtep; nay, they are ſo merry and ſo numerous, that very often when I myſelf know not what I have ſaid, they make all the hearers burſt their ſides with laughing: and the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the renowned, the valiant, the ſage, the enamoured knight, the undoer of wrongs, the tutor of wards and orphans, the protector of widows, the deſtroyer of maids, he who owns no other miſtreſs than the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, is my maſter, this very gentleman here preſent: every other Don Quixote, and every other Sancho whatſoever, is no better than a dream or deluſion." "Before God! I am of the ſame opinion, replied Don Alvaro; for, truly, my good friend, you have uttered more pleaſantry in theſe few ſentences you have ſpoke, than ever I knew come from the mouth of the other Sancho Panza, tho' he was an eternal babler: he was much more of a glutton than of an orator, and rather idiotical than humorous. Indeed, I am fully perſuaded, that thoſe inchanters who moleſt the good Don Quixote, have been pleaſed to perſecute me with the bad Don Quixote: and yet I know not what to ſay; for, I can take my oath that I left him at Toledo in the nuncio's houſe, under the care of ſurgeons; and now, another Don Quixote ſtarts up in this place, tho' of a very different character.

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character and complexion!" "I know not whether or not I am the good Don Quixote, replied the knight; but, I will venture to ſay I am not the bad Don Quixote; and as a proof of what I alledge, my good ſignor Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worſhip muſt know, that in the whole courſe of my life I never was at Saragoſſa; on the contrary, having been informed, that the fantaſtical Don Quixote had been preſent at the tournament of that city, I would not ſet foot within its walls, that I might demonſtrate his impoſture to the ſatisfaction of the whole world: I, therefore, openly repaired to Barcelona, that repoſitory of politeneſs, that aſylum of ſtrangers, that hoſpital of the poor, that native place of gallantry, that avenging tribunal of the injured, that agreeable ſcene of unſhaken friendſhip, unparalleled both in beauty and ſituation! and although certain adventures which there befel me did not much contribute to my ſatisfaction, but, on the contrary, conduced to my unſpeakable diſquiet; I bear my fate without repining, and count myſelf happy in having ſeen that celebrated place: finally, ſignor Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am the real Don Quixote de la Mancha, ſo well known to fame, and not that wretched impoſtor who has thought proper to uſurp my name, and deck himſelf with the ſpoils of my reputation. I muſt therefore entreat your worſhip as you value yourſelf on the character of a gentleman, to make a declaration before the alcalde of the place; importing, that, before this day, you never ſaw me in the whole courſe of your life; and that I am not the Don Quixote deſcribed in the ſecond part, nor this Sancho Panza the ſquire whom your worſhip knew in his ſervice." "With all my heart, ſaid Don Alvaro; and yet I cannot help being aſtoniſhed to ſee two Don Quixotes, and two Sanchos at the ſame time, ſo ſimilar in name, and ſo unlike in character; ſo that I ſay again, and even affirm, that I have not really ſeen that which I thought I had ſeen, nor met with thoſe incidents in which I ſuppoſed myſelf concerned." "Doubtleſs, cried Sancho, your worſhip muſt be inchanted, like my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo; and would to God your diſinchantment depended upon my undergoing another tale of three thouſand three hundred laſhes, ſuch as I have undertaken in her favour; I would lay them on without intereſt or deduction." When Don Alvaro ſaid he did not underſtand what he meant by laſhes, the ſquire anſwered, it was a long ſtory, which, however, he would relate to him, ſhould they chance to travel the ſame road.

Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together; and the alcalde of the town chancing to enter the inn, with a ſcrivener, our hero demanded, by a formal petition, that Don Alvaro Tarfe, the gentleman there preſent, ſhould depoſe before his worſhip, that he was not acquainted with him,

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Don Quixote there preſent alſo, and that he the ſaid Don Quixote was not the perſon deſcribed in a certain hiſtory, entitled, The ſecond part of Don Quixote de la Mancha; compoſed by one Avellaneda, native of Tordeſillas. In a word, the alcalde proceeded in form; the depoſition was drawn up in the ſtrongeſt terms, and the knight and ſquire were as much rejoiced, as if this certificate had been of the utmoſt conſequence to their identity, and as if the difference between the two Quixotes and Sanchos would not have plainly appeared from their words and actions.

Many compliments and proffers of ſervice paſſed between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote; and our great Manchegan gave ſuch proofs of diſcretion as undeceived Don Alvaro, who perſuaded himſelf that he was certainly enchanted, ſeeing he had felt, as it were, with his hand, two ſuch contrary Don Quixotes. In the evening, they departed from the village, and travelled together about half a league, until they found the highway divided into two roads, one of which led to the habitation of Don Quixote, and Don Alvaro's journey lay through the other: yet, in that ſmall ſpace, the knight recounted the misfortune of his overthrow, together with Dulcinea's enchantment, and the remedy propoſed; ſo as to excite anew the admiration of the ſtranger, who, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, took his leave, and proceeded on his own affairs, while our knight jogged on at an eaſy pace, and paſſed the night in a grove of trees, in order to give Sancho an opportunity to perform his penance, which he accompliſhed as before, at the expence of the beeches, and not of his own ſhoulders; theſe he defended with ſuch care, that they felt not even the whiff of any ſtripe ſufficient to diſplace a fly. The credulous knight loſt not one in his reckoning of the laſhes, which, including thoſe of the proceding night, amounted to three thouſand and twenty-nine: the ſun ſeemed to riſe early on purpoſe to behold this ſacrifice, and to light our adventurer on his way, which he proſecuted, converſing with Sancho upon the miſtake and deception of Don Alvaro, and his own preſence of mind in obtaining ſuch an authentic teſtimonial before the juſtice.

That whole day and night they travelled without encountring any adventure worthy of record, except that, in the dark, Sancho finiſhed his diſcipline, to the unſpeakable ſatisfaction of the knight, who waited with impatience for the day, in hope of finding his miſtreſs Dulcinea diſenchanted, upon the road: indeed, he was ſo much ingroſſed by this notion, that he went up to every woman he met in the remaining part of his journey, to ſee if ſhe was not Dulcinea del Toboſo; infallibly perſuaded that there could be no deceit in the promiſes of Merlin. While he indulged theſe reflections and deſires, they aſcended a riſing ground, from whence

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whence they deſcried their own village, which Sancho no ſooner perceived, than he fell upon his knees, ſaying, " Open thine eyes, beloved country! and behold the return of thy ſon Sancho Panza, who though not very rich in corn, is well ſtored with laſhes: open thine arms at the ſame time, and receive thy ſon Don Quixote, who though vanquiſhed by a ſtranger's hand, returns the victor of himſelf; and that, as he hath often told me, is the greateſt conqueſt which can be deſired: with regard to my own fate, I have money in my purſe; for, though the ſtripes fell thick and heavy, I was rewarded like a gentleman." " Leave theſe fooleries, ſaid the knight, and let us go directly home, where we will indulge our imagination with free ſcope, in contriving the ſcheme of paſtoral felicity which we intend to enjoy."

They accordingly deſcended the hill, and made the beſt of their way to their own village.

CHAP. XX.

Of the omens that occurred to Don Quixote when he entered the village; with other incidents which adorn and authenticate this ſublime hiſtory.

CID Hamet relates, that Don Quixote, as he entered the village, perceived two boys quarrelling in a threſhing floor, and heard the one ſay to his antagoniſt; " Struggle thy fill, Periquillo, thou ſhalt never ſee it in all the days of thy life." Theſe words no ſooner reached the knight's ears, than turning to his ſquire, " Friend Sancho, ſaid he, didſt not thou mark what the boy ſaid? Thou ſhalt never ſee it in all the days of thy life." " And what ſignifies what the boy ſays?" anſwered the ſquire. " What! replied the knight, doſt not thou perceive that theſe words, applied to my concerns, ſignify, that I ſhall never behold Dulcinea?" Sancho was juſt going to anſwer, when he was prevented by the ſight of an hare, which being purſued by a number of greyhounds and hunters, came running through the field, and ſquatted down in a fright under Dapple; the ſquire immediately ſaved it from the dogs, by ſeizing and preſenting it to his maſter, who ſaid, " Malum Signum, Malum Signum! the hare flies, the hounds purſue, and Dulcinea does not appear." " That is a ſtrange fancy in your worſhip! replied the ſquire: let us, for example, ſuppoſe this hare is Dulcinea del Toboſo, and theſe purſuing hounds the felonious inchanters who have transformed her into a country wench; ſhe flies, I catch and deliver her to your worſhip, who hold and fondle her in your arms; what bad ſign is that? or what ill omen can

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can be conjured from ſuch a circumſtance?" At this juncture, the two boys who had been quarrelling came up to ſee the hare, and Sancho having aſked the cauſe of their quarrel, was anſwered by him who ſaid, "Thou ſhalt never ſee it in all the days of thy life," that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, which he did not intend to reſtore in the whole courſe of his life. In conſequence of this information, the ſquire pulled out of his pocket four farthings, and gave them to the boy for the cage, which he put into the hands of Don Quixote, ſaying, "Behold, ſignor, the wreck and deſtruction of thoſe omens, which, as I (though a fool) imagine, have no more to do with our affairs, than laſt year's clouds; and if I right remember, I have heard the curate of our pariſh obſerve, that no perſon of common ſenſe ought to mind ſuch childiſh trifles: nay, even your worſhip made the ſame remark ſome time ago, and told me thoſe chriſtians were actually mad who put any faith in omens; and therefore we have no occaſion to make a ſtumbling-block of this accident: but let us proceed and enter the town a God's name."

The hunters coming up, demanded the hare, which was delivered to them by our knight, who jogging on with his ſquire, perceived the curate and batchelor Carraſco buſy at their devotion, in a little meadow that ſkirted the town. Now the reader muſt know, that Sancho Panza had, over the bundle of armour carried by Dapple, thrown, by way of ſumpter-cloth, the buckram robe painted with flames of fire, which he had worn in the duke's caſtle, on the night of Altiſidora's reſurrection; and he, at the ſame time, had fixed the mitre upon the head of the aſs, which, thus adorned, exhibited the ſtrangeſt transformation that any beaſt of burden in the world had ever undergone. Our adventurers were immediately recognized by the curate and batchelor, who ran to receive them with open arms, when Don Quixote alighting, embraced them with great cordiality; and the boys, who are quick-ſighted as lynxes, deſcrying the mitre of the aſs, came running in crowds to behold this new ſpectacle; crying to one another, "Come along, boys, and ſee Sancho Panza's Dapple, as fine as a May * morning, and Rozinante more lean than ever."

In a word, they entered the town, ſurrounded with boys, and accompanied by the curate and batchelor, who attended them to the knight's houſe, at the gate of which they found the niece and houſekeeper already apprized of his arrival. The ſame intimation, neither more nor leſs, had been given to Sancho's ſpouſe Tereſa Panza, who came running to ſee her huſband, half naked, with her hair hanging about her ears, and her

* In the original, as fine as Mingo, who was a bad poet and taudry beau, cotemporary with Cervantes.

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daughter Sanchica in her hand: but, ſeeing he was not ſo gayly equipped, as ſhe thought a governor ſhould be, "Heyday! huſband, cried ſhe, you come home afoot, and ſeem to be quite foundered, and look more like a governor of hogs than a ruler of men." "Hold your tongue, Tereſa, replied the ſquire; you will often find hooks where there is no bacon: let us e'en trudge home, where I will tell thee wonders: I have money in my purſe, (and that's the one thing needful) earned by my own induſtry, without prejudice to any perſon whatſoever." "Do you bring home the money, good huſband, ſaid Tereſa; and let it be earned here or there, or got in what ſhape you pleaſe, I give myſelf no trouble about the matter; I am ſure, in getting it, you have introduced no new faſhion into the world." Sanchica embraced her father, and aſked if he had brought any thing for her, who had expected him as impatiently as if he had been May-dew: then taking hold of his girdle with one hand, and leading Dapple with the other, while her mother held him by the fiſt, they repaired to their own houſe, leaving Don Quixote to the care of his niece and houſekeeper, and in company with the curate and batchelor.

The knight, diſregarding times and ſeaſons, inſtantly retired into an apartment with his two friends, to whom he briefly related his overthrow, and the obligation under which he lay, to ſtay at home for the ſpace of one year, which obligation he intended literally to obſerve, without failing in the leaſt tittle, like a true knight-errant, bound by the punctuality of the order which he had the honour to profeſs. During this term of retirement, he propoſed to turn ſhepherd, and enjoy the ſolitude of the fields, where he would give full ſcope to his amorous ſentiments, and exerciſe himſelf in all the virtues of a paſtoral life: he, at the ſame time, beſought them (provided they had any time to ſpare, and were not hindered by buſineſs of more conſequence) to become his companions; aſſuring them he would purchaſe a flock of ſheep ſufficient for a number of ſwains, and that the principal part of the ſcheme was already effected, in as much as he had invented names that would ſuit them with the utmoſt propriety. The curate expreſſing a deſire to know theſe appellations, the knight ſaid, he would call himſelf the ſhepherd Quixotiz, the batchelor ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by the name of the ſwain Carraſcon, the curate be denominated Curiambro, and the ſquire, Pancino. They were confounded at this new ſpecies of madneſs; but, leſt he ſhould once more forſake his habitation to follow his chivalries, and in hope that he might poſſibly be cured during the year of his confinement, they ſeemingly aſſented to this new propoſal, extolled his madneſs as the very eſſence of diſcretion, and promiſed to be his companions in the exerciſe he had planned. "All the world

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world knows that I am a celebrated poet, ſaid Sampſon Carraſco, and at every turn I ſhall compoſe verſes, paſtorals, or courtly ſonnets, or ſuch as will beſt anſwer the purpoſe of entertaining us in the fields through which we ſhall rove: but, there is one circumſtance, gentlemen, which we muſt by no means neglect; and that is, every man ſhall chooſe a name for the ſhepherdeſs he intends to celebrate, and inſcribe and engrave it on every tree let it be never ſo hard, according to the conſtant practice of enamoured ſwains." "A very ſeaſonable ſuggeſtion, anſwered Don Quixote: but, altho' I am at liberty to chooſe a fictitious name, I ſhall not employ my invention for that purpoſe, while there is ſuch a perſon as the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, the glory of theſe banks! the ornament of theſe meadows! the ſupport of beauty! the cream of all gentility! and finally, the ſubject that ſuits all praiſe, how hyperbolical ſoever it may be." "Very true, ſaid the curate; but we muſt put up with nymphs of an inferior rank, who, though they will not ſquare, may corner with our deſires." "And ſhould we be at a loſs, added Sampſon Carraſco, we will borrow names that abound in printed books; ſuch as, Phillis, Amarillis, Diana, Florida, Galatea, and Beliſarda, which, as they are publicly ſold, we may purchaſe and appropriate to our own uſe. If, for example, my miſtreſs, or rather ſhepherdeſs, be called Ann, I will celebrate her under the name of Anna; if her name is Frances, ſhe ſhall be called Francenia; if Lucia, ſhe ſhall be known by the appellation of Lucinda: in the ſame manner, ſhall other names be metamorphoſed; and if Sancho Panza is inclined to be one of our fraternity, he may celebrate his wife Tereſa Panza, under the name of Tereſayna." Don Quixote could not help ſmiling at this transformation; and the curate, in very high terms, applauded his honourable and virtuous reſolution, promiſing anew to ſpend in his company all the time he could ſpare from his indiſpenſible obligations. And now they took leave of the knight, after having adviſed and entreated him to have a reverend care of his health, and comfort his ſtomach with ſomething good and ſubſtantial.

The niece and houſekeeper having, by accident, overheard this converſation, entered the apartment, as ſoon as the curate and batchelor were gone, and the former addreſſing herſelf to Don Quixote, "Uncle, ſaid ſhe, what is the meaning of all this! Now, that we thought you was returned to ſtay at home, and lead a quiet and honourable life in your own houſe, you want to reintangle yourſelf in new labyrinths, and turn a poor ſhepherd. Thou cam'ſt with a crook, with a ſcrip thou wilt go; as the ſaying is; for, in good ſooth, the ſtraw is too old to make pipes of." "And does your worſhip think, added the houſekeeper, that you

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can ſtay in the field, during the heats of ſummer and the froſts of winter, to hear the howling of the wolves! no, truly: that is the office and employment of robuſt clowns, tanned by the weather, and brought up to the buſineſs, even from their chriſtening blankets and ſwadling-cloaths; and weighing one evil againſt another, you had better ſtill be a knight-errant than a ſhepherd. Conſider, ſignor, and take my advice, which I do not give from a full ſtomach, but freſh and faſting, with fifty good years over my head: ſtay at home in your own houſe, look after your eſtate, go frequently to confeſſion, be good to the poor, and let my conſcience anſwer for the reſt." "Hold your peace, my good children, anſwered Don Quixote; I know my own duty and what I have to do; meanwhile, carry me to bed, for, methinks, I am not very well; and be aſſured, that whether I continue knight-errant or turn ſhepherd, you may depend upon my good offices and aſſiſtance, as you ſhall find by experience."

Comforted by this declaration, the good ſouls, for ſo they were without doubt, carried the knight to bed, where they preſented him with victuals, and cheriſhed him with all poſſible care.

CHAP. XVIII.

Giving an account of Don Quixote's laſt illneſs and death.

AS nothing human is eternal, but every ſublunary object, eſpecially the life of man, is always declining from its origin to its decay; and Don Quixote had no particular privilege from heaven, exempting him from the common fate, the end and period of his exiſtence arrived, when he leaſt expected its approach: and either in conſequence of the melancholy produced by his overthrow, or by the particular diſpenſations of heaven, he was ſeized with a calenture, which detained him in bed for the ſpace of ſix days, during which he was often viſited by his friends, the curate, batchelor and barber, and his good ſquire Sancho Panza never ſtirred from his bed-ſide. Theſe gentlemen, ſuppoſing his diſtemper proceeded from the chagrin inſpired by his overthrow, and the diſappointment of his hope, concerning the liberty and diſinchantment of Dulcinea, endeavoured, by all poſſible means, to exhilarate his ſpirits. The batchelor exhorted him to chear up his heart, and forſake his couch, that they might begin their paſtoral exerciſe, towards which he had already compoſed an eclogue, which would diſgrace all the paſtorals that ever Sannazarius

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zarius wrote. He likewiſe gave him to underſtand, that he had purchaſed with his own money, from an herdſman of Quintanar, two famous dogs called Barcino and Butron, to defend their flock from the wolves. All theſe conſolations, however, could not diſpel the melancholy of Don Quixote; ſo that his friends called a phyſician, who having felt his pulſe, made a very doubtful prognoſtic; ſaying, Happen what would, they ought to provide for the health of his ſoul, as that of his body was in imminent danger; and he gave it as his opinion, that the poor gentleman was overwhelmed with melancholy and vexation. The knight heard this ſentence with the moſt heroic compoſure; but that was not the caſe with his houſekeeper, neice and ſquire, who began to weep and wail moſt bitterly, as if they had already ſeen him deprived of life.

Don Quixote finding himſelf inclined to ſlumber, deſired he might be left alone, and the company retiring, he is ſaid to have ſlept ſix hours at a ſtretch; ſo that the houſekeeper and niece began to fear he would never awake. Nevertheleſs, he awoke at the expiration of the aforeſaid time, and exclaimed aloud, "Praiſed be the almighty God, for the great benefit I have received from his bounty! his mercies know no bounds; nor are they abridged or impeded by the tranſgreſſions of man!" The niece, who liſtened attentively, hearing this ejaculation, more ſenſible and connected than any thing he had uttered ſince the beginning of his illneſs; "Uncle, ſaid ſhe, what do you mean? has any thing new befallen us? what mercies and tranſgreſſions are theſe you mention?" "Mercies, replied the knight, which heaven hath this inſtant been pleaſed to vouchſafe unto me, notwithſtanding the heinouſneſs of my tranſgreſſions. I now enjoy my judgment undiſturbed, and cleared from thoſe dark ſhadows of ignorance, in which my underſtanding hath been involved, by the pernicious and inceſſant reading of thoſe deteſtable books of chivalry. I am now ſenſible of the falſity and folly they contain; and nothing gives me concern, but that this conviction comes too late to give me time ſufficient to make amends, by reading others, which would enlighten my ſoul. I feel myſelf, couſin, at the point of death; and I would not undergo that great change, in ſuch a manner, as to entail the imputation of madneſs on my memory; for, though I have acted as a madman, I ſhould not wiſh to confirm the character, by my behaviour in the laſt moments of my life. Be ſo good, my dear child, as to ſend for my worthy friend the curate, the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, and maſter Nicholas the barber; for, I want to confeſs, and make my will."

The accidental arrival of theſe three ſaved her the trouble of ſending a meſſage to each in particular; and Don Quixote ſeeing them enter,

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" Good gentlemen, ſaid he, congratulate and rejoice with me, upon my being no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but plain Alonſo Quixano, ſurnamed the Good, on account of the innocence of my life and converſation. I am now an enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and the whole infinite tribe of his deſcendants; now, are all the profane hiſtories of knight-errantry odious to my reflection; now, I am ſenſible of my own madneſs, and the danger into which I have been precipitated by reading ſuch abſurdities, which I, from dear-bought experience, abominate and abhor." The three friends, hearing this declaration, believed he was certainly ſeized with ſome new ſpecies of madneſs; and, on this ſuppoſition, Sampſon replied, " Now, ſignor Don Quixote, when we have received the news of my lady Dulcinea's being diſinchanted, do you talk at this rate? when we are on the point of becoming ſhepherds, that we may paſs away our time happily in ſinging, like ſo many princes, has your worſhip taken the reſolution to turn hermit? no more of that, I beſeech you; recollect your ſpirits, and leave off talking ſuch idle ſtories." " Thoſe, which I have hitherto believed, have, indeed, realized my misfortune, ſaid the knight; but, with the aſſiſtance of Heaven, I hope my death will turn them to my advantage. Gentlemen, I feel myſelf haſtening to the goal of life; and therefore, jeſting apart, let me have the benefit of a ghoſtly confeſſor, and ſend for a notary to write my will; for, in ſuch extremities, a man muſt not trifle with his own ſoul: I entreat you then to call a notary, and, in the mean time, I will confeſs myſelf to Mr. Curate." They looked at one another, ſurprized at this diſcourſe, and though ſtill dubious, reſolved to comply with his deſire: they conſidered this ſudden and eaſy tranſition from madneſs to ſanity, as a certain ſignal of his approaching death; for, to thoſe expreſſions already rehearſed, he added a great number ſo rational, ſo chriſtian and well-connected, as to diſpel the doubts of all preſent; who were now firmly perſuaded, that he had retrieved the right uſe of his intellects. The curate, having diſmiſſed the company, confeſſed the penitent; while the batchelor went in queſt of the notary, with whom he in a little time returned, accompanied alſo by Sancho, who having received an account of his maſter's condition, and finding the niece and houſekeeper in tears, began to pucker up his face, and open the flood-gates of his eyes.

Confeſſion being ended, the curate came forth, ſaying, " The good Alonſo Quixano is really dying, and, without all doubt, reſtored to his ſenſes; we may now go and ſee the will atteſted." Theſe tidings gave a terrible ſtab to the overcharged hearts of the two ladies and his faithful ſquire, whoſe eyes overflowed with weeping, and whoſe boſoms had well-nigh

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nigh burſt with a thouſand ſighs and groans; for, indeed, it muſt be owned, as we have ſomewhere obſerved, that whether in the character of Alonzo Quixano the Good, or in the capacity of Don Quixote de la Mancha, the poor gentleman had always exhibited marks of a peaceable temper and agreeable demeanour, for which he was beloved, not only by his own family, but alſo by all thoſe who had the pleaſure of his acquaintance.

The notary, entering the apartment with the reſt of the company, wrote the preamble of the will, in which Don Quixote diſpoſed of his ſoul in all the neceſſary chriſtian forms; then proceeding to the legacies, he ſaid; "Item, Whereas Sancho Panza, whom, in my madneſs, I made my ſquire, has in his hands a certain ſum of money for my uſe; and, as divers accounts, diſburſements, and pecuniary tranſactions have paſſed between us; it is my will, that he ſhall not be charged or brought to account for the ſaid money; but, if there be any overplus after he has deducted the payment of what I owe him, the ſaid overplus, which muſt be a mere trifle, ſhall be his own, and much good may it do him: and, as, during my diſorder, I contributed to his being made governor of an iſland, I would now, while I enjoy my perfect ſenſes, confer upon him, were it in my power, a whole kingdom, which he richly deſerves for the innocency of his heart, and the fidelity of his ſervice." Then turning to the diſconſolate ſquire, "Forgive me, friend, ſaid he, for having been the cauſe of thy appearing in the eye of the world, a madman, like myſelf; by drawing thee into my own erroneous notions, concerning the exiſtence and adventures of knights-errant." "Lack-a-day! dear ſir, cried Sancho, blubbering, do not die—take my advice, and live many years upon the face of the earth; for, the greateſt madneſs a man can be guilty of in this life, is to let himſelf die outright, without being ſlain by any perſon whatever, or deſtroyed by any other weapon than the hands of melancholy. Heark ye, ſignor, hang ſloth; get up and let us take the field in ſhepherd's apparel, according to our agreement: who knows, but behind ſome buſh we may find my lady Dulcinea diſinchanted, and a comely ſight for to ſee. If you take your overthrow ſo much to heart, lay the blame at my door, and ſay you was vanquiſhed by my careleſſneſs, in girting Rozinante; beſides, your worſhip muſt have read in your books of chivalry, that it was common for one knight to unhorſe another, and for him who was vanquiſhed to-day, to be victor to-morrow." "Very true, ſaid Sampſon; honeſt Sancho ſeems to be very well informed of theſe matters." "Gentlemen, replied the knight, let us proceed fair and ſoftly, without looking for this year's birds in laſt year's neſts.

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I was mad; but now am in my right ſenſes. I was Don Quixote de la Mancha; but now, as I have already obſerved, I am Alonzo Quixano the Good; and I hope, I ſhall, by my veracity and repentance, recover that degree of your eſteem, which I formerly enjoyed. So, let Mr. Notary proceed.

Item, I bequeath my whole eſtate, real and perſonal, to my niece Antonia Quixana here preſent, after deducting what ſhall be ſufficient for the payment of my debts and legacies; and it is my will, that from the firſt of the money thence ariſing, the wages due to my houſekeeper ſhall be paid, together with twenty ducats for a ſuit of mourning: and I appoint Mr. Curate, and Mr. Batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, here preſent, my executors. Item, It is my will, that if my niece Antonia Quixana inclines to marriage, ſhe ſhall not wed any man, until ſhe is fully ſatisfied, from previous information, that he is an utter ſtranger to books of chivalry; or, if ſhe finds he is addicted to this kind of reading, and marries him nevertheleſs, ſhe ſhall forfeit the whole legacy, which my executors may, in that caſe, diſpoſe of in pious uſes. Item, I beſeech the ſaid gentlemen, my executors, if perchance they ſhould become acquainted with a certain author, who compoſed and publiſhed an hiſtory, entitled, 'The Second Part of the Atchievements of Don Quixote de la Mancha;' that they will, in my name, moſt earneſtly entreat him to forgive me for having been the innocent cauſe of his writing ſuch a number of abſurdities as that performance contains; for, I quit this life with ſome ſcruples of conſcience ariſing from that conſideration." The will being thus concluded, he was ſeized with a fainting fit, and ſtretched himſelf at full length in the bed; ſo that all the company were alarmed, and ran to his aſſiſtance; and, during three days which he lived after the will was ſigned and ſealed, he frequently fainted, and the whole family was in confuſion. Nevertheleſs, the niece ate her victuals, the houſekeeper drank to the repoſe of his ſoul, and even Sancho cheriſhed his little carcaſe; for, the proſpect of ſucceſſion either diſpels, or moderates that affliction, which an heir ought to feel at the death of the teſtator.

At laſt, Don Quixote expired, after having received all the ſacraments, and, in the ſtrongeſt terms pathetically enforced, expreſſed his abomination againſt all books of chivalry; and the notary obſerved, that in all the books of that kind which he had peruſed, he had never read of any knight-errant, who died quietly in his bed, as a good chriſtian, like Don Quixote; who, amidſt the tears and lamentations of all preſent, gave up the ghoſt; or other in words, departed this life. The curate was no ſooner certified of his deceaſe, than he deſired the notary to make out a teſtimonial, declaring,

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claring, that Alonſo Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, had taken his departure from this life, and died of a natural death. That no other author, different from Cid Hamet Benengeli, ſhould falſely pretend to raiſe him from the dead, and write endleſs hiſtories of his atchievements.

This was the end of the ſage Hidalgo de la Mancha, whoſe native place Cid Hamet would not punctually deſcribe, becauſe he wiſhed that all the towns and villages of that province ſhould contend for the honour of having given him birth, as the ſeven cities of Greece contended for Homer. We ſhall here omit the lamentations of the houſe-keeper, niece, and ſquire, together with all the epitaphs, except the following, by Sampſon Carraſco.

Here lies a cavalier of fame,
Whoſe daunтleſs courage ſoar'd ſo high,
That death, which can the boldeſt tame,
He ſcorn'd to flatter, or to fly.
A conſtant bugbear to the bad,
His might the world in arms defy'd,
And in his life though counted mad,
He in his perfect ſenſes dy'd.

The ſagacious Cid Hamet addreſſing himſelf to his pen, "And now, my ſlender quill, ſaid he, whether cunningly cut, or unſkilfully formed, it boots not much; here from this rack, ſuſpended by a wire, ſhalt thou enjoy repoſe, and live to future ages, if no preſumptuous and wicked hand ſhall take thee down, in order to profane thee in compiling idle hiſtories. But ere ſuch inſolent fingers can touch thine hallowed plume, accoſt, and warn them, if thou canſt, in words like theſe:

Caitifs forbear—illuſtrious prince, let none
Attempt th' emprize, reſerv'd for me alone *.

For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I produced for him; he to act, and I to record; in a word, we were deſtined for each other, maugre and in deſpight of that fictitious Tordeſillian author, who preſumed, or may preſume, to write with his coarſe, aukward, oſtrich quill, the atchievements of my valiant knight; a burthen too heavy for his weak ſhoulders, and an undertaking too great for his frozen genius. Adviſe him, therefore, if ever thou ſhouldſt chance to be in his company, to let the wearied and mouldering bones of Don Quixote reſt in the grave, with-

* Lines probably taken from ſome old ballad or romance.

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out ſeeking to carry him into Old Caſtile*, in oppoſition to all the prerogatives of death; or to drag him from his tomb, where he really and truly lies extended at full length, and utterly incapable of making a third ſally: for, all the exploits performed by the whole tribe of knights-errant are ſufficiently ridiculed by the two expeditions he has already made, ſo much to the ſatisfaction and entertainment, not only of Spain, but alſo of every foreign nation to which the fame of his adventures hath been conveyed. In ſo doing, thou wilt conform to thy chriſtian profeſſion of doing good to thoſe who would do thee harm; and I ſhall reſt ſatisfied and perfectly well pleaſed, in ſeeing myſelf the firſt author, who fully enjoyed the fruit of his writings, in the ſucceſs of his deſign; for mine was no other than to inſpire mankind with an abhorrence of the falſe and improbable ſtories recounted in books of chivalry; which are already ſhaken by the adventures of my true and genuine Don Quixote, and in a little time will certainly ſink into oblivion. Farewel.

* The author of the Second Part, hinted, in his Preface, a deſign of bringing his hero into the field again, in Old Caſtile.

FINIS.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 8 In the note, for *Penceforeſt*, read *Perceforeſt*.
22 Line 14. for *judge the clue*, read *judge of the clue*.
32 30. *than poetry*, read *than with poetry*.
67 8. *by their deſires*, read *of their deſires*.
ib. 37. *by his horſe's crupper*, read *over his horſe's crupper*.
70 5. *as we afterwards learned*, read *as it afterwards appeared*.
86 3. *befallen to Rozinante*, read *befallen Rozinante*.
132 9. *time to think*, read *time enough to think*.
144 28. *have ſearched*, read *had ſearched*.
207 22. *intervals that I enjoy*, read *intervals which I enjoy*.
243 10. *ſeems to deſire*, read *ſeems to deſerve*.
253 27. *Lotharia*, read *Lotharo*.
317 9. *Jama*, read *Juma*.
331 19. *give*, read *gives*.
ib. 21. *declare*, read *declares*. ib. 26. for *ſat*, read *ſet*.
369 36. *and that*, read *and ſay that*.

VOL. II.

Page 11 Line 33. for *are*, read *art*.
15 26. *careful of*, read *careful in*.
23 6. *charge Spain*, read *cloſe Spain*.
51 31. *courteous*, read *courtiers*.
ib. penult. *contain them deſerve*, read *contain them, deſerves*.
32 37. *attentive in*, read *attentive to*.
36 36. *with two in the buſh*, read *worth two in the buſh*.
89 35. *perſuaded of this ſuppoſition*, read *perſuaded of the truth of this ſuppoſition*.
102 14. *reflecting what*, read *reflecting on what*.
104 18. *makes*, read *make*.
107 penult. *theſe*, read *thoſe*.
113 21. *better himſelf*, read *beſtir himſelf*.
131 32. *I might now perhaps, might remark*, read *I might now perhaps remark*.
135 14. *might*, read *night*.
138 18. *when*, read *than*.
150 16. *them*, read *than*.
200 22. *ſcratch*, read *ſketch*.
256 penult. *obliged*, read *obeyed*.

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